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REFLECTIONS SUGGESTED BY THE NEW THEORY OF MATTER.*

The meetings of this great Society have for the most part been held in crowded centres of population, where our surroundings never permit us to forget, were such forgetfulness in any case possible, how close is the tie that binds modern science to modern industry, the abstract researches of the student to the labors of the inventor and the mechanic. This, no doubt, is as it should be. The interdependence of theory and practice cannot be ignored without inflicting injury on both; and he is but a poor friend to either who undervalues their mutual co-operation.

Yet, after all, since the British Association exists for the advancement of science, it is well that now and again we should choose our place of gathering in some spot where science rather than its applications, knowledge, not utility, are the ends to which research is primarily directed.

If this be so, surely no happier selection could have been made than the

quiet courts of this ancient University. For here, if anywhere, we tread the classic ground of physical discovery. Here, if anywhere, those who hold that physics is the true *Scientia Scientiarum*, the root of all the sciences which deal with inanimate nature, should feel themselves at home. For, unless I am led astray by too partial an affection for my own University, there is nowhere to be found, in any corner of the world, a spot with which have been connected, either by their training in youth, or by the labors of their maturer years, so many men eminent as the originators of new and fruitful physical conceptions. I say nothing of Bacon, the eloquent prophet of a new era; nor of Darwin, the Copernicus of Biology; for my subject to-day is not the contributions of Cambridge to the general growth of scientific knowledge. I am concerned rather with the illustrious line of physicists who have learned or taught within a few hundred yards of this building—a line stretching from

*"Inaugural Address" by the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, D.C.L., LL.D., M.P., F.R.S., Chancellor

of the University of Edinburgh, President of the British Association.

Newton in the seventeenth century, through Cavendish in the eighteenth, through Young, Stokes, Maxwell, in the nineteenth, through Kelvin, who embodies an epoch in himself, down to Rayleigh, Larmor, J. J. Thomson, and the scientific school centred in the Cavendish laboratory, whose physical speculations bid fair to render the closing years of the old century and the opening years of the new as notable as the greatest which have preceded them.

Now what is the task which these men, and their illustrious fellow-laborers out of all lands, have set themselves to accomplish? To what end led these "new and fruitful physical conceptions" to which I have just referred? It is often described as the discovery of the "laws connecting phenomena." But this is certainly a misleading, and in my opinion a very inadequate, account of the subject. To begin with, it is not only inconvenient, but confusing, to describe as "phenomena" things which do not appear, which never have appeared, and which never can appear, to beings so poorly provided as ourselves with the apparatus of sense perception. But apart from this, which is a linguistic error too deeply rooted to be easily exterminated, is it not most inaccurate in substance to say that a knowledge of Nature's laws is all we seek when investigating Nature? The physicist looks for something more than what, by any stretch of language, can be described as "co-existences" and "sequences" between so-called "phenomena." He seeks for something deeper than the laws connecting possible objects of experience. His object is physical reality: a reality which may or may not be capable of direct perception; a reality which is in any case independent of it; a reality which constitutes the permanent mechanism of that physical universe with which our immediate empirical connection is so

slight and so deceptive. That such a reality exists, though philosophers have doubted, is the unalterable faith of science; and were that faith *per impossibile* to perish under the assaults of critical speculation, science, as men of science usually conceive it, would perish likewise.

If this be so, if one of the tasks of science, and more particularly of physics, is to frame a conception of the physical universe in its inner reality, then any attempt to compare the different modes in which, at different epochs of scientific development, this intellectual picture has been drawn cannot fail to suggest questions of the deepest interest. True, I am precluded from dealing with such of these questions as are purely philosophical by the character of this occasion; and with such of them as are purely scientific by my own incompetence. But some there may be sufficiently near the dividing line to induce the specialists who rule by right on either side of it to view with forgiving eyes any trespasses into their legitimate domain which I may be tempted, during the next few minutes, to commit.

Let me, then, endeavor to compare the outlines of two such pictures, of which the first may be taken to represent the views prevalent towards the end of the eighteenth century; a little more than a hundred years from the publication of Newton's "*Principia*," and, roughly speaking, about midway between that epoch-making date and the present moment. I suppose that if at that period the average man of science had been asked to sketch his general conception of the physical universe, he would probably have said that it essentially consisted of various sorts of ponderable matter, scattered in different combinations through space, exhibiting most varied aspects under the influence of chemical affinity and temperature, but through every

metamorphosis obedient to the laws of motion, always retaining its mass unchanged, and exercising at all distances a force of attraction on other material masses, according to a simple law. To this ponderable matter he would (in spite of Rumford) have probably added the so-called "imponderable" heat, then often ranked among the elements; together with the two "electrical fluids," and the corpuscular emanations supposed to constitute light.

In the universe as thus conceived, the most important form of action between its constituents was action at a distance; the principle of the conservation of energy was, in any general form, undreamed of; electricity and magnetism, though already the subjects of important investigation, played no great part in the Whole of things; nor was a diffused ether required to complete the machinery of the universe.

Within a few months, however, of the date assigned for these deliverances of our hypothetical physicist came an addition to this general conception of the world, destined profoundly to modify it. About a hundred years ago Young opened, or re-opened, the great controversy which finally established the undulatory theory of light, and with it a belief in an interstellar medium by which undulations could be conveyed. But this discovery involved much more than the substitution of a theory of light which was consistent with the facts for one which was not; since here was the first authentic introduction¹ into the scientific world-picture of a new and prodigious constituent—a constituent which has altered, and is still altering, the whole balance (so to speak) of

the composition. Unending space, thinly strewn with suns and satellites, made or in the making, supplied sufficient material for the mechanism of the heavens as conceived by Laplace. Unending space filled with a continuous medium was a very different affair, and gave promise of strange developments. It could not be supposed that the ether, if its reality were once admitted, existed only to convey through interstellar regions the vibrations which happen to stimulate the optic nerve of man. Invented originally to fulfil this function, to this it could never be confined. And accordingly, as everyone now knows, things which, from the point of view of sense perception, are as distinct as light and radiant heat, and things to which sense perception makes no response, like the electric waves of wireless telegraphy,² intrinsically differ, not in kind, but in magnitude alone.

This, however, is not all, nor nearly all. If we jump over the century which separates 1804 from 1904, and attempt to give in outline the world-picture as it now presents itself to some leaders of contemporary speculation, we shall find that in the interval it has been modified, not merely by such far-reaching discoveries as the atomic and molecular composition of ordinary matter, the kinetic theory of gases, and the laws of the conservation and dissipation of energy, but by the more and more important part which electricity and the ether occupy in any representation of ultimate physical reality.

Electricity was no more to the natural philosophers in the year 1700 than the hidden cause of an insignificant phenomenon.³ It was known, and had long been known, that such things as

¹The hypothesis of an ether was, of course, not new. But before Young and Fresnel it cannot be said to have been established.

²First known through the theoretical work of Maxwell and the experiments of Hertz.

³The modern history of electricity begins with Gilbert, but I have throughout confined my observations to the post-Newtonian period.

amber and glass could be made to attract light objects brought into their neighborhood; yet it was about fifty years before the effects of electricity were perceived in the thunderstorm. It was about 100 years before it was detected in the form of a current. It was about 120 years before it was connected with magnetism; about 170 years before it was connected with light and ethereal radiation.

But to-day there are those who regard gross matter, the matter of everyday experience, as the mere appearance of which electricity is the physical basis; who think that the elementary atom of the chemist, itself far beyond the limits of direct perception, is but a connected system of monads or sub-atoms which are not electrified matter, but are electricity itself; that these systems differ in the number of monads which they contain, in their arrangement, and in their motion relative to each other and to the ether; that on these differences, and on these differences alone, depend the various qualities of what have hitherto been regarded as indivisible and elementary atoms; and that while in most cases these atomic systems may maintain their equilibrium for periods which, compared with such astronomical processes as the cooling of a sun, may seem almost eternal, they are not less obedient to the law of change than the everlasting heavens themselves.

But if gross matter be a grouping of atoms, and if atoms be systems of electrical monads, what are these electrical monads? It may be that, as Prof. Larmor has suggested, they are but a modification of the universal ether, a modification roughly comparable to a knot in a medium which is inextensible, incompressible and continuous. But whether this final unification be accepted or not, it is certain that these monads cannot be considered apart

from the ether. It is on their interaction with the ether that their qualities depend; and without the ether an electric theory of matter is impossible.

Surely we have here a very extraordinary revolution. Two centuries ago electricity seemed but a scientific toy. It is now thought by many to constitute the reality of which matter is but the sensible expression. It is but a century ago that the title of an ether to a place among the constituents of the universe was authentically established. It seems possible now that it may be the stuff out of which that universe is wholly built. Nor are the collateral inferences associated with this view of the physical world less surprising. It used, for example, to be thought that mass was an original property of matter, neither capable of explanation nor requiring it; in its nature essentially unchangeable, suffering neither augmentation nor diminution under the stress of any forces to which it could be subjected; unalterably attached to, or identified with, each material fragment, howsoever much that fragment might vary in its appearance, its bulk, its chemical or its physical condition.

But if the new theories be accepted these views must be revised. Mass is not only explicable, it is actually explained. So far from being an attribute of matter considered in itself, it is due, as I have said, to the relation between the electrical monads of which matter is composed and the ether in which they are bathed. So far from being unchangeable, it changes, when moving at very high speeds, with every change in its velocity.

Perhaps, however, the most impressive alteration in our picture of the universe required by these new theories is to be sought in a different direction. We have all, I suppose, been interested in the generally accepted views as to the origin and development of suns

with their dependent planetary systems; and the gradual dissipation of the energy which during this process of concentration has largely taken the form of light and radiant heat. Follow out the theory to its obvious conclusions, and it becomes plain that the stars now visibly incandescent are those in mid-journey between the nebulae from which they sprang and the frozen darkness to which they are predestined. What, then, are we to think of the invisible multitude of the heavenly bodies in which this process has been already completed? According to the ordinary view, we should suppose them to be in a state where all possibilities of internal movement were exhausted. At the temperature of interstellar space their constituent elements would be solid and inert; chemical action and molecular movement would be alike impossible, and their exhausted energy could obtain no replenishment unless they were suddenly rejuvenated by some celestial collision, or travelled into other regions warmed by newer suns.

This view must, however, be profoundly modified if we accept the electric theory of matter. We can then no longer hold that if the internal energy of a sun were as far as possible converted into heat either by its contraction under the stress of gravitation or by chemical reactions between its elements, or by any other inter-atomic force; and that, were the heat so generated to be dissipated, as in time it must be, through infinite space, its whole energy would be exhausted. On the contrary, the amount thus lost would be absolutely insignificant compared with what remained stored up within the separate atoms. The system in its corporate capacity would become bankrupt—the wealth of its individual constituents would be scarcely diminished. They would lie side by side, without movement, without chemical

affinity; yet each one, howsoever inert in its external relations, the theatre of violent motions, and of powerful internal forces.

Or, put the same thought in another form. When the sudden appearance of some new star in the telescopic field gives notice to the astronomer that he, and perhaps, in the whole universe, he alone, is witnessing the conflagration of a world, the tremendous forces by which this far-off tragedy is being accomplished must surely move his awe. Yet not only would the members of each separate atomic system pursue their relative course unchanged, while the atoms themselves were thus riven violently apart in flaming vapor, but the forces by which such a world is shattered are really negligible compared with those by which each atom of it is held together.

In common, therefore, with all other living things, we seem to be practically concerned chiefly with the feebleness of forces of Nature, and with energy in its least powerful manifestations. Chemical affinity and cohesion are on this theory no more than the slight residual effects of the internal electrical forces which keep the atom in being. Gravitation, though it be the shaping force which concentrates nebulae into organized systems of suns and satellites, is trifling compared with the attractions and repulsions with which we are familiar between electrically charged bodies, while these again sink into insignificance beside the attractions and repulsions between the electric monads themselves. The irregular molecular movements which constitute heat, on which the very possibility of organic life seems absolutely to hang, and in whose transformations applied science is at present so largely concerned, cannot rival the kinetic energy stored within the molecules themselves. This prodigious mechanism seems outside the range of our

immediate interests. We live, so to speak, merely on its fringe. It has for us no promise of utilitarian value. It will not drive our mills; we cannot harness it to our trains. Yet not less on that account does it stir the intellectual imagination. The starry heavens have from time immemorial moved the worship or the wonder of mankind. But if the dust beneath our feet be indeed compounded of innumerable systems, whose elements are ever in the most rapid motion, yet retain through uncounted ages their equilibrium unshaken, we can hardly deny that the marvels we directly see are not more worthy of admiration than those which recent discoveries have enabled us dimly to surmise.

Now, whether the main outlines of the world-picture which I have just imperfectly presented to you be destined to survive, or whether in their turn they are to be obliterated by some new drawing on the scientific palimpsest, all will, I think, admit that so bold an attempt to unify physical nature excites feelings of the most acute intellectual gratification. The satisfaction it gives is almost æsthetic in its intensity and quality. We feel the same sort of pleasurable shock as when from the crest of some melancholy pass we first see far below us the sudden glories of plain, river, and mountain. Whether this vehement sentiment in favor of a simple universe has any theoretical justification I will not venture to pronounce. There is no *a priori* reason that I know of for expecting that the material world should be a modification of a single medium, rather than a composite structure built out of sixty or seventy elementary substances, eternal and eternally different. Why, then, should we feel content with the first hypothesis and not with the second? Yet so it is. Men of science have always been restive under the multiplication of entities. They have

eagerly noted any sign that the chemical atom was composite, and that the different chemical elements had a common origin. Nor, for my part, do I think such instincts should be ignored. John Mill, if I rightly remember, was contemptuous of those who saw any difficulty in accepting the doctrine of "action at a distance." So far as observation and experiment can tell us, bodies *do* actually influence each other at a distance. And why should they not? Why seek to go behind experience in obedience to some *a priori* sentiment for which no argument can be adduced? So reasoned Mill, and to his reasoning I have no reply. Nevertheless, we cannot forget that it was to Faraday's obstinate disbelief in "action at a distance" that we owe some of the crucial discoveries on which both our electric industries and the electric theory of matter are ultimately founded; while at this very moment physicists, however baffled in the quest for an explanation of gravity, refuse altogether to content themselves with the belief, so satisfying to Mill, that it is a simple and inexplicable property of masses acting on each other across space.

These obscure intimations about the nature of reality deserve, I think, more attention than has yet been given to them. That they exist is certain; that they modify the indifferent impartiality of pure empiricism can hardly be denied. The common notion that he who would search out the secrets of Nature must humbly wait on experience, obedient to its slightest hint, is but partly true. This may be his ordinary attitude; but now and again it happens that observation and experiment are not treated as guides to be meekly followed, but as witnesses to be broken down in cross-examination. Their plain message is disbelieved, and the investigating judge does not pause until a confession in

harmony with his preconceived ideas has, if possible, been wrung from their reluctant evidence.

This proceeding needs neither explanation nor defence in those cases where there is an apparent contradiction between the utterances of experience in different connections. Such contradictions must of course be reconciled, and science cannot rest until the reconciliation is effected. The difficulty really arises when experience apparently says one thing and scientific instinct persists in saying another. Two such cases I have already mentioned; others will easily be found by those who care to seek. What is the origin of this instinct, and what its value; whether it be a mere prejudice to be brushed aside, or a clue which no wise man would disdain to follow, I cannot now discuss. For other questions there are, not new, yet raised in an acute form by these most modern views of matter, on which I would ask your indulgent attention for yet a few moments.

That these new views diverge violently from those suggested by ordinary observation is plain enough. No scientific education is likely to make us, in our unreflective moments, regard the solid earth on which we stand, or the organized bodies with which our terrestrial fate is so intimately bound up, as consisting wholly of electric monads very sparsely scattered through the spaces which these fragments of matter are, by a violent metaphor, described as "occupying." Not less plain is it that an almost equal divergence is to be found between these new theories and that modification of the common-sense view of matter with which science has in the main been content to work.

What was this modification of common sense? It is roughly indicated by an old philosophic distinction drawn between what were called the "primary" and the "secondary" qualities of

matter. The primary qualities, such as shape and mass, were supposed to possess an existence quite independent of the observer; and so far the theory agreed with common sense. The secondary qualities, on the other hand, such as warmth and color, were thought to have no such independent existence, being, indeed, no more than the resultants due to the action of the primary qualities on our organs of sense-perception; and here, no doubt, common sense and theory parted company.

You need not fear that I am going to drag you into the controversies with which this theory is historically connected. They have left abiding traces on more than one system of philosophy. They are not yet solved. In the course of them the very possibility of an independent physical universe has seemed to melt away under the solvent powers of critical analysis. But with all this I am not now concerned. I do not propose to ask what proof we have that an external world exists, or how, if it does exist, we are able to obtain cognizance of it. These may be questions very proper to be asked by philosophy; but they are not proper questions to be asked by science. For, logically, they are antecedent to science, and we must reject the sceptical answers to both of them before physical science becomes possible at all. My present purpose requires me to do no more than observe that, be this theory of the primary and secondary qualities of matter good or bad, it is the one on which science has in the main proceeded. It was with matter thus conceived that Newton experimented. To it he applied his laws of motion; of it he predicated universal gravitation. Nor was the case greatly altered when science became as much preoccupied with the movements of molecules as it was with those of planets. For molecules

and atoms, whatever else might be said of them, were at least pieces of matter, and, like other pieces of matter, possessed those "primary" qualities supposed to be characteristic of all matter, whether found in large masses or in small.

But the electric theory which we have been considering carries us into a new region altogether. It does not confine itself to accounting for the secondary qualities by the primary, or the behavior of matter in bulk by the behavior of matter in atoms; it analyzes matter, whether molar or molecular, into something which is not matter at all. The atom is now no more than the relatively vast theatre of operations in which minute monads perform their orderly evolutions; while the monads themselves are not regarded as units of matter, but as units of electricity; so that matter is not merely explained, but is explained away.

Now the point to which I desire to direct attention is not to be sought in the great divergence between matter as thus conceived by the physicist and matter as the ordinary man supposes himself to know it, between matter as it is perceived and matter as it really is, but to the fact that the first of these two quite inconsistent views is wholly based on the second.

This is surely something of a paradox. We claim to found all our scientific opinions on experience; and the experience on which we found our theories of the physical universe is our *sense-perception* of that universe. That *is* experience; and in this region of belief there is no other. Yet the conclusions which thus profess to be entirely founded upon experience are to all appearance fundamentally opposed to it; our knowledge of reality is based upon illusion, and the very conceptions we use in describing it to others, or in thinking of it ourselves, are abstracted from anthropomorphic fancies, which

science forbids us to believe and Nature compels us to employ.

We here touch the fringe of a series of problems with which inductive logic ought to deal, but which that most unsatisfactory branch of philosophy has systematically ignored. This is no fault of men of science. They are occupied in the task of making discoveries, not in that of analyzing the fundamental presuppositions which the very possibility of making discoveries implies. Neither is it the fault of transcendental metaphysicians. Their speculations flourish on a different level of thought; their interest in a philosophy of nature is lukewarm; and howsoever the questions in which they are chiefly concerned be answered, it is by no means certain that the answers will leave the humbler difficulties at which I have hinted either nearer to or further from a solution. But though men of science and idealists stand acquitted, the same can hardly be said of empirical philosophers. So far from solving the problem, they seem scarcely to have understood that there was a problem to be solved. Led astray by a misconception to which I have already referred; believing that science was concerned only with (so-called) "phenomena," that it had done all that it could be asked to do if it accounted for the sequence of our individual sensations, that it was concerned only with the "laws of Nature," and not with the inner character of physical reality; disbelieving, indeed, that any such physical reality does in truth exist;—it has never felt called upon seriously to consider what are the actual methods by which science attains its results, and how those methods are to be justified. If anyone, for example, will take up Mill's logic, with its "sequences and co-existences between phenomena," its "method of difference," its "method of agreement," and the rest; if he will then compare

the actual doctrines of science with this version of the mode in which those doctrines have been arrived at,—he will soon be convinced of the exceedingly thin intellectual fare which has been hitherto served out to us under the imposing title of Inductive Theory.

There is an added emphasis given to these reflections by a train of thought which has long interested me, though I acknowledge that it never seems to have interested anyone else. Observe, then, that in order of logic sense-perceptions supply the premisses from which we draw all our knowledge of the physical world. It is they which tell us there *is* a physical world; it is on their authority that we learn its character. But in order of causation they are effects due (in part) to the constitution of our organs of sense. What we see depends not merely on what there is to be seen, but on our eyes. What we hear depends not merely on what there is to hear, but on our ears. Now, eyes and ears, and all the mechanism of perception, have, as we know, been evolved in us and our brute progenitors by the slow operation of Natural Selection. And what is true of sense-perception is of course also true of the intellectual powers which enable us to erect upon the frail and narrow platform which sense-perception provides, the proud fabric of the sciences.

Now Natural Selection only works through utility. It encourages aptitudes useful to their possessor or his species in the struggle for existence, and, for a similar reason, it is apt to discourage useless aptitudes, however interesting they may be from other points of view, because, being useless, they are probably burdensome.

But it is certain that our powers of sense-perception and of calculation were fully developed ages before they were effectively employed in searching out the secrets of physical reality—for

our discoveries in this field are the triumphs but of yesterday. The blind forces of Natural Selection, which so admirably simulate design when they are providing for a present need, possess no power of prevision, and could never, except by accident, have endowed mankind, while in the making, with a physiological or mental outfit adapted to the higher physical investigations. So far as natural science can tell us, every quality of sense or intellect which does not help us to fight, to eat, and to bring up children, is but a by-product of the qualities which do. Our organs of sense-perception were not given us for purposes of research; nor was it to aid us in meting out the heavens or dividing the atom that our powers of calculation and analysis were evolved from the rudimentary instincts of the animal.

It is presumably due to these circumstances that the beliefs of all mankind about the material surroundings in which it dwells are not only imperfect but fundamentally wrong. It may seem singular that down to, say, five years ago, our race has, without exception, lived and died in a world of illusions; and that its illusions, or those with which we are here alone concerned, have not been about things remote or abstract, things transcendental or divine, but about what men see and handle, about those "plain matters of fact" among which common sense daily moves with its most confident step and most self-satisfied smile. Presumably, however, this is either because too direct a vision of physical reality was a hindrance, not a help, in the struggle for existence; because falsehood was more useful than truth; or else because with so imperfect a material as living tissue no better results could be attained. But, if this conclusion be accepted, its consequences extend to other organs of knowledge besides those of perception.

Not merely the senses, but the intellect, must be judged by it; and it is hard to see why evolution, which has so lamentably failed to produce trustworthy instruments for obtaining the raw material of experience, should be credited with a larger measure of success in its provision of the physiological arrangements which condition reason in its endeavors to turn experience to account.

Considerations like these, unless I have compressed them beyond the limits of intelligibility, do undoubtedly suggest a certain inevitable incoherence in any general scheme of thought which is built out of materials provided by natural science alone. Extend the boundaries of knowledge as you may; draw how you will the picture of the universe; reduce its infinite variety to the modes of a single space filling ether; retrace its history to the birth of existing atoms; show how under the pressure of gravitation they became concentrated into nebulae, into suns, and all the host of heaven; how, at least in one small planet, they combined to form organic compounds; how organic compounds became living things; how living things, developing along many different lines, gave birth at last to one superior race; how from this race arose, after many ages, a learned handful, who looked round on the world which thus blindly brought them into being, and judged it, and knew it for what it was:—perform, I say, all this, and, though you may indeed have attained to science, in nowise will you have attained to a self-sufficing system of beliefs. One thing at least will remain, of which this long-drawn sequence of causes and effects gives no satisfying explanation; and that is knowledge itself. Natural science must ever regard knowledge as the product of irrational conditions, for

Nature.

in the last resort it knows no others. It must always regard knowledge as rational, or else science itself disappears. In addition, therefore, to the difficulty of extracting from experience beliefs which experience contradicts, we are confronted with the difficulty of harmonizing the pedigree of our beliefs with their title to authority. The more successful we are in explaining their origin, the more doubt we cast on their validity. The more imposing seems the scheme of what we know, the more difficult it is to discover by what ultimate criteria we claim to know it.

Here, however, we touch the frontier beyond which physical science possesses no jurisdiction. If the obscure and difficult region which lies beyond is to be surveyed and made accessible, philosophy, not science, must undertake the task. It is no business of this Society. We meet here to promote the cause of knowledge in one of its great divisions; we shall not help it by confusing the limits which usefully separate one division from another. It may perhaps be thought that I have disregarded my own precept—that I have wilfully overstepped the ample bounds within which the searchers into Nature carry on their labors. If it be so, I can only beg your forgiveness. My first desire has been to rouse in those who, like myself, are no specialists in physics, the same absorbing interest which I feel in what is surely the most far-reaching speculation about the physical universe which has ever claimed experimental support; and if in so doing I have been tempted to hint my own personal opinion that as natural science grows it leans more, not less, upon an idealistic interpretation of the universe, even those who least agree may perhaps be prepared to pardon.

THE WAR IN THE FAR EAST.—III.

THE MILITARY TRIUMVIRATE.

Tokio, 8th July 1904.

Three men were standing in front of a large-scale map. The map is of so large a scale that it screens the whole expanse of wall at one end of the room. The shortest of the three men holds a telegram in his hand, and as he reads from it one of the members of the Triumvirate runs his finger along the red line which seems to bifurcate the suspended chart. Having satisfied themselves that the reading of the map synchronises with the information contained in the telegram, the three men group round the table in the centre of the room. They are worthy of close observation these three, for it is this Triumvirate that is ruling Japan's destinies at the present moment. The small, podgy, pock-marked man, whom no caricaturist could fail to lampoon as a frog, is Baron Oyama, the Roberts of Japan. We use the parallel to our own great soldier only as a figure of location. In temperament there is no likeness between the two, except that each in his respective country is a great soldier. And what a history lies behind this diminutive field-marshal! He has seen the latent fighting strength of his nation develop in a single generation from the standard attained in the medieval civilization of the East to that of a first-class Western Power; has lived to command it in the act of overthrowing the vaunted strength of a Western Power. But to few great military leaders has such an opportunity come as has presented itself to the present generalissimo of Japan's army. Twelve years ago this very marshal was called upon to command the Japanese army in the field against the

strength of China. The opening phases of his present campaign are being conducted over the very ground through which he then manœuvred his victorious troops. Does it come often in the lifetime of a general to operate twice over the same squares of the map? In the present operations the knowledge gleaned in that first campaign has been worth an army corps.

The little general seated at the marshal's right is the Kitchener of Japan. If we had not known that he was Japanese, his quick dark eye, dapper figure, and pointed beard would have led us to believe that he was a Spaniard, or perhaps a Mexican. General Baron Kodama is the executive brain of the Japanese general staff. Of the third member of the Triumvirate, however, we have no parallel in the British army. Like his illustrious associates, he also is small. He is fair for a Japanese, and the splash of gray at either temple enhances the fairness of his skin. Save for a rare and very pleasant smile, the face is unemotional. The dark eyes are dreamy, and the poorest expression of the great brain that works behind them. This is General Fukushima, whose genius has been the concrete-mortar which has cemented into solid block the rough-hewn material of Japan's general staff.

These are the three men who hitherto have repeatedly overthrown Russia's military strength in the Far East. And since the Japanese army of invasion landed in Korea and Manchuria, it has been this Triumvirate that, from this very room and the three adjacent rooms, has controlled the destinies of the army in the field. This is the Japanese system, this, perhaps, the

secret of the Japanese success. The strategical factor in the operations is the general staff, wherever it may be located. Whether in Tokio, in the field, or in Timbuctoo, the tactical remains with the generals commanding in the field.

There is a key resting in the safe keeping of the chief of the staff which, if it came into our possession, would disclose many score of admirable charts. They are marked in color, and each set has its complementary set to meet each contingency that might arise, favorable or untoward, even to the invasion of Japan. There lies stored within easy reach of the home ports every kind of material that modern forethought has considered necessary for every contingency in war,—from railway material suited to the swamps of Manchuria, and baulks of timber to furnish platforms for heavy artillery destined to bombard Port Arthur, to shore-torpedo tubes prepared against a hostile landing on the home seaboard.

These are the three men in the main responsible for all this,—yet stay with me a moment more. They are leaving the modest building which represents Japan's military strength in Tokio,—this building which, though so unpretentious and insignificant, yet has such a far-reaching shadow,—the marshal and his two chief lieutenants are leaving it, for to-night is their last night in the capital; to-morrow they will

leave Japan to control the destinies of the army in the field. They are due at a farewell complimentary dinner given by the heads of sister departments. Just have one glimpse at them as they sit on the floor in strange alignment round the three walls of the banqueting hall. For the moment all that is of the West is forgotten; they are now crude Orientals, trifling with the dainty Geisha maidens, plying them with food and drink; they are entranced with the semi-barbaric dancing of the *première danseuse* of the house wherein they sup, and they partake of the merriment of the cup as if there were no such distraction in the wide world as war. Yet even as they sit, there has come to the men on duty at the War Department a detail of new ground that has been broken within two thousand metres of Port Arthur's outer works, of grim casualties to covering infantry entailed in this pushing forward of the parallel. Nevertheless as the messenger who brought the news from the war bureau stands outside in the passage, sipping the cup of green tea which some *musmé* has brought him, all he hears is the spirited rhythm of the *sâmâsân*. . . .

On the morrow the Ministers Plenipotentiary and Envoys Extraordinary of all the great Western Powers, glittering in their bullion-charged dresses, will be present on the platform to wish the Triumvirate "Godspeed."

THE SEEKER AFTER TRUTH: AN ALLEGORY

Tokio, 18th July 1904.

There was once a seeker after truth who came to Japan about the time of the commencement of the Russo-Japanese war. Now the seeker after truth had visited many lands in the pursuance of his quest. Therefore when the band of Europeans collected in Japan's capital, joining the common

crowd, shouted themselves hoarse over the initial Japanese successes, he remained silent, wondering if there was anything of sincerity in the many demonstrations which seemed to mark the unification of an Eastern and Western nation. For the time being he remained silent and watched events. In the beginning this demonstration

of inter-racial feeling, especially as the races were so divergent in color, moral balance, and training, was curious to behold. Also in the beholding it was full of comforting effect.

Nothing in the wide world could be more beautiful than a Japanese lantern procession at night, let us say, through the Shiba Park, or other delicately foliaged Japanese plantation. And it gladdened the heart of the seeker after truth to see amongst these myriads of paper will o' the wisps, dancing in a delicate luminous line against the sombre shadows of the park foliage, many upon which was depicted the colored device of the national emblem of the allied European Power.

Then the occasions which called for national demonstration became more numerous, and followed each other in quick succession. And it seemed to the seeker after truth that the whole atmosphere of the demonstrations had changed. In the beginning, when the future had been masked in the mysteries of the fog of war, when the possibilities of the future seemed to point to the probability of armed intervention in favor of the Eastern Power, then intermingled with the regalia of the demonstrations there had been found British and even American insigniae. But now all this was past. Worse even, as one moved along the streets of Tokio the gutter gamin would shout after the European the word "foreigner," coupled with some opprobrious epithet, and there would be no dissentient voice to admonish or restrain. The seeker after truth had been away for some weeks. He remembered Tokio as it had been and returned to find it as it is. And it pained him sorely, for he had expected otherwise, and he went straightway to one of his own kind, and as the wheels of his jñriksha revolved he seemed to read in their creaking a refrain,—

"Get thee from me, take heed to thyself, see my face no more."

And he came to one of his own kind, and he found him in a Japanese garden, a place beautiful in the emerald green of summer, and flashing with the blended color of a thousand iris flowers. The man of his kind was seated in the midst of all this beauty and a dainty maiden of the country nestled at his feet, and the man was counting the gains and the losses. And the money was Japanese money. And he looked up from his pleasant labors and greeted the seeker after truth. "Who are you, and what is your business with me?—this is not the business hour!" And the seeker after truth stated his business. The white man smiled the cunning smile of the man who understands the ways of the East. "Go back, thou fool; wherefore have this alarm? These people are struggling for the good of humanity. It is engrossing the whole of their attention; they have not time for the things which are but your own vain imaginings."

And the seeker after truth left him abashed, but as he passed away to his own place of residence it occurred to him—"Have I not read these sentiments in the newspapers?" and even as the thought crossed his mind three soldiers in the pathway pointed at him and jeered him as a foreigner fit to be killed as the Russians were being killed. And then with one swift flash the truth burst upon him—"This is not a war between Russia and Japan: it is a war between East and West." And in sorrow he betook himself back to his place of residence.

And many men stood gathered at his place of residence, and the seeker after truth told them openly of his new discovery. And they laughed him to scorn. But a very old man stood in their midst, and he of all the crowd refrained from mirth. He took the

seeker after truth aside and said: "My friend, what is your business?"

"I am a seeker after truth." And then in his turn the old man was moved to mirth.

"You are a seeker after truth, and you have come to Japan! Young man, I have spent the sixteen best years of

my life in Japan, and I have not yet found the very shadow of truth. Take the advice of an old man, give up your quest and return, for truth is not to be found here."

The seeker after truth turned away abashed.

A VISIT TO TOGO'S RENDEZVOUS.

The man at the wheel seemed to be steering by instinct. It was so dark that as we clung to the rail on the bridge we could not see the whaleback of the destroyer. All that we could tell was that we were passing in through an archipelago of islands. The false horizon which their rocky summits from time to time vouchsafed to us was, however, the only proof that we had of this. The lieutenant-commander maintained a discreet silence. It was his business to convey us to the rendezvous under cover of darkness, not to explain the intricacies of his uncharted course. He was politeness itself, and never tired of relating his experiences in the destroyer fight off Liautishan. Not once, but a dozen times during our brief stay with him, did he take us forward and point with pride at the marks which that struggle had left upon his boat. His little beady eyes would sparkle like electric points when he called to mind the details of that desperate fighting. How it seemed a miracle that the destroyers had not collided, how the stained muzzles of the 6-pounders almost touched as the shell-like vessels came abreast. How his bridge was torn and scored by splinters. How his sub-lieutenant and signalman were carried overboard by the same projectile. It was all marvellously interesting, but it was not as interesting in the recital as the circumstances of our present position. We were entering the passage which led to the rendezvous of Admiral Togo's fleet.

It does not matter here who we were or why we were allowed to make the visit. But it was so arranged that we boarded the destroyer late in the afternoon, and it was dark, pitch dark, before we made the land-marks which would have disclosed the situation.

Steadily at half speed the destroyer held on her course. There were no lights,—as far as we could see there were no points at all beyond the stars by which the master could correct his bearings. Silently, almost weirdly, the long thin streak of a boat slipped through the water. The sea was as smooth as a frozen lake. Suddenly the commander put his hand on the telegraph. He peered into the darkness ahead, we could see nothing, but after a moment's hesitation his hand went down. He had rung the engines off, and almost immediately we were going full speed astern. Then it was, and then only, that we saw that there was a dim shadow of a body in front of us. For the first time we descried a light. The signal lamp was in requisition. A call, an answer, and then all was darkness again, and we were going half speed forward again past the guard-ship. Presently, as it were out of nowhere, we were able to discern the dim outline of a moving body on either beam. These outlined into thin long streaks like unto ourselves. In short, if the night had not been clear, one would easily have mistaken them for our own reflection on the mist. Then from the port beam came a hail. The answer was given in Japanese.

again the telegraph spoke to the engineer. Slow—and in a few seconds we were being piloted by the port boat right in through the lines of Togo's fleet.

It was a strange sensation. Here we were passing between two lines of giant engines of war. We could just make out each indistinct mass that in the darkness indicated a ship. But there was never a light and rarely a sound. Once a picket-launch steamed up quite close to us. We could hear the pant of her engines and just make out the suspicion of flame from the rim of her funnel. Then the pilot boat shouted us clear, and we bore down upon one of the darker patches. We hoped that it was the Mikasa, and that we were destined to spend the night on the flagship. But the commander put our mind to rest on that point with the simple information that he was about to tie up for the night at the torpedo transport. . . .

It has not been given to every one to witness the victorious Japanese fleet lying at anchor in its rendezvous. It was a sight once seen not easily to be forgotten. The four squadrons lay at anchor in four lines. Just clear of them lay the transports, colliers, torpedo transports, and the dockyard vessels. At the entrance to the bay lay the guard-ship and the destroyers. Three destroyers and one cruiser were on the mud to facilitate the attentions of the dockyard hands. Two of the battleships had colliers alongside, and another of the colliers was filling the bunkers of two torpedo boats. Across the entrance to the bay one could just make out the faint line of a boom. Since we had heard so much of the damage which the Russian guns had wrought upon the Japanese fleet we

looked anxiously for evidence of it. As the morning light strengthened we scrutinized each of the battleships in turn. There were six of them, great gaunt leviathans stripped for the fray. Though the friendly glass made each rail and stanchion clear, yet we could discover no trace of this ill-usage of which we had heard so much. Then for the 1st class cruisers, they at least had been knocked to pieces. Here they were, six of them, anchored line ahead. There was nothing that the non-professional eye could detect amiss with their lean symmetry. The picture was in a manner oppressive: there was nothing within view that was not connected with scientific butchery and destruction in its most ruthless and horrible form. The ships themselves, stripped of everything that was wooden or superfluous, gave the morbid impression of merciless majesty and might. The nakedness of their dressing attenuated the ferocity of the gaping guns. One thought of the shambles on the main deck of the *Variag* and the fate of the *Petropavlovsk*, and one shuddered. But in all, if not exhilarating, it was a magnificent picture. And one bowed in tribute to the diabolical and misapplied genius of man. . . .

At three o'clock came the crowning scene. A signal fluttered up from the bridge of the flagship. As if by one movement the little torpedo craft slipped away towards the entrance, while the whole air hummed with the rattle of cable chains. Signal after signal from the flagship, and then majestically Admiral Togo took his fleet out of the rendezvous to do battle with his country's enemy. This was a soul-stirring spectacle. . . .

O.

THEODOR HERZL.

The 19th century, which saw the birth of so many young Nationalities, did not run its course without witnessing an agitation for the resurrection of one of the oldest of communities; nothing less than the creation of a Jewish Nation in Palestine. The movement now known all over the world under the name of Zionism was originally started in Russia about the year 1870 among Russian Jews; but it was a Viennese journalist who gave it a cosmopolitan importance in 1896, by the publication of a treatise entitled, *Der Judenstaat*.¹

Dr. Theodor Herzl, the journalist in question, was born at Buda-Pesth, on the 2nd of May, 1860, as the son of a well-to-do merchant. His parents, shortly after his birth, removed to Vienna, where he received his education. He was brought up for the legal profession, took his degree of Doctor of Law, and practised for some years in the Viennese Law Courts. Subsequently relinquishing Law for Literature, he contributed articles to the *Berliner Tageblatt* and other papers, besides writing several novels and plays. More than one of the latter received the high honor of being performed at the Imperial Hofburg Theatre, and remains in its regular repertoire. In 1891 Herzl became Paris correspondent of the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, and this position he retained until 1895, when he was appointed one of the editors of the paper—a post which, whilst devoting all his spare time to the interests of Zionism, he filled until his death. Dr. Herzl died of heart disease at Edlach, in Austria, on the 3rd of July last.

Whatever may be thought of the feasible or fantastic character of Zionism now that its guiding spirit is gone, there can be no doubt that it at once exercised a powerful influence over the minds of the Jewish proletariat throughout the world. In less than seven years from the day when, practically without financial resources and against the advice of all but a few personal friends, Herzl started his Zionist propaganda, the movement already numbered more than a million of adherents distributed over different parts of the world. He displayed an extraordinary activity in the furtherance of his project, and succeeded in calling forth the same on the part of others. Thus one English Zionist, who shared Herzl's enthusiasm, travelled over 27,000 miles in little more than a year on behalf of the cause.

Dr. Herzl was received at different times in special audience by the Sultan of Turkey, the German Emperor, the Pope, the King of Italy, and any number of Ministers and others in high, responsible positions, among them being Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Lansdowne. He came over to England by special request, and gave evidence before the Royal Commission on Alien Immigration, and by all accounts his statement was admitted to be one of the clearest and most statesmanlike presentations of the Jewish question. He summoned congresses which were held from time to time in Basel,² and were attended by crowds of Zionists from all parts, many of whom in their turn represented large numbers of their co-workers. At the last congress in

¹ A Jewish State: An attempt at a Modern Solution of the Jewish Question, by Theodor Herzl, LL.D., London. David Nutt, 1896.

² The first Zionist Congress was held in Basel

in 1897, subsequent ones in the same city in 1898, 1899, 1901 and 1903, and in 1900 the Zionist Congress was held in London.

Basel, 320,000 Zionists were directly represented by so-called shekel payments. Dr. Herzl started a newspaper, *Die Welt*, in Vienna, specially devoted to the interests of Zionism. A bank was founded in London, named the Jewish Colonial Trust, with a paid up capital of £300,000 sterling, the greater part of which sum was subscribed from among the poorer Jews, the wealthier ones withholding their support. This bank holds the record of possessing the largest number of shareholders of any limited liability company in the world—namely, about 135,000. A Jewish National Fund and a third financial fund were also started for current Zionist expenses, the latter being known as the Shekel Account. Finally Herzl succeeded in securing a provisional understanding with the Egyptian Government in reference to a Jewish colony in the Sinaitic Peninsula, as well as an offer from the British Government of 5,000 square miles in British East Africa. Surely, a record in the annals of individual agitatorial activity, showing conclusively by facts and figures that Zionism must have appealed very forcibly to an instinct latent in the heart of the Jewish race!

One of Dr. Herzl's journalistic colleagues wrote in the *Neue Freie Presse*, on the morrow of his death, as follows, respecting the motives which are supposed to have swayed him:—

It is as clear as noonday that the Zionist movement originated in the noblest motives on his part. A vast pity, a love of his fellow-creatures was the beginning and the end of it. He saw his co-religionists mocked, slandered, humiliated, all but thrown back into the illegality of the Middle Ages, sinking into conditions for which our boasted modern civilization has hardly a bare coat of varnish left. His whole pride revolted against such a state of things, and in its turn widened his heart in sympathy with the sufferings of others. He grew accustomed to feel

in a national—a Jewish national—sense. The spirit of a Messiah rose in him, and thus one day he found himself face to face with the problem of leading his people out of their misery back into the Promised Land of Palestine. He called upon them to sacrifice legal rights acquired in the course of a thousand years amid unspeakable sufferings in order to run after a fascinating legend of the far remote East. [July 7th, 1904.]

This tribute is all the more remarkable since it was permitted to appear in a newspaper in which as long as Herzl lived the very name of Zionism was never once allowed to be mentioned.

What finally decided Herzl to write *Der Judenstaat* was his experience in Paris during the Panama scandal, the disgust of a proud, sensitive nature at the growth of Anti-Semitism in a country which had hitherto, next to England, been the chief one in which the Jews had enjoyed an honorable position. This, together with a profound sympathy for the sufferings which his race was exposed to in Russia and Roumania, left him no peace of mind. He said to himself that whether his project should eventually succeed or not, it would at all events result in creating for Judaism as such, and for the individual Jew in all countries, a rallying point of an idealistic character. For nobody felt more acutely than Herzl the cruel injustice of the reproach of selfish materialism constantly levelled at his race. The intention to attain this end is clearly set forth in the third paragraph of the programme embodying the aims of Zionism, as adopted at the first Basel Congress of 1897. It is entitled, "The strengthening of Jewish individual dignity and national consciousness." And in connection herewith it is certainly significant to note that a strong revival of idealistic Jewish feeling has indeed taken place on the Continent of late

years, even in centres which have held generally aloof from every direct connection with Zionism.

Dr. Herzl was never tired of declaring that Anti-Semitism and his projected remedy for it had nothing to do with dogma, and little in common with religion as such. He contended that the Jewish question was, above all, a political "world question" (*eine Weltfrage*). He said:—

I believe that I understand Anti-Semitism, which is really a highly complex movement. I consider it from a Jewish standpoint, yet without fear or hatred. I believe that I can see what elements there are in it of vulgar sport, of common trade jealousy, of inherited prejudice, of religious intolerance, and also of pretended self-defence. I think the Jewish question is no more a social than a religious one, notwithstanding that it sometimes takes these and other forms. It is a national question, which can only be solved by making it a political world question to be discussed and controlled by the civilized nations of the world in council.*

Among the Jews themselves the preponderant opinion is said to be unfavorable to the chances of success of Zionism. It is held by many that even if success were feasible it would not be desirable. Still, it is unsafe to rely upon the opinion of a majority in such matters, for we know that new ideas have always excited antagonism in almost exact proportion to the greatness of their ultimate triumph.

The Jews are a tough race and not easily given to emotional hero-worship. Indeed, history records but few instances in which, since the Diaspora, they have ever rallied round a hero of their own people, or, for the matter of that, around one of any other people. For two thousand years this race of aliens has never once known that ver-

nal ecstasy which bursts forth from time to time in the life of nations with the championship of a patriotic idea. It has never experienced that militant intoxication of freemen, that periodical purging of a nation's character, in which a people may suffer defeat, but under the influence of which it more often gathers fresh force and inspiration, whether it be found on the field of battle or in the public forum. From all such interests the Jews have ever been rigorously excluded. They have known little else but the tragic fate of passive suffering and indignity. And here, all of a sudden, we note the passing away of a man of Jewish race, representing a Jewish aspiration, exciting world-wide sympathy and sorrow, expressed in innumerable memorial services, telegraphic messages and letters of condolence from every country under the sun.

It is further cited as a remarkable fact that whereas the only instances in which the Jews have ever given their children non-biblical names were 2,200 years ago, when many Jews were named "Alexander," after "Alexander the Great," a number of Jewish children have already been named after Dr. Herzl. Finally we are told of ten thousand sombre-clad men and women—without cymbal, drum or trumpet—silently gathered together in a cemetery on the skirts of the beautiful forest-covered mountains outside Vienna to bury one whom they loved. And when his words were quoted, "May my right hand wither before I forget thee, Jerusalem," the emotion of the vast crowd could no longer be contained, and more than half the assembly burst into tears. A Jewish crowd does not weep readily, and human tears, as Faust—and after him Prince Bismarck—said of human blood, are a peculiar juice! Before now ideas have obtained new life after, or even as a direct result of, the death of their founder.

* "A Jewish State," page 4.

Thus for all we know there may be the germs of life sprouting here beside the cold marble of deferred hope.

If so, Dr. Herzl will not have lived in vain. Indeed, in no case has he lived in vain. For his strenuous activity has already had the effect of awakening instincts which, once roused, do not readily die. There are hopes which we only indulge in by jeopardizing all we hold dear in life; but they are of those that live on in the hearts of others. Hope, which, the poet tells us, gleams through the fissures of coffins rent asunder; hope, the flag of which hoary old age unfurls as it sinks into the grave, this ideal kind of hope for a worthier national and individual existence Dr. Herzl roused in the hearts of hundreds of thousands of the poorest of his race. And were it but a dream now that he is gone, they would not readily relinquish it.

When Dr. Herzl had been laid to rest, some of the mourners who had come from afar went to take leave of his family. Addressing Herzl's little son, thirteen years old, one of them said, "Hans, you must remember that you have many friends abroad, in England, in Russia and in America. Wouldn't you like to send them a message?"

"Certainly I would," the boy replied.

"Well, then, what shall it be?" the other asked.

"Why, what can it be? There is only one message I could possibly send to my friends," the boy rejoined, as his dark face—the image of his father's—lit up with inspiration. "Tell them that I will do all I can to walk in the footsteps of my father."

Herzl often came to London, where he always met with an enthusiastic reception on the part of the English Zionists, among whom Sir Francis Montefiore was ever foremost. The

unofficial Viennese journalist, travelling in the cause of Zionism, held Court at the Hotel Cecil as any monarch or great officer of State might do. He was a great admirer of England, more particularly of the generous spirit of fair play which distinguishes the English race in their personal relations between man and man, notwithstanding all their insular prejudices. Generous aristocrat himself, incapable of a mean thought, much less a mean action, he appreciated generosity in others. For all that, he was afraid that the success of the English Jews in money-making, and, above all, the large increase of their number in the country, would sooner or later raise up against them that spirit of envy which is so strong an ingredient of Anti-Semitism in all countries. He frankly told the Royal Commission that the poor Jewish immigrant carries Anti-Semitism along with him in his bundle of clothes.

Some years ago a reception was given to Dr. Herzl in Whitechapel, which was attended by about seven thousand Jews, mostly foreigners. The meeting was addressed among others by Father Ignatius, who delivered an impassioned harangue in which he expressed his fervent belief in the Renaissance of Jerusalem as a City of the Jews under the leadership of a modern Joshua. This called forth a frenzy of enthusiasm. The crowd pressed round Dr. Herzl, followed him out into the Mile End Road and endeavored to kiss his hands—even his clothes. It was a demonstration of feeling not easily to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Now that Herzl is gone, the thoughts of a friend linger o'er the memory of a lofty character. Whether the idea of a Jewish State be destined to become a reality or to remain a chimera of dreamland, it is one which only an ideal nature could have conceived.

Sidney Whitman.

GEORGE GISSING.

AN IMPRESSION.¹

The tragic accident, for such the last sudden illness of George Gissing must be accounted, that leaves "*Veranilda*," his long-contemplated romance, incomplete, renders it not only seemly but necessary that there should be some brief introductory presentation of the spirit in which it was conceived. Through most of the life he led as a widely respected, but never very popular or prosperous writer, there existed the strangest misconceptions of his personal quality, and he was figured as the embodiment of nearly everything he most disliked. Because he exhausted the resources of a fine irony upon the narrowness and sordidness of contemporary life, a public incapable of irony conceived him as sordid and narrow; because he was possessed by so passionate a preference for the legend of classical Rome that all modern life was colorless and insignificant in his eyes, an eminent interviewer could, as his mortuary chaplet, fling out a condescending and regretful condemnation of his "modernity"; and he whose whole life was one unhappiness because he would not face realities, was declared the master and leader of the English realistic school. He has been likened to Zola, a well-nigh incredible feat of criticism; and a legend of him as a prowling figure gathering "copy"—they always call it "copy"—"among the barrows of East End costermongers," and in the galleries of "slum side theatres," has been the imaginative response to this illuminating comparison. His life and these inventions lie patent for the Griswolds of our time; and there is the clear possibility of an English parallel to that cairn of

misrepresentation and ugly falsehood which the Americans have deemed a fitting monument to their Poe. For the proper reading of "*Veranilda*," if for no other reason, this growing legend must be resolutely thrust aside.

For the beginning of a juster picture there can be nothing better than the figure of Gissing as a schoolboy, obsessed by a consuming passion for learning, at the Quaker's boarding-school at Alderley Edge. He had come thither from Wakefield at the age of thirteen, and after the death of his father, who was in a double sense the cardinal formative influence in his life. The tones of his father's voice, his father's gestures, never departed from him; when he read aloud, particularly if it was poetry he read, his father returned in him. He could draw in those days with great skill and vigor—it will seem significant to many that he was particularly fascinated by Hogarth's work, and that he copied and imitated it—and his father's well-stocked library and his father's encouragement had quickened his imagination and given it its enduring bias for literary activity. One sees him at Alderley Edge as a rather pale and slightly hollow-cheeked boy, the eldest and most zealous of three brothers, who were all redoubtable workers. The school, though socially unpretentious, was a good one. Its headmaster, Mr. James Wood, was something of an enthusiast; and Gissing, whose imagination may have been quickened by the recent death of his father, and by a clear knowledge of the effort his education cost, seems to have flung himself at his opportunities with an almost exaggerated intensity. He joined as little as possible in the school games—though he played

¹Originally written as a preface to "*Veranilda*."

hockey, an old schoolfellow witnesses, with "madness and vigor"—and he walked much alone. For the rest, he worked. He would work even at his exercise, reading as he walked. Occasionally his imagination and energy found vent in the organization of violent bouts of tilting and the Greek, French, or English play performed on the half-yearly speech nights was a great thing for him. "Gissing," that old schoolfellow writes, "was our shining light. He was at one and the same time, stage builder, stage manager, instructor, leading actor and prompter, as well as our chief reciter." Except in the enthusiasm of such enterprises, he seems to have had noticeably little companionship with the mass of his schoolfellows. He was speedily the prodigy of the school, a lonely prodigy, living overmuch among books, already out of touch with life, and already possessed by

The glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome,

that were his standards throughout all the rest of his life.

He finished his school prodigiously—measured by the scale of his school. He came out first of the kingdom in the Oxford Local Examination, and carried the same unqualified energy of study to Owens College, where for a time his story was an unbroken record of prize-winning. He was not quite fifteen when he entered the college, and at the end of his first session he gained Professor Wood's English Poem Prize, as well as a special prize and exhibition for classics. He also won the Shakespeare Scholarship. He worked as youngsters of his type will—insanely. He worked while he ate, he cut down his sleep, and for him the penalty came not in a palpable, definable illness, but in an abrupt, incongruous reaction and collapse. He truncated his career at Owens, with his degree in-

complete—he had already taken the first place in first-class honors for English and classics in the University of London at the Intermediate Examination in Arts—and from that time his is a broken and abnormal career. He fancied he had cut himself off by this deflection from that clear course to a learned distinction which his quality and inclination alike indicated for him. He crossed to America, and was for a short time a classical tutor in Boston. He threw up his position on some forgotten ground, and went in the vaguest spirit to Chicago. There he began to show still more clearly that practical incapacity, that curious inability to do the sane, secure thing which is the hidden element in his career. It is not that he was a careless man, he was a most careful one; it is not that he was a morally lax man, he was almost morbidly the reverse. Neither was he morose or eccentric in his motives or bearing; he was genial, conversational, and well-meaning. But he had some sort of blindness towards his fellow men, so that he never entirely grasped the spirit of everyday life, so that he, who was so copiously intelligent in the things of the study, misunderstood, blundered, was nervously diffident, and wilful and spasmodic in common affairs, in employment and buying and selling, and the normal conflicts of intercourse. He did not know what would offend, and he did not know what would please. He irritated others and thwarted himself. He had no social nerve. In Chicago he came near to absolute starvation. And there it was that, with some journalistic fiction, quite lost to the world, his career of print began; though, of course, he had written much both of verse and prose before that time. He was nearly twenty.

He returned to London. By this time he had discovered what was not so much an artistic impulse as an ill-

advised ambition to write a series of novels. He set to work with the enthusiasm of his nature; he worked, he wrote to his sister, "with fervor and delight"; but indeed these creations were not his own true expression. That time, twenty years ago, was an epoch, of which we perhaps are seeing the closing years, in which there was no way to distinction in art save to paint the great pretentious subject-picture in oils, the Royal Academy picture, of which the Tate Gallery is the fitting mausoleum, and in letters, outside journalism, there was no other form than the big novel to which a young man could resort and hope to live. The air was full of the successes of novelists, of their clamorous and as yet incompletely vulgarized fame. And when we examine the triumphs of that period, it is not wonderful that Gissing should have embarked upon this enterprise with a confidence that was within sight of arrogance. He had in his folly turned his back upon learning, and here was his second opportunity. He had a genuine love and admiration for Dickens, and the story of Balzac's indomitable industry must have had a singular appeal to him. In the "three sous for bread, two for milk, and three for firing," in the incessant toil and the nocturnal wanderings of that giant, there lay a snare for George Gissing's imagination. He would in those days say of so and so, "How can he write?—he has never starved!" More or less deliberately he set himself to the scheme of an English "*Comédie Humaine*," and in the very titles of such novels as "*The Un-classed*," "*The Nether World*," "*The Emancipated*," and "*The Whirlpool*," lurks the faint aroma of his exemplar. He must have set his course to this determination before he was twenty-one, and it was surely the most unhappy and presumptuous of undertakings. His knowledge of the world was

strangely limited, was scarcely existent; home life at Wakefield was the most living thing in it, and beyond that there were school days and college passed in a dream of bookish study, some experiences in America too disagreeable for use, and now this return to London, and, until the fame accrued, tuition. The world he set himself to draw was stranger to him by far than the Rome and the Athens his books had made real to him, and the silent factor of his own quality, that, too, was undetermined. But he trusted in his strength; he trusted to the same energy and powers of devotion that had made him a prodigy at Alderley Edge and Owens College, to make him a prodigy in letters.

It is well to attempt some picture of him at this stage. His boyhood of study had neither dwarfed nor disfigured him, and he was then a figure of youth, vigor, and promise. He was of rather more than average stature, finely proportioned, and save for a droop of the shoulders and that slight failure from grace that neglect of exercise entails, he carried himself well. His head was finely formed, and though he was spare, his skin was well seeming, and he had in his flushed moments the ruddy English color. His features were clear cut and regular, his eyes dark blue, and his hair, which was brown with a pleasing reddish tinge, flowed back from his forehead very handsomely. He had quite distinctly a presence. His voice was sound and full, and a youth in which books had overtopped experience had made his diction more bookish and rotund than is common. He was at first a little shy in intercourse, but then intelligent, self-forgetful, inaggressive, and enthusiastic. He must have seemed, he did seem, to those who met him in those days, a man of the richest possibilities.

Yet the same insidious weakness, at

the point where imagination and thought pass into action, had already, behind this front of promise, contrived an arrangement of absurdities. He occupied a flat near Regent's Park, and he moved in cultivated society. He had such friends as Mr. Frederic Harrison, whose sons he instructed in Greek, and who was assiduous in his interest. He entered spheres in which bishops' wives are not unknown, and he has described to the present writer a conversation upon the decay of butlers with one of these ladies. She asked him how *he* managed. But, indeed, he dispensed with a butler's attentions. It will be incredible to every level-minded reader, but, as a matter of fact, he maintained this fair appearance, he received his pupils in his apartment, he toiled and wrote unceasingly, upon scarcely any food at all. Partly, no doubt, it was poverty: he grudged every moment taken by teaching from his literary purpose, and taught as little as he could; but mainly it was sheer inability to manage. His meals were of bread and dripping, stewed tea, cheese at times, soup bought desiccated in penny packets, and such like victual; and a common friend, himself no mean novelist, has described his entertainment there of a Sunday afternoon;—Gissing, with flushed face and shining eyes, declaiming Greek choruses and capping sonorous quotations—"There are miserable wretches," he would say, "who know not the difference between dochmiacs and antispasts!"—until hunger could wait no longer. Thereupon he would become spasmodically culinary in a swift anticlimax: "Now for the squalid meal!"

Periods of far too intense literary activity would alternate with phases of exhaustion. And only those who have passed through the moral and imaginative strain of sustained creative work will fully imagine the sense of discomfort, the realization of loneli-

ness that must have characterized these interludes. To the sympathetic reader who knows "New Grub Street," "The Crown of Life," and the earlier novels, little further is needed for the full understanding of Gissing's early manhood. There were misadventures; there was a rash, unhappy marriage; but the real stuff of his waking life was the steady flow of writing that was to be that misconceived series of novels. From first to last in that endeavor he wrote in his minute, clear hand, writing always with the full available power of his attention, nearly two million words. An hour's experiment in original composition, a little counting and a little computation brings home to one what that means. This brief paper, for example, has consumed all a man's energies for four full days. For one who writes for anything but commercial ends, this gray of written paper is the text of life, the reality of his emotions and his imagination; the other things are indeed no more than margin to that. So he wrote. He wrote for the most part about people he disliked or despised, and about people he did not understand; about social conditions that seemed to him perverse and stupid, and about ways of life into which he had never entered. He wrote with a declining belief in his own power, with a failing hope of appreciation and applause, and too often without any joy in the writing. There were quite tragic incidents, books begun and destroyed. In view of his quality it was unavoidable that much that he wrote should be considerable; and there are in all these novels eloquent passages, tender passages, passages of free and happy humor, and a pervading irony that will certainly secure them a permanent, though perhaps a dusty place, in the storehouse of English literary achievement. But there are great uninspired intervals across which the pen has been driven

grimly, insistently; factitious characters evolved from his own inner consciousness, and for all his wariness and dexterity, incurably unconvincing; incompatibilities and impossibilities, and gray, tired places. And indeed, for all their merit and value, when one thinks of the middle years of this man's life—of journeys and relationships and hopes, and this and that—it all seems to be going on under a sunless sky, across which this gray cloud canopy, this unending, inky succession of words, drives remorselessly for ever.

He was hidden from the light of himself. Sometimes this work welkin is tedious and impenetrable, like the cloud drift of a melancholy day; sometimes it grows thin, and a gleam of personality strikes down to warm the reader, and then one says, "This is not toil; this is Gissing." But for the most part the man is altogether masked by that premature, overwhelming intention. Behind that, unsuspected by all who did not know him, the light of classical enthusiasms that had lit his boyhood was hidden. There came a season when he had a success, when some early novel—"Demos," if I am not mistaken—brought money, fifty pounds or so, to hand. He paid small heed then to those back street researches, those gutter-smellings the popular legend of him requires; he went straight by sea to the land of his dreams, Italy. It was still happily before the enterprise of touring agencies had robbed the idea of Italian travel of its last vestiges of magic. He spent as much time as he could afford about the Bay of Naples, and then came on with a rejoicing heart to Rome—Rome whose topography had been with him since boyhood, beside whose stately history the confused tumult of the contemporary newspaper seemed to him no more than a noisy, unmeaning persecution of the mind. Afterwards he went to Athens. But he wrote nothing of the reality of

his sensations then. The self-imposed obligation of those novels weighed him down, and in "The Emancipated," one of his least successful books, his enthusiasm seeks and fails to find expression. Within a very little of that journey, he began definitely to face the fact of his false start and to turn his mind to the discovery of his proper medium. It is at least ten years since the project of his great romance of the Gothic kingdom had definitely formed itself in his mind. He had written then to his home, of something fresh that was coming, of a romance that was to be altogether a break from his established style of work, and from that day to this he has held himself persistently to this plan, reading for it, scheming for it, and dreaming of it. Only the labor of writing it remained at last, and that was begun too late.

Two of his friends spent a spring-time holiday with him and his sister at Budleigh Salterton in 1897. He was then no longer the glorious, indefatigable, impracticable youth of the London flat, but a damaged and ailing man, full of ill-advised precautions against the imaginary illnesses that were his interpretation of a general *malaise*. As much as anything he was homesick for Italy. He was not actively writing then, but he had two or three great Latin tomes in which he read and dreamt, he was annotating the works of Cassiodorus, edicts and proclamations and letters written for Theodoric the Goth, and full of light upon the manners and daily life of the time. And as the friends wandered in the Devonshire lanes or along the red Devonshire cliffs he talked of Italy. His friends had not seen Italy. To all three of them Italy was as far almost as it had been for all the English world in 1800. There was a day when they sat together by Lulworth Cove. He had been mourning the Italy he fancied he would never see again, and

then he drew suddenly from his pocket an old pocket-book, and showed, treasured as one treasures the little things of those we love, a few scraps of paper that journey had left him: the empty cover of his railway tickets home, a flattened blossom from Hadrian's villa, a ticket for the Vatican Library, were chief among these things. He spoke as one speaks of a lost paradise. Yet before another year was over he had been through those experiences he has told so perfectly in "By the Ionian Sea," and all three of these friends had met again in Rome. In Rome he had forgotten most of his illnesses; he went about proudly as one goes about one's dearly-loved native city. There were tramps in the Campagna, in the Alban Hills, along the Via Clodia, and so forth, merry meals with the good red wine of Velletri or Grotta Ferrata; and now the romance was more fully conceived, and in the Forum, on the Palatine Hill, upon the Appian Way, he could talk of the closing chapters that will never now be written—of Rome plague-stricken and deserted, Rome absolutely desolate under the fear of the Gothic king.*

Many things were to happen to delay his new beginning, and, among others, there was in himself a certain diffidence before the new medium. But the spell of that Balzac-like sequence was already lifted from his mind. He had been persuaded, I believe by Mr. Clement K. Shorter, to attempt short stories and sketches; he had attained to the completest mastery of his own proper qualities in the Calabrian travel-book already mentioned, and he was writing that frank, natural, and able study of Dickens that still waits for

its just meed of recognition. Then there was "The Papers of Henry Rye-croft," an experiment in the manner of Amiel's diary, that gave an interesting but one-sided sketch of the mental attitude to nature and contemporary things. He wrote, indeed, several more books in his earlier manner, but they made no marked advance upon "Eve's Ransom," "Born in Exile," and "The Year of Jubilee," the first perhaps the best and the least appreciated of his novels. And at last, in the little village of St. Jean Pied de Port, in the Pyrenees, he set himself to his long-delayed task. In October of last year he was in full work upon it, and drawing near the end; he was in better health than he had been for many years, and tasting once again the pleasure of living. His letters to England were full of his romance. In his last, written on November 28, 1903, within a month of his end, he says: "I labor on at 'Veranilda,' and, thank Heaven! have done more than three-fourths of it. I cannot judge whether it is good or bad, but the work has been severe—never more than a page a day at two sittings." A page in his microscopic handwriting was, in printer's language, a thousand words. He seems to have been at work upon the book before. In a letter dated February 28, 1901, he writes: "My sixteenth-century story keeps me amid old things. I seldom have time to look at any writing of the day." And in a letter, dated Arcachon, January 8, 1902, "My Roman novel, alas! is suspended by the state of my health, a little also, I admit, by the reflection that so many people have of late written novels about Rome." From St. Jean Pied de Port, so late as June 10, 1903, he says:

*The following extract from a letter to Mr. Edward Clodd is very characteristic of Gissing's attitude. It is dated Siena, November 6, 1897. "Of course I have not been able to see very much of Siena, but this is not my part of Italy. I have—I am sorry to say—comparatively little

interest in the Renaissance. On the other hand, I shout with joy whenever I am brought very near to the old Romans. Chiefly I am delighted here with the magnificent white oxen, with huge horns, which draw carts about the streets. Oxen and carts are precisely those of Virgil."

"I have decided to write my sixth-century story. For the moment I turn with disgust from modern life, whereas these old times call to me with a pleasant voice. If I have anything like decent health here (which, by the by, is quite near to Roncesvalles) I *must* get this book done. I think I can make it fairly good, for I have saturated myself with the spirit of the age. It ought to be infinitely picturesque." And on October 11, 1903, he reports progress. "Well, I am getting on with my book. I am now well past the middle of 'Veranilda,' and hope (with trembling) that I may finish by the end of the year. I don't think it will be bad; at all events, it gives me a certain pleasure in the writing. But it is harder work than any I ever did—not a line that does not ask sweat of the brain."

There is the shadow of prophecy in that "with trembling." At last but four chapters remained; and then came a cold, came pneumonia, and with the effect of a swift misadventure the end. In the last hours of his ebb and exhaustion he talked constantly of Veranilda, and of armor and weapons and the Goths.

And this book, "Veranilda," that is so much of George Gissing, is unfinished, indeed, and unrevised, but so far done that even the end for his two principal characters, the Princess and Basil, is practically told. The book exists as a unity and as a whole, its truncation withdraws nothing essential from the design. One has one's minor uncertainties of course; what sinister treasure was to reward the search of Sagaris and Stephanus, what fate lurked ready to spring upon the Lady Heliodora and the reasons of the Lady Aurelia's long absence from the stage. But the main threads run clear to their end; in a moment the tumult of the assailing Goths, terrible by reason of their massacre at Tibur,

would have become audible, and the wave of panic that left Rome to the dogs and vermin have swept us to the end. And the end was morning, a sunlit silence upon the empty Forum, upon the as yet unruined Palatine Hill, upon the yet unshattered Basilica of Constantine. For just that one tremendous moment in her history Rome lay still.

But in spite of all that is lacking this romance exists sufficiently for its total effect, and one sees for the first time clearly what indeed "The Whirlpool" and "The Year of Jubilee" went far to suggest to the experienced critic, and that is George Gissing's extraordinary power of comprehensive design. All the characters move living to a synthesis of impression. It is the picture of a magnificent decay—of the last days, of the last hours of the tradition of Imperial Rome. Every figure partakes of that transition and is significant in the scheme; the sombre figure of the dying Maximus, with which the book begins; the ragged Decius, with his unenvied treasure of manuscripts, with his whispered doubts whether, after all, Virgil's Fourth Eclogue was a prophecy of Christ; the deacon Leander, incessant and acquisitive, politic, blindly devoted, building up the wealth and power of the Mediæval Church amidst a universal ruin; the senator, Venatius, a senator half-way changed to a feudal lord, fortifying his country villa, are of the many who were preparing the way for the final disintegration. Then one marks the Lady Petronilla, obsessed by religious ambition, the wretched Marclan, torn between the new fear of hell that had come into the world and the immemorial desire of the flesh; and Basil, setting aside the old Roman dignity, reviling the old training in rhetoric and letters and giving his mind to arms. All things, with an art of imperceptible touches,

display a time when security had gone, while still the tradition of empire, of a wide law and government, the afterglow of the classical civilization, haunted the broken bridges, the fresh-shattered aqueducts, the rutted, vacant ways. Even to the smallest details the picture is complete. Let the reader note the source of the lead for the coffin of Maximus, the prey on the cart of the passing lime-burner, the waterless uncleanness that heralded the pest. It needs some practice in the art of imaginative writing to gauge quite how skilfully this magnificent conception has been wrought, to detect the subtle insistence, touch by touch, that keeps its mellow and melancholy

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atmosphere true. The whole learning that was possible of this period lies behind this book, yet there is no heaviness, no impressive jabbering of strange terms, no hint of a claim to scholarship, none of the tricks that drive this sort of fact to recognition. Gissing carries his learning as a trained athlete carries his limbs, as it were, unwittingly, as a great artist saturated with the classical tradition might best desire to do. And he gains in permanence and beauty what he will lose in contemporary applause. Now at any rate he can bear to wait a little longer for the honor that will in the end be his in absolute security.

H. G. Wells.

NOISE THAT YOU PAY FOR.

There are two kinds of noise. One you pay for, the other you don't. And the one you pay for is called Music.—*Cambridge Don.*

"The trouble is," said the musician, "that people will insist upon reading into music some other language than its own. They make it talk literature, formulate ideas, express moods. But of course it can't, and doesn't, really do anything of the kind. The literature, or what passes for such, is an addition from outside—the words of a song, or the libretto of an opera. The ideas are mere printed stuff in the programme, as in those 'symphonic poems' of Strauss, which are so formless as symphonies, and so ridiculous as poems. And as to the moods, they are not inherent in the music, but imposed upon it by the audience; and there are as many of them as there are varieties of listeners. None of these things has anything to do with music."

"What, then, is music?" the poet asked.

"Music is an art by itself, an art of melody and harmony, untranslatable into the terms of any other art; but comparable perhaps, if we are to compare, rather to a decorative pattern than to anything else."

"How refreshing it is," said the painter, "to hear that said at last! And what a condemnation of all modern music! Music indeed, so it seems to me, is suffering from the same kind of malady as painting. The public want it realistic; and the artists give them just what they want. They produce stories on the orchestra, just as they produce stories in paint."

"No doubt," said the poet, "they supply a demand. But why does the demand exist?"

"For a very discreditable reason. It is, I believe, because people get so little out of life, that they try to fill up the void with art. In the great civilizations, art was never realistic.

Emotions and desires found their satisfaction in actualities; and it was to escape from these that people turned to art, where they sought and found detachment, serenity, beauty. The pictures that disfigure the walls of the Academy are pabulum only fit for an empty, jaded, city population, with no life of its own worth speaking of. But the Greeks who really lived produced the Elgin marbles; the Christians—when there were Christians—the Madonna and the Saints; the men of the Renaissance, the landscapes of Giorgione."

"The same thing," the musician interrupted, "is true of music. The great music, that of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, was of a kind whose aim and achievement were simply its own exquisite form—a form, however, which carried with it the mood proper to itself, the rare and spiritual mood of beauty. And that mood it stamped on the audience, instead of being itself a mere matrix on which they might impress their own emotions. These, on the contrary, were left behind, drowned in the river Lethe; and beyond that stream of oblivion opened the Earthly Paradise, an ideal world with a nature of its own, cut off from actuality—sunshine and birds and flowering woods and the perennial breeze of spring. Whereas, what is it that people get out of a modern concert? Look at the audience! Honestly, I know no more indecent sight. Erotic women, unsatisfied men, stormed by a concourse of long-repressed and now clamorous feelings, abandoning themselves to that fierce physical onslaught upon the nerves which is called modern orchestration, vicariously indulging passions of which they are incapable in actuality, drunk, mad, abandoned, satyrs and bacchantes, running away from beauty like swine down a steep place into the sea, the sea of their own cravings

that, after all, like the water of Tantalus, withdraws and leaves them for ever unsatisfied—tortured souls in hell."

"Great Scot!" said the poet, "are we really as bad as all that?"

"They are! As to you, I don't know. You're all right, I suppose."

"Am I? I very much doubt it! I believe I'm one of the swine."

"But you told us you enjoyed Mozart!"

"Enjoy him! I'm ravished by him! But what of that?"

"Well, if you're ravished by Mozart, you're ravished by pure beauty. You're free of the true kingdom of art."

"Ah, but then, you see, I am also ravished by Beethoven, by Wagner, nay, if I must confess, by Tschaiakowsky."

"Well, and of course there are beauties in those perverse men of genius. But it isn't because of the beauties that they have acquired their popularity."

"Because then of what?"

"Because of all that I have been trying to describe; of all that I saw and felt this afternoon, and am still quivering under."

"Where were you this afternoon?"

"At the Queen's Hall, to my sorrow."

"So was I."

"Well, then, you saw it too; the men roaring like wild beasts, the women rapping umbrellas and fluttering handkerchiefs, the recalling of the conductor again and again, the carnival of emotions unchained, the whole indecent, intolerable scene! And now, with that in your mind, think of Purcell and Mozart, of the harpsichord, of the tiny choice band of strings and wood, of the beautiful little panelled hall of the seventeenth or eighteenth century, of the stately audience of noble patrons, of *Voi che sapete*, or *Come unto these yellow sands*."

"Yes, I think of all that. I love it!

I wish I were there! But, all the same, it wouldn't be what I heard this afternoon."

"No, thank God!"

"But I don't thank God for that particular hypothetical mercy. On the contrary, I am very glad to have heard what I did."

"What! Tschaikowsky!"

"Yes, if I did hear him, and if it was hearing. But the truth is, I hardly know what happens when one listens to modern music. I quite agree that it's something very different from what happens when one listens to Mozart, or to the early Italians. It's somehow like a real experience, not like an æsthetic mood. But I don't admit that it's necessarily as indecent as you pretend. I came away, to tell the truth, in a condition which I imagined to be one of spiritual exaltation. And how do you know it wasn't the same with all the rest of the audience?"

"Oh, I've no doubt they all imagined they were spiritually exalted!"

"And perhaps they were."

"But look at them!"

"Well, if you come to that, I don't know what I looked like myself. But I'm sure I felt like an archangel."

"But even if you did, it doesn't follow that any one else did."

"I agree. The thing I experienced was certainly something to which I contributed out of my own resources. And if I had been a different person, it would have been different. I feel, I mean, not that I've been listening to a concert, but that I've been living a life. And what it would interest me to know is, where that life, so to speak, comes in. It certainly isn't my life, not, I mean, my normal life. And if my normal life were better, I suppose I should not care about this kind of 'extra.' But then, you see, the extra seems to me so good, that I can hardly imagine any actual life I should prefer to it. I don't think I would ex-

change it, for instance, for the life of Napoleon or of St. Paul."

"You make me curious," said the painter. "Tell us some more about it."

"It isn't easy to tell about such things. But I'll try if you like, if only to clear my own mind. And, to begin at the beginning, I started the whole experience from a level of horribly low vitality. This east wind in London, or for that matter anywhere, simply kills me. I couldn't conceive, as I walked to the hall through the numb torpor of the streets, under the black pall, in the alien crowd, that anything, anywhere, had been, or was, or ever would be, worth doing, or feeling, or experiencing; and least of all the concert, to which I was mechanically bent, merely because I had a ticket, and it would at least be warm. The hall, when I got there, was half full of fog, the crowd even blacker than usual, the carved angels, or cupids, or whatever they are, even more repulsively fatuous. I just glanced at the programme, and saw that the first item was Tschaikowsky's Overture 1812; and then I shut my eyes, and made myself as unconscious as I could. Perhaps I fell into a doze. Only, and this is important, the date 1812 was in my mind. Now, I know little enough of history, and care little enough, seeing that history always tells one everything except what one wants to know. But I knew, if one is to call it knowing, as a bare fact in the mind, that 1812 was the year of Napoleon's Russian campaign. And I had the usual vague ideas about Russia and France; just about as much as the programmes tell one. All that, of course, had never meant anything to me, as an element of life and experience. But now comes the extraordinary thing. No sooner did the Overture begin, than I started, not only from my doze, but from my whole normal, or infra-normal, level of existence. Those little

bits of conceptualized knowledge took form and life and passion, and began to shape themselves into a real world. There seemed to lie before me an immense tract of frozen plains, inhabited by a primitive people in scattered villages, singing the songs and dancing the dances that had been danced and sung by countless generations from the dawn of time. It was a silent land, vast and remote, lying like a calm sea, immeasurable and gray; and no shape moved upon its surface. I saw it, or felt it, or what? I don't know. Only I watched and watched. Till, suddenly, something stirred; a spirit moved upon the waters. Over the great dim plain, men, like insects, began to appear and march. It had the effect of light breaking upon darkness. I shivered and waited, and waited. What could it mean? Then there was something like a rush of blood; I think I stood up and shouted. For, from the distance, came the strain of that marching hymn of mankind, that battle-song of the spirit in its eternal war with the world, that heart's cry of the genius of France, which is the genius of civilization, that 'national air' of humanity, the *'Marseillaise.'* Then I saw! It was the great war of the old against the new, of Nature, unreflective, beautiful as the Gorgon's head, immutable, silent, ancient and vast as Fate, against the Promethean brain, the hot rebellious heart, the plastic, mobile insolence of Man. In that one symbol all history was disclosed to me. All I had ever heard, or read, or divined, took shape and lived. I stood at the centre; and, in a moment of eternal experience, instantaneously summed the course of Time. And when the great bells began to ring for victory, they acclaimed for me the triumph, not of Russia—what and where was Russia?—but of the whole groaning and travelling world. 'It must be thus,' I thought, 'that God

sees the universe; and that, I suppose, is why He thinks it worth while to keep it going.' I'm speaking as if I had thoughts; but they weren't thoughts at all; they were intuitions, they were anything you like to call them, for they have no name. But you see, perhaps, the sort of thing Tschalkowsky did for me. And after all, is it so bad?"

"It's not music, anyhow," said the painter. "Except for the *'Marseillaise.'* your description might do for anything."

The man of science murmured from behind his paper. "You were simply thinking," he said, "or imagining, if you like, in a state of excitation produced by the orchestra."

"And," the musician added, "you weren't really listening to the music at all. You probably can't recall a single air of it, or a single progression, or orchestral effect."

"Well, but suppose I couldn't—as a matter of fact I can—none the less I didn't do the whole thing myself. I brought with me, if you like, the elements. But the music was the miracle that turned them into a world, and me into a demi-god."

"I haven't got it yet," said the painter, "tell us some more!"

"It's no use trying to tell you, I can't even tell myself."

"Well, tell us all the same. What was the next thing?"

"The C Minor Symphony of Beethoven."

"That's music, anyhow," said the musician; "but I don't suppose you heard it."

"I don't suppose I did, in your sense. But I had my experience."

"No doubt, the literary experience: 'so klopft das Schicksal an die Thür.'"

"Precisely! And if it hadn't been for that mere label, I suppose the whole thing would have been different. The motto, you see, was, as it were, the

slot into which I put my penny, and from which I got out that particular experience. Only the slot, if you please, isn't the machine."

"Well, what was it you got out?"

"What was it? It was, to begin with, just the beat of Fate, and against that, like the sea against the cliffs, the passionate cry of Man. But, presently, that abstraction filled itself out, changed its form, became a world-drama. As though upon a wind of passion, the figures of history and romance—Clytemnestra with the axe, Dido on the shore, Caesar, Alexander, Napoleon, all who have ever fought and failed, all who have lived and despaired—with set lips, with outstretched hands, with cries of defiance or appeal, came driving down on the pitiless theme, till they seemed to fuse and blend with it, and, in a tragic reconciliation, to be themselves the Fate against which they strove."

"The second movement," said the musician, drily, "must have been a little difficult to fit in with that scheme."

"The second movement? Oh, that was the Valley of Avillon; and the whole air was full of song, serene and beautiful, as of souls who had suffered and won the victory, and were attuned to the winds and streams that sung with them in the sunshine. Only, every now and again, a capricious undertone suggested a truce rather than a victory. Still with exquisite beauty, calm as a sunset, the movement closed."

"And then?"

"Oh, then, as one had feared, or hoped, it all broke out again. A menacing prelude, underground as it were, and then with a great upheaval, the tragic reiteration, more solemn, resistless, and slow than before, of the motive of Fate, that had seemed to be silenced. And now it was the spirit of burlesque that rose

in desperation, to bluff and insult the riddle of life. In vain. The inexorable theme returned. And that, one thought, must be the end. But no! For something happened, something wonderful and unforeseen. The whole symphony died away to the beat of a drum—a single ominous drum. And in and through that beat, began the creation of a new world. Soft at first, almost unheard, it grew apace, strained into intolerable discord, then suddenly as if slipped from the leash, broke away into the major and unfolded like a flower—joyous, glorious, triumphant, in harmonies more and more august, reconciling all contradictions, achieving, not in idea but in fact, the perpetual dream of Man, the kingdom of heaven, the city of God, the life of the Absolute."

"H'm," said the musician, "that may be all very interesting, but I must repeat, it has nothing to do with music."

"No," said the painter, "it's literature."

"Yes, no doubt it's literature, as I describe it to you, or would be, if I described it well enough. But it wasn't literature as I heard it. It was life. And that's just what music does. It takes literature, ideas, concepts, whatever you like to call them, and embodies them in a real world. And no other art, so it seems to me, does this."

"And no art ought to," the painter interrupted.

"Ah, ought! But what does that mean? Why ought it not? Isn't any life worth having, just because it is life?"

"No, not a spurious life. That's only demoralizing."

"*Tristan*, for instance?"

"Yes, *Tristan*! I know all about that; I have felt it; I've been through the whole thing, and come out into the streets, and doubted whether they were real at all, and resented them with a

bitterness of antagonism and hatred indescribable—but of course you know. Well, that sort of thing isn't healthy. Next morning one knows it isn't. And it all comes from the attempt, and in this case the discreditable success of art, in substituting something that purports to be reality, and appeals to one and effects one as though it were, for the actuality that is truly real."

"Ah, but is it? Or is it something else that is real? You mention *Tristan*, and I will take my parable from that. The audience, we will say, do not really experience the passion of *Tristan* and *Isolde*; though they have, for the time, the illusion of experiencing it. Nor, it may be admitted, is any actual passion possible, save in connection with circumstances of common-place, such as the opera excludes. There are no streets in *Tristan*, no business, no squalor, no long slow changes of intolerable time, no growing tired, no quarrels, irritations, frictions, infidelities. But isn't it just that abstraction from the actuality which gives the reality of the passion? And, if it be so, isn't it well to be made to feel the reality by art, though we may never feel it pure, nay, may never experience it at all, in our actual life?"

"What I object to is not the abstractions of art—all art abstracts in order to reveal, and that is its merit. But what I consider illegitimate, by which I mean unsatisfactory, disagreeable, and indeed positively bad, is the attempt to give to the abstractions the value of actuality. No great art, no art, at least, that I can call great, does this. You can't mistake a Greek statue for a real man; if you could, it would be a defect, not a merit. You can't walk about in a landscape of Claude. And, to take the case of music, if you hear an opera of Mozart, you never mix it up with your own

personal experience and live through it, as it were, vicariously. And isn't that just the charm of it? How exquisite, for example, is *Figaro*! There you have all the elements of life—character, passion, incidents, a form of society. But everything is seen, as it were, in a magic mirror. The personages do not step out of the glass and shake hands with the audience. And how disgusting it would be if they did! On the contrary, the whole action moves within its own atmosphere of beauty, an atmosphere which is no more continuous with that in which we live, than is that of a landscape in a frame. And yet, since it is a vision of life, though not a copy of life, we go away pleased, illumined, purged, taking up without effort our own actuality, which was only suspended, not transformed; but taking it up with a clarified insight, a kinder sympathy, a humaner perception, with something more intangible than all that, with an illumination of beauty."

"I don't dispute anything you say. It happens; I know it; I love it. It's what Mozart does, and it's what Wagner doesn't do, and what many of the people who love Wagner could never understand or enjoy. But you want to go further; you want to say that the thing Wagner does and Mozart does not do, is bad. Why should you say so? Why impose artificial limits of taste because you are not personally capable of a particular revelation of reality?"

"But it isn't a revelation of reality; it only pretends to be one."

"Isn't it? That's just the point at issue. Let me go back to our first example, the 1812 Overture of Tschalkowsky. What is the reality of the Russian campaign? Is it what the Russians felt about it, or the French? The generals or the common soldiers? What Napoleon experienced, or his

meanest camp follower? Is it what the historian perceives, looking at it as a chain of causation? Or what the moralist apprehends and judges? Surely it isn't, and cannot be, any one of these? It must somehow be all of them, and infinitely more. For the episode had its psychological reflex in every one of those who took part in it, with their varying range of knowledge, experience, emotional and other capacity. It has also its real place in a chain of causation. It has its real moral value. And it has all these at once; it is all these. Well, now, who is there that so feels and sees it, not merely as a thought, but as an experience? God, I suppose, if there is a God. But, next to Him, the artist—the dramatist, say, if a dramatist could be found worthy—but more than the dramatist, just because of that actuality of music which you deprecate—more than the dramatist, the musician, if his music meets a comprehending intelligence. For if the Overture meant all that to me, what would it not mean to one who had, say, the knowledge of Lord Acton, the imagination of Shakespeare, the intellect of Machiavelli?"

"Even so, the result would not be the legitimate and appropriate effect of music. It would be the creation of another artist, whose imagination the music happened to stimulate."

"Yes, but that 'happening' of stimulation is what makes the miracle. And when you get that conjunction, whether you choose to call it legitimate or not, you have something much more wonderful and significant, something much more worth having, to my mind, than the thing you call legitimate, which also I admit and delight in. For you have, I believe, the nearest approximation we can get to a true apprehension of reality. It's not merely a beautiful creation of ours, another, and, if you like, better world

which we make; it's an image of the truth of the world we call actual."

"And yet, as you admitted, it is in such conflict with that world as to produce a reaction which makes it appear intolerable."

"Yes; and, of course, any profounder apprehension of reality must be in conflict with the apprehension of one's daily life. Science or philosophy even, ardently and imaginatively pursued, give us a vision which is not that by and in which we do our business and pay our calls; yet we hold it to be a true vision, or at least a truer one, of the real world. Only, science and philosophy are less, as well as more than actuality, because their world is one of concepts and ideas. But in the world of music which I have been trying to describe, concepts and ideas are transformed, as it were, into sensations. They become a reality concrete and sensuous, and yet one not limited by space and time, something like the ideal world of Plato, as he seemed to conceive it in his myths, perhaps, indeed, the first dawn of that world upon our consciousness."

"That is sheer mysticism."

"Not exactly; because the experience in question is not arrived at independently of and without relation to the normal processes. As I conceive the matter, whatever we have absorbed by sensation, by thought, and by imagination, assumes, in the moment of musical apprehension, the form of an intuition. But the content of the intuition is determined by the content of normal experience, which, of course, is different in different individuals, and has an immensely varying range of complexity and extent. Thus the same music will excite, as you have constantly maintained, one kind of response in Smith and another in Jones; and some of these responses, no doubt, will be trivial and even disgusting. But if, in his normal life, a man is

moving towards goodness and truth, he will be rewarded under the spell of music by the corresponding intuitions."

"The whole thing, then," the musician urged, "is either accidental or purely subjective. In your own instances, it was a date, 1812, or a motto, '*So klopft das Schicksal an die Thür*,' that gave your imagination the particular direction it took; and, if there had been no date and no motto, some quite accidental mood or idea of your own would have been the key to the experience. '*Tarara boom de ay*' would have had the same effect as the C Minor Symphony, if it had happened to meet you in the same humor."

"Ah, no! I can't go so far as that. I have admitted that the same piece of music may evoke, not only in different people, but in the same people at different times, quite different intuitions. But I believe, nevertheless, that there is, so to speak, a general quality of intuition which the music is calculated and bound to produce, though there may be a great variety of cases or applications of it. Thus, to take obvious examples, the Dance of the Trolls, in Grieg's suite of *Peer Gynt*, could not produce in any one who had never heard of a Troll, what one may call the specific Troll-intuition. But it must, to anyone who is sensitive to it, embody some case or other of the grotesque, the uncanny, and the supernatural. And so must the three movements of the C Minor Symphony evoke respectively some general idea of conflict, of peace and beauty, of triumphant reconciliation. The listener, if you like, dresses the characters and writes their speeches; but the music determines the plot and movement of the drama."

"I wonder whether really even as much as that can be said to be a necessary and specific effect of the music."

"I believe one would find it to be so, if one could make the enquiry scientifically. The Greeks, who were probably good judges, thought so."

"Did they?"

"I take it that they did; else their whole theory of the place of music in education was nonsense."

"I forget what the theory was."

"Why, that the character of children will be formed by the character of the music they practise and hear. Because, they thought, character depends on the bias of the emotions; and that may be affected permanently, one way or another, by music. So that, in their view, there was an inherent ethical quality in music. And I would add, for my own part, that there is also an inherent—what shall I say?—metaphysical quality. Schopenhauer, you will remember, thought that music in general was a representation, or rather a reproduction, of the universe. And one might suggest, at the risk of appearing ridiculous, that the different musicians represent different philosophic points of view: Palestrina, say, that of the Catholic Church, Beethoven that of Hegel, Wagner that of Schopenhauer, or of Nietzsche, according to the period. And, at the other end, the music-hall song represents the music-hall view of the world. And then these general types are filled in with different contents, more or less interesting or profound, according to the differences in the intellectual and imaginative faculties and experiences of the listeners."

"But what are you driving at in all this?"

"Why need I be driving at anything? I'm just following up my idea. But if I did want to drive at things, there's a great deal to drive at. For instance, one might suggest that one of the most important things about music is the study of its ethical and metaphysical

character, with a view to encouraging the production and rendering of the kinds that are good, and discouraging that of the opposite kinds. I, at any rate, feel sure, that children will turn out quite differently according as they are brought up on Bach, or on *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, or on music-hall songs. That is surely important enough: but it isn't what interests me most. What interests me, is my notion that through music, more nearly than by any other means, we may approach something that deserves to be called Reality."

"What do you mean by Reality?"

"That's just what I want to get at. It's something like this. I suppose that there's some experience—we'll call it God's—which is, so to speak, the standard experience of the world. Of course, it has its 'subjective' element; how should an experience not? But the subject, in this case, perceives the Whole as in a white light, without distortion or limitation. Whereas we perceive only the merest fraction of the Whole, and through every kind of perverting and coloring medium. And, in particular, our perception is cut up into thoughts, on the

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one hand, which have no sensuous content, and sensations on the other, which have no universality. Well, then, music, as I have been trying to say, brings these elements together, and gives us an experience as concrete as sense and as universal as thought. But still, what it gives us isn't Reality—isn't God's view—because of the double limitation: first, in the musician, who sees the world through the medium of his own personality, and, secondly, in the hearer, who sees it through the medium of *his*. But the more complete the musician, and the more complete the listener, the greater will be the approximation to Reality. Until at last, you see, if ever the perfect musician and the perfect listener should meet, they will engender between them absolute Reality."

At this the man of science, who had been pretending to read, got up and stretched himself. "Well," he said, "of all the intolerable stuff, this . . ."

"No," the poet interrupted, "this is *not* the most intolerable. There is always science."

But at that point the character of the discussion degenerated.

G. Lowes Dickinson.

THE SOCIALISTS AT AMSTERDAM.

The vote of the Socialist Congress at Amsterdam reveals a good deal of what is going on in the thoughts of the Continental masses. A large division of the French Socialists, as the public know, have accepted the advice of their leader, M. Jaurès, which is to enter Parliament if they can, to accept office when obtainable, and thus gradually to give the powers of the State a Socialist direction. The effect of this policy has been greatly to increase the

working power of the party, which has already secured a reduction of the term of military service, some important improvements of the law on compensation for injuries, and the great change, bad or good, involved in the laicising of education. Another division of the same party, however, headed by M. Guesde, furiously attacks this policy, which it considers a treacherous departure from sound principle, and from that

logic which is to every Frenchman almost as dear as success. At the international meeting of Socialists held at Amsterdam during last week this section proposed what is called the Dresden resolution,—that is, virtually a strong vote of censure on M. Jaurès's policy. The debate was fierce; but Herr Bebel, the well-known leader of the German Socialists, flung his whole weight on the side of the resolution; denounced all departure from the most extreme Socialist views as helping to create a detestable *bourgeois* Republic, which would be worse than a Monarchy; uttered, according to the German papers, a speech which in his own country would have made him liable to instant imprisonment; and carried the resolution by a nationality vote of 25 to 5, twelve delegates abstaining. It is said that the vote will diminish the influence of M. Jaurès; but we are inclined to doubt the validity of that apprehension. The twelve who abstained must have been more or less in sympathy with M. Jaurès, and we take it that what with his seat in the Chamber, his influence as a publicist, and the power which in France every man derives from being "practical," he will remain the leader of the French Socialists. In other words, Socialism in France will remain upon all except religious questions a comparatively moderate body of opinion, with which the Government can deal, and Liberal Cabinets can even form alliances. This development is the more important because it is in accord with the political circumstances of the country. The peasantry, who form a majority of the electorate, have never been, and probably never will be, Socialists in the full sense which their enemies give to that name. They own property; they know perfectly well that the Chambers must obey them in the

last resort; and they are not prepared either to stake their possessions or endanger their political ascendancy by efforts to establish a new society which might be less endurable than the old.

They are quite willing as occasion arises to "capture" some of the means of industry—the mines, for example—but they are not willing to sanction any general attack on property while, impatient as they are of barrack life, they are much swayed by tradition, and hesitate greatly to abolish the Army—which they think might on some fortunate day recover the Provinces—in favor of the Swiss system of training, which is of necessity strictly defensive. The majority of them are, no doubt, hostile to the ecclesiastical system, and might, if their wives would let them, declare themselves hostile to religion; but they are differentiated on this point by circumstances of locality, which involve circumstances of tradition; and they do not hate, though they do not exactly reverence, the parochial clergy. They wish, therefore, even while they proclaim themselves Socialists, to move forward towards a greater equality of economic conditions with a certain caution, which their *confrères* on the rest of the Continent are inclined to denounce as base opportunism. It is all natural enough. It is when the masses suffer that they embrace logical Socialism; and in France, though the artisans suffer, especially from too long hours and from the hostility of the bureaucracy to strikes, which they regard as infringements of social order, the mass of the population, which is still agricultural, is neither oppressed, nor in good years unhappy.

The condition of the people in Germany and Austria who sent up the majority that reaffirmed the Dresden resolution is far less satisfactory. In the great towns the workers are seriously overworked, underpaid except in

a few trades, and housed in a way to which the condition of the slums of East London affords no parallel. They are conscious of a certain hardness in their employers, which either is oppressive, or is thought to be so; though proud of their victories, they detest the military system which produced them; and they are growing conscious of inequalities of caste, which in France for practical purposes have been swept away. They are, besides, a harder, though we should not say a fiercer or more bloodthirsty, population than that of France. Among the freehold peasantry, too, there is much more poverty, differing doubtless in every district, and arising mainly from their possession of a less grateful soil, while the proportion of landless men almost entirely dependent on wages is very much greater. Moreover, whether from want of thrift, or from the lesser return yielded by their agriculture, they do not possess the "stockings" which in France seem to afford to the peasantry so inexhaustible a reserve of means. The German and Austrian peoples could not raise the loans which France, whenever the Government is favorable, yields without an apparent effort. There is therefore a much keener wish that society should be overturned and replaced upon new foundations. We all think the German Emperor ill advised when he expresses his bitter hostility to Socialists; but from his point of view, which is that of the whole of the Conservative classes of Germany, he has reason for his bitterness. The success of the Socialists in Parliament would, he thinks, mean civil war, and in the country would mean the disbanding of the Army, a revolution in taxation, and probably, though opinion is not unanimous upon this point, a bloody suppression of the ascendancy of the upper classes. Socialism, therefore, in Germany tends to be a sort of religion; and its leaders

and thought-makers are almost as unable to bear any modification of their dogmas as clerics are unable to bear any departure from the authorized creeds. As Germany grows richer, and the system of government less repressive, her Socialists will probably change, like those of France, into opportunist Radicals; but at present they are a generation behind their rivals, and, moreover, have never, it must be remembered, passed through a Revolution.

The Socialist theory, particularly as held upon the Continent, has always appeared to us a dream impossible of realization, if only because of human selfishness, and deriving its motive-power from an ideal which is altogether false. Real equality of conditions can no more be established than equality of size, strength, or intellectual force. There are, however, far too many removable causes of human suffering still in existence, and it is most interesting to watch the methods many of them instinctive, which each race adopts with the intention of securing their removal. In this island the dominant idea, at all events just now, obviously is that most of the admitted evils of society can be cured by educating those who suffer from them, by a large development of the benevolent side of Christianity, and by an unsparing application of the process which officials and people have agreed to call "inspection. In France, owing in part to the history of the Revolution, more is hoped from the State, which can, and it is believed will, always be most favorable to the masses who fill its armies and constitute as electors its ultimate sovereign power. In Germany and Austria there is not that belief in the benevolence of the State. It is seen that the true sovereignty does not reside in the electors, and there is a gulf between those who rule and those who obey which has

not yet begun to be filled up. There is, therefore, a much deeper hatred of that which exists, and a greater readiness to believe that those who, for whatever reason, accept it, at heart accept also the continuance of the evils. The idea, however, that a revolution will come, or can come, is probably a delusion. The people fear invasion too much to abolish their military system, and while that exists society is too strong for overthrow. Central Europe, too, is becoming industrial, prosperity is slowly filtering downwards, and would filter rapidly but for the perverse idea of the value of Protection; and by and by there will be, as in the two great Liberal States,

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a real desire on the part of the governing classes to make life pleasanter for those who are at present overborne by the burden of too much work, too little gain, and the crushing weight of the military system. The improvement may be very slow; but as it advances, the intellectual position of the Socialists will supply us with an excellent barometer. When the ideas of M. Jaurès prevail among his party in Central Europe we may be certain that the air is becoming less heavy, and the people therefore at greater liberty to move without increased exertion. We may be sure, to be brief, that each country will have the Socialists it deserves.

GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS, R. A.

I.

Loved and revered! What more than this
Of sounding glory, silent bliss,
Would crave the nobly-nurtured Mind
That works to elevate mankind
To seek the God within the shrine,
And in the human the Divine?—

II.

That makes the bare blank canvas glow
With gorgeous pageant, pallid woe,
Bequeathes to after-days the grace
Of maiden form or manly face;
Subjecting death to love's desire,
Shows sons how lived, how looked, their sire,
And limns with far-transmitting hand
The features of the Mother Land:—

III.

With vision fancifully fierce
Can through rough-quarried marble pierce,
And, plunging deep within it, make
A dreaming loveliness to wake
And live, while common things wax old,
A youthful glory to behold!

IV.

And such was He whom you will find
 Within this narrow Urn enshrined.
 Approach and read: A date, a name,
 A little dust, a lasting Fame.

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V.

And may not Death the Artist be,
 Which through obstructing flesh can see
 The imprisoned Soul, and sets it free,
 To circle planet-like through space,
 Heaven's splendor shining on its face?

The National Review.

Alfred Austin.

MATTHEW ARNOLD AND INSULARITY.*

Was Matthew Arnold creative? The answer depends on how the term is used. Save in supreme instances, it is always hard to answer this question. A mind that does not found ideas, one mainly sensitive to and perceptive of them, may by interpreting ideas create ideals. The man of ideas is not necessarily a man of ideals, which are moralized, in their perfection spiritualized ideas. Arnold was eminently a man of ideals. He was in less degree, strictly speaking, a man of ideas. Many of the ideas that moved his fine mind and noble nature were not his own, even through assimilation. The quality of his notions was not native to that Oxford of which his fibre and endowment were such delicate expressions, of which they were, so to say, an elegant extract. They were ideas or views,

on the contrary, that are modern and continental; only his own by his direction of them. He adopted and trained the children of others. His flexible power, that free and airy criticism of British life, at once earnest and volatile, which forms, many will think, his chief monument, published French and German ideas in a style partly, a method wholly, French. Even where he supposed them born of *Geist*, they were, as we shall see, the offspring of *Esprit*. None the less, he took us from the dead levels of platitude and prejudice up a high and breezy mountain to show us the realms of ideas under the pure sky of ideals; and if he lectured to us from that eminence, it was, at least, as no cut-and-dried *cicerone*, but in expressive accents of contrast and comparison.

*1. "Matthew Arnold." By Herbert W. Paul. London: Macmillan & Co. 1902.

2. "Matthew Arnold." By George W. E. Russell. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1904.

3. "The English People: a Study of their Political Psychology." By Emile Boutmy. Translated from the French by M. E. English, with an introduction by J. E. C. Bodley. London: Fisher Unwin. 1904.

4. "Irish Essays and others." By Matthew Arnold. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1882.

5. "Culture and Anarchy." By Matthew Arnold. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1894. (Popular edition.)

6. "Essays in Criticism." By Matthew Arnold. London: Macmillan & Co. 1895.

7. "Letters of Matthew Arnold" (1849-1888.) Collected and arranged by George W. E. Russell. London: Macmillan & Co. 1896.

8. "Friendship's Garland." By Matthew Arnold. Second edition. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1897.

In this way he discerned England of the sixties and seventies, her cramped thought, dulled perceptions and heated activity, her spasms of alternate bustle and torpor, her selfish industrialism (which, however, while it degrades the "submerged," brings England into foreign contact), her body-worship (even where discipline of the mind and soul is concerned), her religious insularity, also, which regards God here as an infinite clergyman, there as an infinite policeman; her mechanical content with political shifts, her pharisaical inability to imagine feelings not English, her set conviction that the universe was created for Britain to improve, her wealth of "fire and strength," her dearth of "sweetness and light." He did this to enforce ideals—ideals all his own. It is by virtue of these that his criticisms become poetical. These were his aims, and about these there was no rose-water; for he sought a revolution of spirit, and with rose-water revolutions are neither made nor stayed. His over-niceties were those of a manner theorizing and expounding ideas, rather than seizing and presenting them—the daintily didactic modes of French criticism.

What John Bull craves is what Mrs. Micawber described as "in point of fact a certainty." Certainty Arnold had none to give him except of his own clumsiness and short-comings in finesse and finish of general intelligence. Some of these are permanent, some were ephemeral. The by-gone ennui of our upper "Barbarians" he ignored; the new and restless ambitions of our "populace" he did not pretend to foresee, the fresh and parasitical development of our once energetic "Philistines" towards Plutocracy, towards apoplexy, was beyond his ken. He did not perceive our want of nimbleness, from which our failures spring far more than from mere intellectual

causes. Nor did he fully anticipate the world-wide and sweeping advance, unstemmed even by insularity, of two elements old as the Garden of Eden—Doubt and Woman. But John Bull's external force and failings he perceived clearly, with continental eyes, though with an English heart. Wishing, as he did, an ideal community, and not merely more civilized individuals, a society instead of a crowd, striving to infuse delicacy into conscience, and conscience into taste, seeking for himself and others a rise of spirit towards completeness, manifold renunciations, range, clearness, and charm of mind, the strainer after ideals had no scheme to offer. It was rather a new spirit that he hoped to instil, a leaven that he spread, an attitude that he shadowed.

"Culture," he held, must hinge on "the idea of a disinterested endeavor to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world, and thus to establish a current of fresh and true ideas. By the very nature of things, as England is not all the world, much of the best that is known and thought in the world cannot be of English growth, must be foreign." This purpose—the purpose, as Arnold deemed, of "Hellenism"—was expressed by his favorite Joubert, much as it was expressed in another sphere by St. Paul, the purpose through trying all things of holding fast that which is good. And the means towards it must be a grand tour, as it were, of the mind. Arnold once imagined our "provinciality" as "the young man from the country." He brought this "young man" of ours into contact with the "young man" of other countries. He gave the average Briton, hemmed in by his blank wall of huge self-complacency, a chance of seeing himself as others see him, of making "an interior survey" of our "good selves." He touched our insularity with a for-

elgn spark, while at the same time his free and quiet spirit brought our own detachment to bear humorously on the Continent itself. He forced our minds to travel—a fruitful task; for, again to quote Shakespeare, "Speculation turns not to itself till it hath travelled, and married there where it may see itself." He helped English politics, religion, and manners to observe themselves as a certain French school—the school that wants everything to be *en règle*—is now, in M. Boutmy's book, once more scanning their lack of symmetry and proportion. He taught them to view their measure of spiritual and intellectual famine, as German *Geist* long ago regarded it: their haphazard organization, as German science now criticises it. But it should not be forgotten that another French school of thought has extolled these very irregularities of independence and individuality, the harshnesses of which are now being censured by M. Taine's disciple. Nor equally should we forget that by prerogative of these very qualities Arnold himself showed England to be the nurse of poets; whereas Heine, at any rate (that Heine from whom Arnold caught so much), exclaimed, "Send no poet to England." But Heine was here only for a short space, under unfavorable auspices and at a time when Disraeli (who also forced us to travel) observed, in "Popanilla," we had "too much to do ever to think;" and our fogs, too, depressed the poet. "What," long afterwards said Disraeli again, "what can you expect but a very serious minister in a country of fogs peopled by Nonconformists?"

Doubtless, perhaps luckily, Arnold himself was by no means without

strong insular limits. While he loathed the self-satisfaction of the smug, his own passionless serenity shed some airs of Olympian patronage. Much as he disrelished the crabbed and withering side of Puritanism, deeply as he deplored all those elements which by forsaking the Church tended to sever national existence from national history, there remained a Puritan strain both in his own sober strenuousness, and in his only fanaticism—that for the fastidious. His urbane shudders at violence and vehemence tended to recoil from the kindling fires of the imagination; his chaste and chastening touch grew timid of grossness to a fault, till, like his own Sainte-Beuve, he lived to find "the critic in him prevail more and more, and push out the poet." So much it is well to recollect, and also to forget. By style, thought, and example, without a doubt, he raised our standards of writing, thinking, and living. His gentle mockeries coaxed even while they caught the weak points of both sides. His persuasiveness still holds its international spell; nor will his fame, in going round the world, ever (as Heine railed at Cousin's) begin by departing from its own country. The winning, lingering irony and "sweet reasonableness" strike without wounding, teach without preaching, and, as it were, steal into the being. And he owned the rare faculty of rendering ideas in their habit as they live: under his wand they never move awkwardly in their new surroundings. Carlyle's German ideas often look very like Scotch Covenanters'; George Eliot's speak sometimes with a broken accent. We remember, long ago, a picture in a German "middle-middles," "natural rights," and our "pouvoir sans savoir" are the same. Disraeli's comparison of our golden youth with the Greeks who read no books and lived chiefly in the open air tallies in essence with Arnold's "young barbarians all at play," and Arnold has expressed himself about monarchy much in the sense of Disraeli.

¹It would have been interesting to follow the likeness and divergences of Arnold's views and those of one whose "Asiatic prose" sometimes made the critic among poets shiver. There is a passage in "Sybil" about the stock utilitarian with his argument of "cheaper silk stockings" which is echoed by another in "Culture and Anarchy" (p. 146). The ideas of both respecting the

man illustrated paper of Mr. Gladstone delivering a great financial speech: "Sir Gladstone legte das Budget dem Unterhause vor." Despite the likeness, the portrait was that of a German; and, as it fares with persons, so it often does with ideas.

What Arnold realized most about the national mind, with all our civil freedom, was its unbending stiffness. It is a gouty mind, stiff from generous diet, and testy from want of exercise. Our contentiousness was noticed by Tacitus long before civilization had cleared our forests without erasing our habits. We still worship measures and machinery at the expense of the ideas to which they lead, and for which they should exist. When once a "reform" is "passed," we deal with it as Sheridan did with his I.O.U., and ejaculate "Thank God, that is settled." England is more the home of uneven character than of ideas, of discovery and invention and enterprise than of clear intelligence, of individual genius suspected by the community than of a community itself; the community is not social, still less what Germans style "genial." It heaves and grates and creaks in its movement; it is random and incoherent; it blunders into absurdity and stumbles on success; it needs alertness in every direction. It is a work of exuberant, though of very northern, nature, and not of polished art or calculating science.

So much we concede, yet it is just here that we think Arnold's pallor of imagination a trifle anæmic. No smooth and perfect community is possible except among small peoples, and without some sacrifice, both of the many to the few on the one hand, and of paramount individuality to schools or groups on the other. It is however through leading and stirring personalities far more than through coterles of art or thought that ideals are attained. Action can never be so har-

monious as these, but it begets the passions and circumstances that transform them; whereas the pattern of "social equality" dispenses with initiative. But Arnold well discerned that England at all times is more concerned with a practical present and the liberty to deal with it as she likes than with anything else; and in this M. Boutmy (somewhat a critic of outsiders) agrees with him. "The world of ideas," Arnold has commented, "is the possible, the future," Disraeli went further and called ideas "divine." The want in our midst of a "root" for such ideas, Arnold, rightly, we think, ascribes to "the want of flexibility of our race." None the less, he fails to dive deeper. He does not stop to inquire whether racial complexion changes by being dipped in the colors or atmosphere of other races; whether after all the homœopathic prescription may not prove the wisest for us; whether national strength is not the promptest cure for national weakness; whether the defects of vigor cannot best be remedied by vigor itself; whether the higher zeal is not the best corrective of the lower, and the heavenly thunder, of our platform-Boanerges. Nor does he, nor does M. Boutmy, adequately avow two real effects of our elements. First, that our love of bone and muscle makes, through the public spirit of games and sports, for social union, if not for social harmony. And, secondly, that our crassness for ideas comes from slowness of brain and not from niggardliness of welcome. After all, Giordano Bruno was here; Montesquieu, Voltaire, Rousseau and Beaumarchais, Mazzini and Marx have been here; and hither every political refugee and original genius still journeys. England is, indeed, an asylum for invalid idealists and incurable ideas. But with our foreign censors these and the like considerations fade into the background.

The cure put forward by Arnold is

of course the Greek spirit: one in many essentials so alien to the modern;² one which sprang from small communities with large leisured classes, and perhaps requires the same conditions for its revival; one which in its own intellectual line was just as exclusive as the Hebrew spirit in its own line of sublime conduct, as the English spirit in its peculiar line of self-willed action; one for which Arnold, true here to his French method, demands "authority" and "centralization," the very mechanisms most repugnant to its political genius and our own. The tunic can scarcely be fitted on the Briton at any time, still less by sumptuary laws.

"Hellenism," remarks Arnold, "which we have so neglected, may be liable to fail in moral strength and earnestness, but by the law of its nature . . . it opposes itself to the notion of cutting our being in two. . . . Essential to Hellenism is the impulse to the development of the whole man, to connecting and harmonizing all parts of him, perfecting all, leaving none to take their chance." England is spurred into action by a diversity of free discussion. Out of opinions she determines. Opinions Arnold held should be schooled by ideas. He came to regard our liberty, energy, and industry as excellent horses ridden on the right road to the right goal with management, but as dangerous jades if ridden otherwise. By "culture," he means the science of our horsemanship, the gymnastics of the mind. "If your newspapers," he exclaims, "can say what they like, you think you are sure of being well advised; that comes of your inaptitude for ideas, and aptitude for claptrap [of which he considered both Parliament and America as a 'Thyesteian orgy'], you can never see two

sides of a question." Arnold as absolute idealist peeps out in the "two sides." The mere man of ideas would sight two hundred. Moreover he seems to us mistaken in attributing our bumbles to a bare "inaptitude for ideas," to imperceptiveness; they arise far more in a practical age and commercial country with unbroken traditions, a country too (with due respect to Mr. Paul) of continuous, if broadening, classes, from a lack of alertness, and from the settled habits which indispose free citizens to submit to the yoke of science or government. And here lies the danger, not of his criticism, so often just, but of his remedies. There is surely as much "claptrap" latent among "the children of light" as patent among "the children of the established fact." Steep by all means individuals and individualities in ideas, and discipline them to choose, steep the community at large in the system of science—in a word reform your education at both ends. But do not attempt to "cultivate" your masses. Even if it were feasible to steep the community in ideas, to make the leopard change his spots, it would not prove expedient for the community as opposed to individuals. Idealism uncurbed by the free warfare of opinion on the one hand, untrammelled by scientific habits on the other, has ere now conducted nations to anarchy, and chaos, and despotism. Communities fed on bare idealism have ere now, in their turn, idolized means as ends and made their own fetiches of "fads"; and if these perils lurk in untempered idealism, they lurk still more in theories about ideas. England's practical, untheoretic, phlegmatic way at least affords a choice of ideas and even of science in every department. But Arnold's method was theoretic in the extreme. His manner is French, and French of a doctrinaire school. Its quest is after neither rigid science nor

²Goethe has noticed this most strikingly in his "Shakespeare und kein Ende" when he insists that the antique spirit was for the "shall," whether as destiny or duty; the modern, for the "will."

absolute art. It seeks to point out the way in which ideas can be universally applied without taking race, personality, climate, inheritance, into sufficient account; without bringing imagination into play. German idealism—*Geist*—makes no such attempt; French *Esprit* does. Let us examine these words so often used, so often confused even by Arnold, a little more closely.

Esprit is quickwittedness, incisiveness, and clear-sightedness of intellect, intelligence armed and equipped, distinguishing and distinguished. *Geist*, on the other hand, that *Geist* which filled Lessing, and which Goethe made his own, means something more and in essentials different. It means soulfulness of mind, the charity as well as the clarity of intuition; what Arnold himself, not thinking of *Geist*, has hinted in a line of his "Merope":—

The noble thought which is alone the man.

Esprit is intellect as experienced *connoisseur* collecting, arranging ideas in beautiful order. *Geist*, more as an affectionate friend; or, to change our figures, *Esprit* is the model innkeeper assorting all comers, entertaining, appraising them, explaining to them every point of the road, disposing them to return, but ever mindful of his professional routine. *Geist* is the perfect host, discriminating, yet spontaneous, communicable, inspiriting; putting all his guests at ease, personally attractive quite apart from his rank or garb. There is far more imagination about *Geist* than about *Esprit*; far less of direct teaching; and in imagination resides a perceptive sympathy, the fellowship of realized neighborhood. *Esprit* constantly treats persons from the standpoint of movements or currents, and is less able to embody ideas and causes as individuals. This can be marked in the way which French lucidity chooses for handling all that

affects freedom. The French liberty—however hymned and adored—remains something outside the citizen, something dependent on systems that do things for him. Even the sentimental Rousseau demands and invents a theory, a scheme of ideas. And in this regard it is strange to note how many leaders of *Esprit* have themselves been pedagogues. Such for a time was Rousseau himself, so were Joubert and Sainte-Beuve. So has been M. Boumy. *Esprit* lectures, as did Arnold, on ideas. How removed from the old German bias, which in despair of gaining political liberty sought a metaphysical and musical or a poetical freedom in its own dreamy "inner-consciousness"! How removed from our own, which exacts liberty in action! How different, too, its methods from Heine's idea pictures—from that famous one, translated by Arnold, which portrays English liberty as the lawful wife, who however may one day be sold at Smithfield; French liberty as the petted mistress who may at any moment be forsaken in caprice, but German liberty as the old grandmother, whom the German will never quite abandon; "for her he will always keep a nook by the chimney-corner where she can tell her fairy stories to the listening children." Here we have more than imaginative wit; we have imaginative humor, imaginative pathos. For pathos, *Esprit* proper has no room. And yet Arnold only says of this very passage, "What wit in that saying which everyone has heard!"

Goethe himself has acknowledged these properties of *Geist*. Asked whether that word had been rightly translated by *Esprit*, he replied that *Geist* was *âme* in addition. And in his "Bildung und Umbildung Organischen Naturen," "How few," he observes, "feel themselves inspired by what is purely intellectual! Our senses, our feelings, our moods wield far greater

power over us; and with justice, for the human call is for action, not for contemplation." Goethe addressed a disunited nation split into small communities, one too whose freedom of thought has always been more forward than its freedom of action. By *Geist* he gave it a mental centre of union. To what has even *Geist* led united Germany, just because of inertness in political initiative? To a narrow caste-militarism, more jealous now even than when Arnold first observed it, to social disunion, and hampered movement; to a rudeness and an inequality—in a word to a "Phllisterel" far exceeding any that Arnold arraigned in our midst.

How, again, was *Esprit* native to France? By that knack for neatness, that emotion and sentiment (rather than enthusiasm) for system and centralization, for "college rules," which have always distinguished her, under all her forms of government. And to what has it conducted the people of courtesy and conversation? To a preponderancy of the *épiciers*, the Philistine unmatched before; to a dearth of commanding individuality and self-reliance, after which in her heart of hearts she still sighs—to level, uncumbered parterres, well trimmed by paid gardeners. These things are matters of race tradition and climate, points on which M. Boutmy dwells, it seems to us, with appropriateness. You cannot transplant them here any more than the weather. Voltaire, the quintessence of *esprit*, observed of our style that, whereas the Frenchman said all he could, the Englishman said all he wished. England has her immeasurable Shakespeare, and Voltaire termed him "un sauvage ivre." It was once remarked that a variety of tastes is excellent, because otherwise we should have no mixed biscuits. That is England all over—variety and mixed biscuits. But Arnold wants to civilize

us by sweet uniformity and the very best biscuits only, by ambrosia.

Taste is the standard of *Esprit*, and taste is the method of Arnold's "culture" even when he expounds *Geist*, which is often erratic and may be actually slipshod. *Esprit* in a dressing-gown! The idea is preposterous, but old German *Geist*, among its mists of tobacco-smoke, is constantly in "Schlafrock" and slippers—not in the "grand style" at all. And yet the humaner methods of *Geist*, of soulfulness of mind, intuition, suit the rough edges and sharp angles of what Mr. Gilbert would call "our Island way," far better, will more readily rub against them aright than the methods of *Esprit*. Arnold, however, wants to transfigure our senses, our feelings, our moods, less by weaning them from their native brutality and narrowness, by winning them to their own best possibilities, than by converting them into accord with "right-reason," by the "free and disinterested play of the mind"; by "culture," in whose pile-carpeted halls energy and passion must hush their abashed footfalls, and from whose catalogued art-treasures prejudice may be schooled to choose. After our din of tempest Arnold demands the still small voice. From the tumult of action and the selfishness of industrialism he stands aloof. He finds the traffic both of life and letters congested; he would have it regulated by a constable turned philosopher. Not that Arnold himself is systematic. He, as both Mr. Russell and Mr. Paul point out, disclaimed any such desire in his Socratic, his "easy, sinuous, unpolemical way" of discussing things; but his whole criticism is based on theory, and his very repetitions, complained of by Mr. Paul, are academic, the repetitions of a lecturer. All this part of him is *Esprit*, not *Geist*. The French influence fell on him—a nursling of his father, Oxford, and Wordsworth—long before

the German. Of *Esprit* he is indeed the stepson. Even in "Friendship's Garland," surely his happiest if lightest prose, and expressly purporting to bring *Geist* into collision with the customs of English classes, is it *Geist* that he interprets? In Arnold's irony there is very seldom that note of pathos which often endears Heine's; although when he is not ironical his Lucretian love for the awe and the balm of outside nature drew with it a constant sense of the bitter drop in the delicious cup.

This occasional want of imaginative sympathy with what he teases stamps his excellent burlesque of the radical "middle-middles" in the person of "Mr. Bottles"; and Arnold had this particular class on his nerves and brain. "Arminius" does not put much soul into his scorn; there is none of that mixture of tears and laughter which makes Heine's account of the veteran Elector's abdication, for instance, touching as well as ludicrous, both moving and illuminating. Nor does Arnold try to realize the plight of Bottles, as even "Teufelsdröckh" would have done, as Heine realized that of the "great child amusing itself with its Christmas tree"; or as, in another department, Goethe realized Byron for Germany. In another essay—"The Incompatibles"—Arnold has bantered the Conservative Bottles as well, and has further exhibited the whole Bottles in triple extract. He has shown us Dickens' three varieties of the grinding "Mr. Creakle," the self-righteous "Mr. Murdstone," the jocular "Mr. Quinion"; he might have added that Philistine with six fingers on each podgy hand, and six toes on each self-rellant foot, the staff of whose spear of paltry prejudice is like

¹Arnold has elsewhere defined this class with some difficulty as all between the two extremes of manual toil and inherited fortune. Disraeli defined it—better, we think—in one of his speeches as "our urban population."

a weaver's beam—Mr. Podsnap. He has painted stupidity without simplicity, easiness without freedom, austerity without earnestness. But he has not shown us how consumedly Bottles bores himself as well as others, how enthusiastically he might hail a deliverer. He has viewed Bottles much as Voltaire did another type of our insularity in his "Princesse de Babylon." "Fizz, fizz, bang, bang, that is what I call forming a man," is Arnold's caustic version of the training at the "Lycurgus Academy, Peckham." But *Geist* would have hovered over the ironies which attend rule-of-thumb "science" and the equipment of a restaurant waiter when crammed into the maw of retail-mettled "Self-Help." Again, "I read the 'Star,'" smiles Arnold, "for wisdom and charity, the 'Daily Telegraph' for taste and style." This is a *mot*, a word of *Esprit*: *Geist*, however, does peep forth with quite Heinesque suddenness throughout the succeeding immortal chapter on Corinthian journalism, on "Life," as Mr. G. A. Sala says, "A Dream." Arnold would probably twit us with an invincible leaning towards "the bathos" for naming in the same breath Bottles, Byron, and "Cousin Michel" (the Teuton John Bull), but Bottles after all is a living man and brother, and Arnold has made him so. Do not let us be misunderstood. Arnold displays *Geist* in a hundred passages, nor least in delineating the boorish Prussian official side of Arminius himself. He shows it in such sentences as "At Soli I imagine they did not talk of Solecisms." He shows it supremely when he interprets rather than examines, as in that "exquisite address to Oxford" wisely singled out by Mr. Paul:

Beautiful city, so venerable, so lovely, . . . so serene. And yet steeped in sentiment as she lies, spreading her

gardens to the moonlight, and whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the middle age, who will deny that Oxford, by her ineffable charm, keeps ever calling us nearer to the true goal of all of us, to the ideal, to perfection—to beauty, in a word, which is only truth seen from another side—nearer, perhaps, than all the science of Tübingen?

In these few strokes we feel the glamor of the past as a humanizing, a softening influence, we feel Oxford's power to mitigate the middle class through the Middle Age. And of the religious insularity of that age itself he has elsewhere painted for us another impression in another vein, but equally rich in *Geist*. It occurs in a place claiming for Spinoza (whom Arnold, however, never grasped even with the forcible half-sight of Froude) something of the "beatific vision":

It is true one may say to the wise and devout Christian, Spinoza's is not your conception of beatitude, and cannot satisfy you, but whose conception of beatitude would you accept as satisfying? Not even that of the devoutest of your fellow-Christians. Fra Angelico, the sweetest and most inspired of devout souls, has given us, in his great picture of the Last Judgment, his conception of beatitude. The elect are going round in a ring on long grass under laden fruit-trees; two of them, more restless than the others, are flying up a battlemented street—a street blank with all the *ennui* of the middle ages. Across a gulf is visible, for the delectation of the saints, a blazing cauldron in which Beelzebub is sousing the damned. . . .

In his book-criticism, as in his criticism of life, there is abundance, it is true, of that quality which Helne describes as the recognition of the dead faces in "the Morgue of literature." None the less Arnold's instrument is mainly intellectual, and it is just bare intellect that will never

change a whole community, especially in England, where, if a jingle may be forgiven, the appeal must always be made more to the national side than to the rational. An idea may run away with Germany—though never into spontaneous practice. France is always running away into action with an idea; it is a Gretna Green marriage. But such elopements are alien to the British child of hard-and-fast habit, who must wed an idea after obstinate deliberation, with some chance of profit, in the light of day, accompanied by the conventions of gifts, food, and speeches, before that idea can move him this way or that.

Nor has Arnold escaped another half-confusion, besides that between *Geist* and *Esprit*, in his methods of pursuing foreign patterns. Harping on the "disinterested play of free intelligence," he frequently tells us that we ought, as did Goethe, "to see things as they really are"; though, curiously enough, he has qualified this by observing that what Goethe asked of everything was "But is it really so, is it so to me?" a very different matter, and a manner "subjective," modern more than antique. This quest after what Goethe termed the "Hübschobjectiv" arose not from Goethe's critical so much as his creative instinct, and was by him applied not to life as Arnold applies it, but to the ideals of Greek art. Individuals can be artists, but never a large community. Arnold, by his perpetual use of this formula, wants to create an art out of common life, to make of English society a Greek art. French *Esprit*, also, wishes to regulate a social art by harmonies and unities. But Goethe's aim was to bring the strong, simple, and supple spirit of Greek art to bear on individual life, and to modify what is cut-and-dried in its routine. And in this regard again Arnold has made still one more slip. He says that Goethe called the English

"pedants." When Goethe used a word which so ill fits us, yet so well the Prussian attitude, he was probably thinking of English red-tape officialism and its treatment of Napoleon. Such one-sided pronouncements of censors calling the Englishman to see himself as others see him, we may meet by retorting Goethe's own "But is it really so? Is it so to me?" Arnold has never given us the larger pronouncement made by Goethe of that England which he had never visited. After noticing that at Weimar (as indeed always anywhere) young England behaved "as if they were universal masters and as if the whole world belonged to them," that "these young Insulars" were "dangerous" to the peace of the sentimental and clinging *Fräulein*, Goethe warmly admires them "as complete men, even if complete fools"; he strongly praises their sense of personal freedom, their early consciousness too of national glory; and from the presence of such influences in their schools he draws an inference wholly opposed to Arnold's. German education, even then, he says, is "policed"; and it is "tame"; it tries to drive out "wildness and originality," whereas English youth develops freely and respects itself because from the first it is respected.⁴ So we see that Arnold's own conversance with some of his foreign models is not always full. In trifling details there are many instances. Arnold says (and Mr. Paul following him) that of Heine Goethe remarked "It is love he lacks." Goethe never said anything so stupid of Heine; he said it of Platen, whom it fitted. And Mr. Paul, so perceptive, so sensible, so accurate and lucid in things English, falls with his leader into a few of the same ditches. He notes, for example, that Goethe called

Spinoza "a God-intoxicated man." It was Novallis repeating Lavater, not Goethe, that so entitled him; he impugns Arnold's own comparison of Heine with Byron; neither of them at any rate tells us that Heine so compared himself.

In profiting by foreign surveys of ourselves we ought to be quite certain how we are regarded. In applying ideas of Goethe or Heine or Rousseau or Renan, it is well to be sure of our authors' exact intention. Goethe's ideas were not always precisely what Arnold imagined; still less has he completely seized the message of Heine—so much more "modern" than Goethe, the very psalmist of modern feeling, though Arnold in his expounding vein declares that on him more than on any other successor the mantle of Goethe fell.⁵ Swift, of course, suggested Arnold's "sweetness and light"; Swift and Arbuthnot the allegory of the brawl in Cripple-gate. But from Heine Arnold took, besides his use of the phrase "Philistine," his ideas of "Hellenism" and "Hebraism," with many turns of his peculiar irony. Let us glance at these in their order. We shall be able, by the way, to see ourselves somewhat as M. Boutmy sees us, to view a few of those characteristics which still offend or perplex the Continent; while, at the same time, we shall find how much Arnold's own irony—his most effective weapon—was indebted to Heine's. We have already hinted some of the directions in which it often differs. In others, Heine's worst side, the side of sardonic rancour, it differs entirely.

Arnold was unaware of how the term "Philistine" crept into German parlance. It was through a sixteenth-century "Town-and-Gown" skirmish. The students rushed out crying death

⁴Eckermann, III. p. 171.

⁵Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff has recently mentioned a coarse comment by Carlyle on this very

mistake made by Arnold. It vilifies Heine in a manner that seems congenial to Carlyle but would have disgusted Goethe.

to the "Philistines," and in the noisy assurance that they were the riotous children of light. "Sweet reasonableness" and elegant neutrality hardly find their places here. Arnold, as we have said, had classes on the brain: to a class he applied this term. Not so Heine, who applied it to every sort of wooden mind, and to pedants moreover who mistook theories and routine for ideas and action—to the "Philister in Sopntag's-röcklein"—the frock-coated variety. More especially did he apply it to the spurious patriotism which precluded Germany from being on terms with France, a good understanding with whom he protested in his will had been one of his chief endeavors. Arnold applied "Philistine" to a vulgar and unintelligent *dourgeoisie*. He granted them their sober and strenuous virtues, but he pointed out that of these qualities England was an Eldorado, and that what was needed was their counterpoise, "flexibility," "disinterested play of free intelligence," and the like. He laid further stress on what might be styled the Ghetto aspect of that puritanism which had so long excluded them from the theatre, and now in the long spell of reaction threatened to make them the coarsest friends, as once they were the coarsest enemies, of art. In like manner M. Boutmy finds among us an original richness and waywardness, a self-absorbed force, but a poverty in refinement, acumen, and considerateness, in the faculties that make communities harmonious. Be it so. It is, however, the very intellectual short-sightedness of our dogged industry that has been able to produce eventually a considerable leisured class—a class that remains the great lack of America, that class too which is capable of nurturing the thoughtful minority, the "remnant" of whose merits Arnold in his latest phase spoke with such hopeful certainty. For the

defects of the "Philistine" qualities Arnold propounded however one really practical remedy. His remedies are unpractical as a rule—the cutting away of entail, for example, as a step towards social equality, the expropriation of "bad" landlords by an impartial Inquisition as a solution of the Irish difficulty; rural self-government (which has happened) for the stupidity of Hodge gaping each Sunday over his stile. But Arnold's antidote in this case was one of which he was admirably fitted to judge. He desired good public schools for the small trading classes. On the other hand, even here he still stood on continental ground. He wanted these schools through State interference, while all the time those grammar-schools existed ready to hand, the subsequent revival of which has given a great impetus to middle-class education: and it might perhaps have been more relevant had Arnold demanded the cheapening and betterment of our great public schools. In any case, however, education will mellow, but it cannot transform. Our "vulgarized middle-class" can certainly never be conciliated to ideas by mixing with our upper and "materialized barbarians." Since Arnold wrote, the two have largely mingled, with the result that their respective "vulgarity" and "materialism" have tended to exchange places. A free and industrial Empire continues to consider business to mean civilization and comfort to be progress. And as the growing prosperity of the middle-upper class has made it more and more a governing class, the old cheeriness of British self-sufficiency has waned. Nor has increased communication made this risen section a whit more communicable. Indeed, where once our higher class was condescending, it and this class it has included begin to be morose.

But Arnold always rightly recognized as characteristics of every part of the

community the British justice, the British honesty, and the British good humor—our fair play, fair dealing, and fair temper. M. Boutmy does not dwell adequately on these features. But he does dwell on what Arnold touched incidentally with respect to Ireland, on what Disraeli emphasized throughout our foreign relations, and with regard also to Ireland's real wish to be governed—our failure to put ourselves in the place of alien races. The Englishman on the whole lacks imagination, the power to visualize things unseen. He deems every one of his native clouds big with blessings, ripe to break on every foreign head. When the foreign head is ungrateful for the beneficent shower, and only catches cold, the Englishman stares disdainfully, asks for what umbrellas were created, and thanks God that he is not even as this foreigner.

For it's greatly to his credit,
And he himself has said it,
That, in spite of all temptations
To belong to other nations,
He remains an Englishman.

What we doubt is the power of any "culture" to implant imagination, which must be inborn. But M. Boutmy is surely mistaken in attributing to the French—Arnold's idols of *Esprit*—an intense sympathy with outside races. In French sentiment, it is true, and on French paper, sympathy with the "oppressed" is in melting evidence. But contracted, orderly, vulgarized, materialized, pulpited, prosperous England makes the collections and supplies the funds. Nor, we take it, are Algeria and Madagascar the happiest instances of generously understanding others.

England does not in the main "understand" an unEnglish temperament, but she does know how to rule it with justice as well as strength, to correct without kicking it. Where M.

Boutmy seems to us on firmer ground is in pointing to aversion to theory as a special trait of Englishmen. It is exactly the theoretical strain in Arnold's teaching that, joined to his disgust for vehemence, will never recommend it to the mass.

From Heine Arnold also derived his "Hebraism" and "Hellenism," together with something of his dictum that religion is morality touched with emotion. Here, again, Arnold's employment of these ideas is narrower and more specific than Heine's. Heine used them as "a protestant of the flesh" with regard to the double spirit of the Renaissance, the spirit of the body and that of the soul. Arnold uses them not of art and religion, but of "culture" and "conduct," of mental and moral power; while, as was his wont, he pressed them against the one-sidedness of the Nonconformist conscience, and of industrial competition. Heine, however, did expressly say that the Puritans and the Scotch Calvinists "Judaized." Arnold too has said, repeating Heine, that "the great middle class of this country . . . made choice for its spirit to live at one point, . . . entered the prison of puritanism, and had the key turned upon its spirit there for two hundred years." This was true when Arnold wrote it. It is not quite so true now. Our puritan classes during the last thirty years have been "seeing life" with a vengeance; Brixton and Ibsen are met together, Salem and Corelli have kissed each other. While, as we have said, an upper fringe of our "Philistines" has blended with our "Barbarians," two fresh developments are still in process. On the one hand our "populace" has become less brutal, but also far less amenable to religion; while its own upper portion in its turn comes in constant contact with the "Philistine" class above it, so that the "Philistines" themselves grow less earnest and more

material—more addicted like the “Barbarians” to sport and food, less concerned, like the populace, with the discipline of creeds. And, on the other hand, a novel class has arisen, whose wealth ranks it with our “Barbarians,” but whose gambling influence is fast tainting every section alike. These are our mushroom millionaires, financiers who exert great political power without assuming great political duties—the class that we have styled apoplectics—bloated apoplectics over a tawdry gaming-table.

But to Heine Arnold owed, besides the ideas of his phrases, his unrhymed metres, and, above all, much of his ironical wit. Let us cull a few specimens:—

The newspapers a short time ago contained an account of the suicide of a Mr. Smith . . . who, it was said, “labored under the apprehension that he would come to poverty, and that he was eternally lost.” And when I read these words, it occurred to me that the poor man who came to such a mournful end was, in truth, a kind of type—by the selection of his two grand objects of concern, by their isolation from everything else and their juxtaposition to one another—of all the strongest, most respectable, and most representative part of our nation.

Again:

. . . That beautiful sentence Sir Daniel Gooch quoted to the Swindon workmen, and which I treasure as Mrs. Gooch’s Golden Rule, or the Divine injunction, “Be ye perfect,” done into British—the sentence Sir Daniel Gooch’s mother repeated to him every morning before going to work, “Ever remember, my dear Dan, that you should look forward to being some day manager of that concern”—this fruitful maxim is perfectly fitted to shine forth in the heart of the Hyde Park rough also, and to be his guiding star during life.

Once more:

I know (says “Arminius”) our German constitutionalism pretty well. It comes up to the throne. With fullest heart-devotion we approach Prussia’s king reverently beseeching him to turn away his unconstitutional ministries. Prussia’s gracious king gives a grunt, and administers a sound kick to his petitioner’s behind, who then departs singing in fervent tones, “Hoch! for king and fatherland.”

Again:

I do not class him with the great masters of human thought and human literature—Plato, Shakespeare, Confucius, Charles Dickens. Sala, like as his disciples, has studied in the book of the world even more than in the world of books. . . . He blends the airy epicureanism of the *salons* of Augustus with the full-bodied gaiety of our English cider-cellar.

And

Delicacy! Surely I have heard that word before. Yes! Before I knew Sala, before I wrote for that infernal paper, before I called Dixon’s style lithe and sinewy.

Finally, his familiar æsthetic horror at the hideousness of “Coles’ Truss Manufactory”:—

. . . And yet, Arminius, I have a tenderness for that manufactory. It, with other things in London like it, is one of my favorite arguments for the immortality of the soul. . . . Remember what is told us of the statue of the Olympian Zeus by Phidias. It was life enough to have seen it. Felicity had then reached its consummation, the spirit could grasp no more, and the man might end. And what, therefore, I ask, must not be in store for the British ratepayer who in his life has only seen the Duke of Wellington’s statue and Coles’ truss manufactory? His felicity must surely be yet to come. Somewhere beyond the grave. . . .

So, too, with that satirical, if perhaps

misplaced, figure of the "Philistine" philoprogenitive who has only to appear before the great Judge with his twelve children in his hand to ensure salvation, or of the "great Atlantic rope, with a Philistine at each end of it, babbling inutilities," or of Mr. Lowe as Pangloss; and indeed the whole range of "Friendship's Garland." These are as distinctly echoed from Heine as is Sterndale Bennett's music from Mendelssohn.

The fact is that Arnold's message is one for individuals, and not, as he insisted, for communities. "Culture," he said, "to be real must be general;" "we English," he said, "have no idea of 'the State.'" But it is because our culture is a leaven, not the lump, because our "state" is never allowed to become bureaucratic, that England remains England. The remedy both for stupid zeal and for sensual apathy lies, to our mind, as we have urged, far more in higher zeal, quickened responsibility, and quickening leadership, in personality and imagination acting on common traditions and institutions.

Arnold, the man of ideas, was doomed to drudge on uncongenial paths. He did so courageously, amiably, uncomplainingly; and, to quote a line which he disliked, out of his stony griefs Bethel he raised. He practised his own higher precepts; it is through his ideals that he shines. With duty neither *Geist* nor *Esprit* is concerned; Arnold was always concerned with them. "The Kingdom of God," he has said, "the grand object of Jesus Christ, the grand object of Christianity, is mankind raised as a whole into harmony with the true and abiding law of man's being, living as we were meant to live." There is a grand ideal uttered in the "grand style," the style, as he termed it, "of the centre." The counsel of perfection chosen by Mr. Russell in his admirable and intimate

monograph, that if every one would mend *one*, there would be more true Christianity in the world, is another ennobling ideal. Arnold's own unselfishness of "culture," his wish to exalt our valleys, to make the crooked among us straight, his desire for severity to oneself, to "let each day be critic on the last," his real sympathy with the squalid suffering that depressed and shocked him on his daily rounds; his endeavor, too, in criticising literature not only to achieve Voltaire's standard of criticism as an art (one far beyond the starched formalities of Fontenelle, or, long afterwards, the slashing certainties of Macaulay), but also (though with far less faculty than Hazlitt) to achieve Steele's humaner standard—"to seize the sense and soul of a book," the true ring, too, of his patriotism that wanted the Continent to respect England's voice, disregarded when he wrote—all these were stars by which his own hard course was guided. His was not alone the stoic's resignation or the sunniness of the epicurean; for him "Thy will be done" meant actively, spiritually "Thy Kingdom come." Herein lies his service to us all. He did fine things without observation among us, and he expressed them finely, while his bright humor and keen insight held up their polished mirror to our dulnesses and foibles. He pleaded for the "light and healing of Apollo" against the red heats, the jarring clangor, and lameness of Vulcan. Our "Middles" naturally did not relish being pictured as if they were bagmen chaffering or chaffing over their grog, smacking gross lips in the snuggerly of their commercial room. Our upper class—our "Lumpingtons"—did not relish being presented as superannuated masters of deportment piping in the market-place to surly children who would no longer dance. Our "Reverend Esau Hittalls" did not relish being figured as ignorance mili-

tant, the favored volunteers of folly; nor our political optimists, when they appeared as advertising agents of quack nostrums. And none of these relished being told that the populace went "brutalized" and besotted alike through their busyboding and their neglect; that none of their good intentions were Good Samaritans to a wayfarer robbed and wounded in our graceless desert. But all must have acknowledged the radiance of the horizon above the glinting ripples of his expostulation. All, at any rate, must now feel that he consecrated "culture," that he urged it

On to the bound of the waste,
On to the city of God.

And all who have read his correspondence must confess that he himself in
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secret silence stretched forth his wistful hands towards the sacred banks of "the further shore," as he sang in cadences among his loveliest:

Haply the river of Time—
As it grows, as the towns on its marge
Fling their wavering lights
On a wider, statelier stream—
May acquire if not the calm
Of its early mountainous shore,
Yet a solemn peace of its own.
And the width of the waters, the hush

As it draws to the ocean, may strike
Peace to the soul of man on its breast,
As the pale waste widens around him,
As the banks fade dimmer away,
As the stars come out, and the night
wind
Brings up the stream
Murmurs and scents of the infinite sea.

AN ANTARCTIC ADVENTURE.

On April 22, I started on a sledge expedition into Robertson Bay for the purpose of exploring the southern shore of this large and interesting Antarctic Bight, which stretches into the South Polar continent some thirty miles. This was the first sledge expedition ever undertaken in the Antarctic regions, so I had not the experiences of any other explorer in those regions to benefit by.

The ice in the Bight was some two feet thick near our main camp at Cape Adair, so I thought I might venture the undertaking without too much risk, especially as the temperature had been sinking quicker than the sun, and the Antarctic winter stood before our "camp door."

I took with me Bernacchi, Fougner and the Lapp Savio, instruments, provisions for twenty days, twenty

sledge dogs, and one small collapsible boat.

We left the main camp about 11 A.M., and proceeded along the shore line to the east of the Bight. The coast-line on both sides of the Bight consists of bold cliffs of basaltic rocks, which rise perpendicularly out of the ocean to a height of about five hundred feet, whence the rocks continue to rise to an elevation of five thousand feet, under a very steep gradient. There appears no beach or strand at the foot of the perpendicular mountain walls, where they rise from the polar ocean, and when we had left the camp we had entirely to depend upon that large ice sheet which covered the sea as far as the eye could reach. But the surface of the ice over which we had to travel was very rough. Large heaps

of ice-blocks were stowed together under those big screwings which had taken place during a recent gale. We had hard work to get along, and proceeded but slowly. Towards dark we ran on to much thinner ice than we had travelled over for the last few hours, at no place was it more than one foot thick, and as we went onwards we encountered several channels in the ice sheet, so we had to wind our way as best we could. Just at dark it began to blow lightly, and I did not like the look of the air towards the south, it had an evil appearance, and as the barometer began to sink I seriously considered our chances in case rough weather were to surprise us. I could discover open water nowhere towards the horizon and although the ice was rather thinner than I had expected I entertained no serious fears in regard to the ice that carried us. I made a short halt at about 7 P.M. and consulted with my men about our situation.

Most of them advised me to proceed, whilst I had discovered a very small ice-covered beach under the perpendicular walls of the mountains just as it grew dark and thought it advisable to pitch camp there during the night if possible. A peculiar presentiment had taken hold of me. I had that certain feeling of approaching danger which becomes as accurate as a sensitive barometer with some individuals in regions where the forces of nature always are on the watch for lives. So we steered towards the mountain wall, which even after dark appeared blacker than the surroundings. Out on the sea there seemed to dwell some light over the icefields long after the sun had sunk. It was, however, an unusually dark night, the sky was covered, not one star was sightable, and we had some difficulty in finding the little beach.

However, after reaching the perpen-

dicular walls of the land we followed the coast-line until we struck a small beach, if it may be so called. It was the lower part of a slope some thirty feet high, and was formed of gravel detached from the perpendicular basalt wall. The beach or foot of this slope was six feet broad and hung about two feet over the water. The surface of the little beach was covered with ice, and it was with considerable difficulty that we managed to pitch our tent and fasten our sledges before thinking of rest. The barometer continued to sink, the sledge dogs seemed unnaturally wide awake and the Lapp unusually quiet. This, besides my own feeling of uneasiness, left no doubt with me in regard to an approaching gale. Bernacchi took first watch. Before turning in I told him to wake me if something unusual should occur. At midnight Bernacchi awoke me, and I turned out of my bag to take the watch.

The night was pitch dark, if possible darker than when I had turned into my bag, and then it was difficult to see anything but objects quite close.

Soon I heard snoring from the tent; but I noticed that the dogs did not settle, but kept on moving about, shifting from one place of rest to another. About half-past one there came some heavy gusts of wind from the south, and half an hour later a distant roar reached my ear. Still I thought it possible that this was a heavy screwing going on in the icefields far out at sea, and did not think it necessary to raise any alarm or wake the others who slept peacefully in the little silk tent. At three there came some gusts of wind which nearly carried away the tent, without, however, waking those who slept in the reindeer bags.

At 3.30 there blew a strong gale from the south, which increased in strength every minute, while the thunder in the ice had become appalling. I now was

convinced that the noise came from the south, but still thought that it was caused by heavy screwing. At four o'clock A.M. our desperate situation dawned suddenly upon me.

The thunder from the south advanced upon us—it was evident that the ice was breaking up! No sooner had I realized this than I noticed a very black—blue-black—streak low down out in the darkness, and while I looked I discovered something white that rose high up and fell, and then disappeared. The thunder and crashing of the ice masses was now very strong. Scarcely had I roused my comrades before the raging ocean waves were plainly seen about a minute off our little camp. No time was to be lost. In a second I saw it all and knew that we would have to seek safety up on the steep gravel slope, under the perpendicular mountain wall. But this was covered with a mail of ice, and it was almost impossible to ascend, although it was only thirty feet high. Before we had time to strike camp the spray from the raging waves flew over us and soaked us through and through. While each of the others caught some food and a tent and began to crawl up the steep slope, I cut the ropes by which the dogs were tied to the sledges, as well as the ropes by which we had laced the little collapsible canvas boat to the sledges.

When I had done this I made a line fast in the canvas boat, and bolted up after the others with the end of the rope and some sleeping bags. Thirty feet above the sea we found a very narrow ledge on the top of the slope. The wind had blown the snow against the mountain wall, and so it had been thrown back a little, where it formed a hard comb, leaving a kind of gallery about four feet wide. Here we dropped all the provisions we had been able to save. In the meanwhile the gale had increased to a hurricane.

Large seas dashed against the little beach beneath us, which by each hit of the breakers became smaller. Half of it consisted mainly of ice, and all this was soon torn loose and followed the progress of the gale into the darkness. The seas took more and more possession of that which was left of our camping-place.

We had to be quick if we wanted to save more of our outfit, and our canvas boat. So we made repeated dashes into the waves below, by which we saved some ice-axes, some preserved food and some more ropes. A moment after we were again on our little gallery, the raging waves had taken possession below, and washed away the sledge and all which was left. While we looked at this a great wave burst upon the slope, and sent the spray all over us, while the main mass of the water licked greedily half way up to our ledge. The wave had nearly carried away our canvas boat, and now it hung on the line I had secured it by. We now had the arduous and cold work of saving the boat, while, as the spray continually went over us, we were quickly covered in a mail of ice. We hauled away until our fingers could be stretched out no more, but remained crooked and frozen. The howling of the gale, the spray which cut like knives in our faces, the darkness, and last the knowledge that we were completely isolated, cut off from retreat or progress, with five hundred feet of perpendicular rock behind us, and above that a mountain five thousand feet high, rising very quickly, filled my soul at the time with dark thoughts which made it difficult to cheer my mates. The waves which dashed against the slope increased in size perceptibly, and the amount of spray which swept over us took our breath away. The dogs stood on the gallery with their harness hanging on to them, they stood in a thick cluster

with all four feet tight together, and with their tails between their legs, and howled against the gale most piteously. Large icicles formed themselves in their fur, as in our hair. The main point I soon recognized was to get a temporary shelter, as we would not be able to long withstand this cold and wet. By help of ski and poles we managed to pitch our silk tent between the mountain wall and the snow breastwork, and placed our stiff reindeer bags inside as quickly as possible.

The gale continued to increase, and I began to doubt the possibility of holding our position very long, as the heavy seas which dashed against the gravel slope began to eat away the support below us, and the cold and wet began to tell on all of us. One thing was evident, we would have to remain where we were at least until the gale ceased. To reach the mountain ridge five thousand feet above us was essential in case we should be able to reach the main camp by way of land, but above us was a perpendicular mountain wall, in places overhanging our tent; towards the west, north and south the raging polar ocean. My thought sought in vain a way out, while I took my first watch, and let the others creep into the reindeer bags in the tent, where they shivered so that I could see it outside. What we in those days suffered is easier imagined than described. We shivered so that our teeth chattered together. I divided our time into two watches, each of six hours. Those who had this ordeal had only ten feet for disposal on the narrow ledge, where it was possible to walk up and down.

For three days and three nights the gale blew until the feeling in our limbs was quite benumbed. I saw no possible way out of it, but hoped against hope, and tried to make the best of the situation.

For the sake of keeping up the prop-

er *esprit de corps*, I let Bernacchi take many photographs, and took many myself. This indicated that I at least expected to be able to utilize the pictures, and therefore possibly saw a rescue where it seemed hopeless to the rest. But the time went very slowly, especially at night-time. The Lapp, Savio, continued to ask, "what o'clock is it?" several times every hour. We managed to cook some warm meals in the tent by the spirit-stove, but all snow and ice within reach was salt.

Our pipes were our best entertainment when we did not sing. When the gale ceased, the Bight was completely open, no ice was within sight, except some bergs, which floated about some miles away. The barometer rose quickly, and the sky cleared, but the sea was still rough. The night was perfectly calm and clear with bright moonlight. "Orion" and the beautiful "Sirius" were twinkling down to us, as well as "the Southern Cross," and a calm seemed to come over us all as a reaction of the struggle for life during the past days.

I now decided to attempt to save two of us. I gave the collapsible canvas boat to Fougner and Must, for the purpose of trying to reach the main camp in it by sea. After dividing out the provisions in four equal lots, and giving Fougner and Must two for their voyage, we parted with best wishes to each other. Bernacchi and I, who were left on the little beach, could follow the splashes of the oars, which were twinkling in the moonlight far into the night, until the little craft disappeared behind a projecting point of the rocks.

Tired and worn out we two who remained on our isolated little ledge returned to the tent, and soon were about to sleep in our bags—then suddenly I got wide awake—wherefore I did not know at first, but soon I realized that it was the stillness which had wakened

me—the play of the ocean rollers on the slope had suddenly ceased—the wavelets had ended their stories. When I looked out of the tent I saw what I almost feared to realize—the Bight was again stored full of ice—packed with a kind of ice porridge in which it would be impossible to pull a boat, impossible to swim.

Soon Bernacchi was just as wide awake as I myself, at the thought of the fate of Fougner and Must—they were unquestionably caught by the ice, and all was at an end!

The thin canvas of the boat would not have been able to withstand the ice pressure, and would soon sink by "icing" itself down, and with its cargo of two men, with provisions, it had only three inches above the water when it left, so if there settled a couple of inches of ice on the outside of the boat all round, it would not be able to keep afloat. On one point we were quite clear, the two men in the boat had been caught in the ice; but where this had happened we could only guess, and we knew of no place on the coast-line where a safe footing could be found, where they possibly might have landed.

Two miserable days passed for us two in the tent. Then Fougner and the Lapp, Must, one day appeared on an ice slope high up on the mountain wall; as two small black specks they looked on the shining ice. We worked our way towards them with axes, whereby we cut steps in the ice wall. By this means we at last had our

comrades with us again at the tent, minus the boat, and minus the provisions they had taken with them. They had been caught in the "ground-up-ice" porridge, which filled the Bight, and in the last moment they had reached a very small gravel beach, where they had existed two days on the flesh of a seal, while they lived under the remains of the wrecked canvas boat.

However, they had discovered an ice pillar five hundred feet high, which had been formed in the summer, when the rays of the midnight sun, by playing on the dark rocks, had produced heat enough for the snow to melt.

This pillar reached from the sea five hundred feet up to a slope of about sixty degrees, which led to the ridge five thousand feet above the sea level. By working our way round to this pillar, by which Fougner and the Lapp, Must, had come, we commenced to cut steps in the ice, thus forming an ice ladder by which we reached five hundred feet up.

Once over the perpendicular part of the cliffs we continued to the ridge five thousand feet above, and followed this until we reached a place where we descended to our main camp, where no one had expected to see us any more.

Our poor dogs tried to follow us, but lost their foothold, and fell into the sea, where they were unable to swim in the ground-up ice, or were killed by the fall on the projecting ice corners.

The National Review.

G. E. Borchgrevink.

THE HARVEST OF THE HEDGEROWS.

A LANDSCAPE WITH FIGURES.

Every lover of the open air, who follows Nature through sunshine and rain, has found some spot which is dearer to him and carries a deeper meaning than any other place on earth. From the earliest green of the swelling bud to the last parched winter leaf, that clings to sheltered oak or beech until the memory of a year ago is swept away by the gales of March, the colors seem brighter there than elsewhere, and the little confidences with which Nature rewards his constancy become more tender and intimate.

It may be an open moorland, robed in summer in its mantle of imperial purple and gay only in the unprofitable riches of golden-spangled furze; or a treeless down, sprinkled with delicate blue harebells, that darkens under no sorrow heavier than the passing shadow of a wind-driven cloud; or even a melancholy fen, where the gray heron stands motionless for hours by the brink of a muddy ditch, and cold blue sedges lean trembling before the storm. But whether it be mountain, woodland, or broad plain, if he have not caught the spirit of his bit of countryside he has missed one of the finer joys of life. Though he may have travelled the whole world over, and viewed the wonders of another hemisphere, he is like one who, after a thousand gay romances, has found no abiding love, or amidst a teeming humanity has made no enduring friendship.

The spot I love the most is within easy walking distance from my home, and thither my errandless footsteps always wander by some indescribable attraction.

A narrow byway cuts through a sandy hollow, and then warily

descends aslant the steep hillside. Again it rises over a gentle knap, a sort of outwork of the range, and from this lower summit a broad valley lies full in view.

The land below is rich in green pastures, sparingly intermixed with square arable fields, in which, after a yellow stubble, the furrows turn up a light brown behind the plough. Everywhere there is a soil so deep that no outcropping rock can shame us with the nakedness of its poverty by wearing holes in its imperishable garment of verdure decked with flowers. The fields are small; therefore it is a country of hedgerows, with stately elms and here and there an oak standing along the banks and casting mysterious shade upon the dark water that often lies in the ditches below. Yet many of the fields have once been smaller still; and then a gentle ridge and hollow, covered with grass of a deeper green, and a row of tall, spreading trees show where a hedge and ditch have at some time been.

A spirit of tranquil plenty and contentment lightly rests upon the whole valley, filling every nook and corner, like sunshine of a cloudless summer noon.

At early morning, and again of an afternoon, a dairyman comes down to the pasture and throws open the gate. You can hear his voice calling to the herd, and perhaps the barking of his dog. The patient red and white milch-cows deliberately obey, and slowly pass out of sight. Yet now and again there is a glimpse of bright color as they wind along the lane. Sometimes a wagon, laden with shining tins and laughing folk, rattles to the meadow instead; and then the cattle gather in

a shady corner and are milked in the field. All the rest of the day, whether they stand on the bright after-grass that comes after the hay or lie in a sea of glistening buttercups, they are left to ruminate in peace. Starlings congregate around them. Wagtails run quite close to catch the flies. Through all the summer months nesting wood-pigeons, out of sight amidst foliaged-curtained branches or from the dark ivy, that has run up from the hedge and overgrown so many a stalwart trunk, make known their satisfaction with the unceasing monotony of their one never-changing phrase.

There are places a thousand times more lonely and less populated than this quiet vale.

Every mile or so, a square church-tower and a cluster of thatched gables rise above or peep between the elms, and a film of gray smoke tells a tale of hearths unseen. Yet a few steps from the highroad, not even the solitary woodland can offer a more beautiful seclusion. This is the greatest charm of this country of old hedgerows.

They are beautiful, these hedgerows. Oftentimes neglected and left uncultured for years, they grow into a wild profusion. Though they keep out the sun, at least they offer shelter from the winter wind. Blackthorn and wrinkled maple, hawthorn and hazel, straight sapling of gray ash, and frequent suckers from the long roots of the elm trees, all push each other and intermingle their leaves of various shapes and colors. The honeysuckles, hoping to flower unpicked, climb high out of reach. The briars hang down and offer their sweet pink flowers. Brambles thrust themselves and straggle everywhere. Here is a mass of clematis; and there white bryony, in close company with the broad, glossy, heart-shaped leaves of the black, meets in a tangle with the little purple, yellow-

eyed flowers of the woody nightshade. From the snowy blossom of the black-thorn upon a leafless hedge, through all the fragrant summer to the frost, when fieldfares come in a flock to clear away the blood-red haws in a day, the hedgerow is a glory and delight.

At last, in winter, or at least when the sap is low, a new figure is seen in the landscape.

The hedger comes in his gloves and long leathern gaiters. He clears away the useless stuff—"trumpery," he calls it—chooses with care the likeliest growing wood for "plashers," with here and there a straight sapling to grow into a tree, stands high upon the bank, and chops down all the rest. With a deft blow of his hook he cuts the "plasher" almost through, so that it seems wonderful that it can live. He lays it, and pegs it down; builds up the bank with sods, and fills the new-made ditch with thorns, lest cattle should come and trample upon his work. So the old hedge is turned to account. Nothing is wasted. There is wood to burn, and fagots for the baker's oven. The younger hazel goes for sticks for next year's peas; the straight ashen poles to fence sweet-smelling ricks. Even the "trumpery" will serve as staddle to make a dry foundation for some future mow.

This, no doubt, is the true harvest of the hedgerow; but it is not the harvest which gave a title to this sketch.

It was autumn, and all the corn was hauled. Upon many of the squares of golden stubble droves of pigs were running to pick up the ears missed by the rake, and the ripe grains that had fallen when the sheaves were pitched. On others the plough was already at work. The ploughman shouted to his team as he turned under the hedgerow to come back upon the other side. The rooks, that are so wary of the harm-

less rambler like myself, rose as he drew near, circled within easy gunshot above his head, spread their black wings, and lightly dropped upon the fresh-turned furrow behind his back. From beyond the hedge came the sound of the woodman's axe, for the September gales, where the ditch lay to windward, had here and there torn up an ancient elm by the roots, and he was lopping off the branches in readiness for the timber wagon to haul away the trunk.

I was in the valley walking down a broad green lane. On either hand were signs of the declining year. Where the wild roses grew the briars were decked with crimson hips; and, although a solitary flower might still be seen, the honeysuckles had changed to clusters of reddening berries. The hazel leaves were yellow, and the maple bush was turning to old gold. A few sparse leaves and a sprinkling of apples brighter than guineas still hung upon the crab. Surprised by the quietness of my approach, a startled blackbird rushed out of the ditch. A little later my eye caught sight of a wren, creeping like a mouse and hiding out of sight behind the old level plashing upon the bank; and all the while I had the company of a flock of linnets, that waited till I came, flew out of the hedge with a whirring of wings, alighted only a few paces in front, all on one bush, and waited again.

Far away down the lane something moved.

For a moment it was impossible to be certain, and yet surely a living thing had stirred in the distant shadow of the hedgerow.

Then, just beyond a clump of dark gorse, I could distinguish the stooping figure of an old woman. Her clothes also were old and had taken on autumnal hues. Faded with the summer sun and weather-stained by rain, her skirt and shawl, whatever their

original colors, were in keeping with the landscape, and mellow and unobtrusive as the russet-gray on the back and wings of a song-thrush. Sometimes she crept down into the ditch; then came out into the lane and stooped to take something from the ground, which for the time being she put into her apron. At last she stood up and shook one of the guinea-laden branches. She was gathering crab-apples.

What could she want with them?

The uses of the crab, forgotten long ago in the village, are known only to the lover of old customs. Verjuice is but a name, pomatum almost an unread line in the dictionary. Could this old crone, whose face was brown and wrinkled like the shell of a walnut, season the dryness of a parish loaf and secretly comfort her elderly heart with some old-world bowl, in which a roasted crab should bob against her lips, "and on her withered dew-lap pour the ale"? She looked old enough even for that. On the ground beside her was a sack half filled.

Imagination refused to picture an orgie so extensive.

She was the first to speak. In the rural parts of this West Country people do not meet and pass without a word.

"Nice weather," said she.

"Beautiful weather," said I.

"Zo 'tis," said she, and stepped aside to pour a stream of little yellow, rosy apples out of her apron into the open mouth of the sack.

"But what be about then, mother? What good is it to pick up such stuff as that?"

"Lauk-a-massy, master," she laughed, "I do often zay to myzself this time o' year I be but like the birds that do pick a liven off the hedges."

"But what do you do with them?"

"Zell 'em."

"And what do they do with them?"

"Pay vor 'em."

In spite of rags and poverty she was a humorous old soul. However she presently put a sudden check upon her mirth, and answered with quiet civility.

"They don't use 'em here," she explained. "The man that do buy 'em o' I do zend 'em to London. I do believe they do use 'em to gie a bitter flavor to a jelly. I really do."

Then she chuckled. The thing seemed so amusing. She was laughing at an unknown world, distant and strange, where people pay such heed to the flavor of a jelly.

At the mention of London the recollection of two boys from Pimlico, whom I had met in the lane about three months before, came into my mind. Philanthropy had sent them down here, but until then they had never seen a green field. Their inferences were strange enough. I wondered what impressions the mind of this old woman of the hedgerows would gather if suddenly she could be transplanted to a city street.

"Do you live near here?"

"I do live across to Sutton," she answered, "in the little old cottage that do lie under the hill."

"I suppose you've lived there a long time?"

"All my life, as mid zay," she laughed. "I wur out to sarvice dree year; but I wur married when I wur nineteen. I wur brought to the little cottage then, an' vrom thik day to theis I ha'n't never laid head to piller under another roof."

It was by the merest accident, and only for the sake of hearing her talk, that I remarked:

"Then for certain you can't have been to London to look after the crab-apples."

In a moment her good-humor vanished. The wrinkles deepened, and the weather-beaten, upright furrows be-

tween her brows. Her eyes regarded me sharply and with suspicion.

"Who put 'ee up vor to come here an' ax me 'bout that, then?" she inquired, angrily.

I asserted my innocence. I pointed out that after all the idea of a visit to London had been rendered incredible, if not impossible, by her statement that she had never been away for a night from the little cottage under the hill.

She scanned me attentively, was satisfied with the explanation, and consoled.

"Ah, well! They do laugh at I about that, an' I thought mayhap you knowed," she cried merrily. "I have a-bin to London. An' I ha'n't never a-bin away vrom home. An' I baint no liar for all that."

She delighted in this quibbling manner of the clowns of the sixteenth century. But old-fashioned West Country folk still love to riddle in their speech. She stood expectant, eager for an invitation to go on, but fully determined to loiter.

"I can't make that out," said I.

"An' never went inzide a house," said she.

I only shook my head.

"Nor zet voot in a street."

She paused; then raised her voice in the excitement of success.

"Nor so much as laid out a penny-piece vor a bit or a zup."

It was no good. I implored her to relieve me from further mental effort by telling me without delay; but, once started, her story became a monologue—an epic of the "little old cottage that do lie under the hill." For the emotions which prompted her to undertake that memorable journey were still warm in her heart, and they carried her back even to the days of early motherhood under that little ridge of brown thatch.

"Wull, then, master," she cried, "I'll

just tell ee how it all comed about. My man an' I we dragged up a terr'ble long family, we did. Massy 'pon us! Things wur different in them days. We did all goo out in groun' to work then, wimmin an' men. An' need o' it too. There werden much wheaten bread vor poor volks them days. The wimmin vokes an' maidens did all goo out a bit to leasey a'ter the wheat wur a-hauled. We did carr' the corn down to mill. But la! The little grist-mill down to brook, he is but vower walls an' a hatch-hole now. He valled in years ago. Miller couldn' make a liven, an' zo he gl'ed un up. 'Tis the big mills, zo the tale is, do zell zo low. But I tell 'ee what, master, vokes wur jollier, one wi' another, them times than they be now. Ah! They mid eat better victuals nowadays, but there's more pride. They baint zo simple as they wur. All they do want now is to save up a vew ha-pence, an' put viner clothes to their backs, an' forget who they be."

She stopped to laugh. No philosopher ever took a more genial view of human folly than this old woman of the hedgerow. "But I wur a-gwaine to tell 'ee," she went on, suddenly remembering that the visit to London was the real subject before us. "Iss. We had xixteen, an' reared 'em all but one. Nine o' 'em bwoys, an' all g'rowed up tall an' straight as the poplar trees along the churchyard wall. Ay, 'twur a many bellies to vill. An' a house o' childern, master, is like a nest o' drushes wi' their mouths ever agape. But somehow or another God-a-Mighty did send a crust. An' then the biggest bwoy growed up to sar a little a bird-kippen, or to drave roun' the wold hoss for the chaffcutter or the cider-maken. An' the biggest maid did mind the childern for I to go out. An' zo we knocked along till the bwoys had a-growed up hardish lads like. An' then there wur a rabbit, now an' then.

Wull, there wur a rabbit pretty often, on along then. An' then there comed a bother. An' two o' 'em, master, they had a-tookt the Queen's shillen an' drinked un, an' marched off wi' the sergeant wi' the colors in their hats, afore the summons wur out. An' they wouldn't none o' 'em bide here in parish. Two o' 'em went to furrin parts, but we never heard o' 'em since, an' whither they be 'live or dead is more an' I can tell. They be all o' 'em one place or tother, an' I hope they be doen well. An' the maidens be all married away. Little Benjamin he wur the last to goo. I wur terr'ble sorry, too. But I said: "'Tis no more 'an a brood o' dunnocks, an' when they be vlush they do vly.'"

She paused again, picked up half a dozen crab-apples, and dropped them into her apron.

"But I wur a-gwaine to tell 'ee," she quickly resumed. "Benjamin's wife she did use to zend a letter, an' one o' the school childern did read un out to me. He wur a porter to London, but house rent, her zaid, wur most wonderful dear. When I wur out quiet a-picken berries, Benjamin wur a'most for ever in my mind. Mus' be up ten year ago, an' I carr'd in nineteen peck o' berries. I do mind 'twur nineteen peck at tenpence in to factory. I can see the foreman dyer now, out in yard a-measuren o' 'em out wi' a peck measure. An' the men wur all a-chacklen about the next year's wayzgoose. 'What?' zaid I, 'do 'ee arrange next zummer's holiday afore the winter is begun?' 'We be gwaine to London for the day, an' you can come too if you be a-minded,' zaid he, though to be sure 'twur no more 'an a joke. But jus' the very nick o' time the master his own zelf comed by; an' the foreman dyer he up an' laughed. 'Here's Mary do think to go to London wi' we next zummer.' Then they did all grin at I. But the master, he said: 'How

many years have 'ee brought berries in to I, Mary?' I zaid: 'Tis a score or one-an'-twenty, master.' Zaid he: 'Come an' ax me next zummer-fair, an' I'll gie 'ee a ticket, Mary.' An' wi the very zame on he went.

"I thought a lot about thik ticket. I thought a lot about Benjamin too. There comed a letter in the spring, that zaid that Benjamin's wife—'tis his second wife—had just a-got her thir'd. I wur a-picken watercresses, an' 'twur most wonderful cold. I really do believe I veeled wolder them days 'an now I be sich a ancient wold 'ooman. I do mind I wur wet-vooted an' vinger-cold. That wur about the time my wold man wur a-tookt. I thought then I werden a-gwalne to live myself zo very long. I did long to zet eyes 'pon Benjamin—most terr'ble.

"Wull, when comed zummer-fair I bucked up courage an' in I went. There wur the ticket sure 'nough. I carried un home. But lauk! Afore night 'twur the talk o' all the parish, an' folk did run in an' out all day long for a week to look at un. An' I got a basket o' 'apples an' a papern bag o' lollipops for the childern to carr' in my pocket. An' the neighbors they all zaid: 'Do 'ee step in an' pick what vlowers you do want in the early marnen afore you do start.' Zo I had a tutty—a nosegay, master, bigger—ay, zix times zo big as the biggest picklen cabbage that ever wur growed. A'most zo zoon as the zun wur up I wur 'pon the road. An' 'twur sich a beautiful day, wi' a dew like vrost, an' the sky misty clear in the marnen. The train did start at vive. But I waited vor un a good half-hour, I did. An' on the road the foreman dyer he said: 'You do know how to act when you do get there, don't 'ee, Mary?' An' I told un: 'My son 'ull be at the station for certain sure.'

"But when we got out to London station, master, sure ther wur niver

sich a hurry-push in theis world afore. Made I that maze-headed I wur bound to zit down 'pon the seat to let 'em all pass. But zo zoon as one train wur gone there wur another. I wur afeared o' my life to move, an' there I zot. An' when comed to a lull like, I up an' zaid to a porter: 'Can 'ee run an' tell young Benjamin Bracher that his mother is here?' Zo he said: 'Who?' An' I told un again. 'I niyver heard the name,' said he. 'But he's a porter like yourself to London Station.' 'Which station?' he axed me. 'Why, London Station,' said I. 'Oh, ther's vifty London stations an' more,' said he. 'Then how shall I get at un?' said I. 'Do 'ee know where he do live?' he axed me. 'Tis in Silver Street,' said I. 'There's a hundred Silver Streets,' said he; an' then he wur gone.

"They ha'n't got no time to talk to a body in London. I wur afeard to move. I put the basket o' apples under the seat, an' there I zot.

"Come midday the zun did strike down most terr'ble hot, an' the place were like a oven. The nosegay o' vlowers began to qual in my han'. Zoon enough they went off zo dead as hay. Volk did stop an' stare at me. The childern did turn their heads. But there I zot.

"I wur afeard o' my life to move. Come a'ternoon I put down my han' for my hankercher to mop my face. But the lollipops had all a-melted drough the papern bag, an' he wur a-stickt to my pocket. Zo I just pat my face wi' my sleeve. An' there I zot.

"I wur too much to a mizmaze, master, ever to think. You niver zeed sich crowds, an' like a river never stop. There I zot till come the cool o' the evenen. An' then the forman dyer comed along. An' he hollered to me: 'Mary, Mary, you'll be left behine!' an' he pushed me on by the shoulders

afore un, a'most like a wheelbarrer, an' bundled me into the train.

"'Twur midnight when the train got to Yeovil town, an' I had up vive mile to walk. 'Twur daylight when I got home, an' a marnen misty-clear like when I started. I took the kay down out o' the thatch an' put un in kayhole. But fur the life o' me I couldn't turn un, an' I zot down 'pon step an' cried."

In a moment she was merry again.

'Zo now they do ax me if I've a-bin to London," she said; "but I do laugh w! the rest."

She told me in quaint phrase all about the harvest of the hedgerows—how the blackberries were the first to come, with the black-ripe, the red, and the green all on one bunch; and the little pale purple flowers still in bloom on the same spray, and looking as fresh as spring until the frost. They were sold not by measure but by weight. It paid better to pick at a penny when they were plenty than for three-halfpence when they were scarce. And the dealer he did come—oh, yes, he did come in a two-wheeled cart twice a week, every week of his life, and weigh and pay—no trouble about that, but money in hand paid.

But the privet berries, now, for the dyer, they must wait until after the frost, when they would pinch soft between finger and thumb, and leave a deep purple stain. And they must be carried to the factory in the town. But then—there was many a good sort

The Nineteenth Century and After.

about in the village or on the road to give an old woman a lift.

And sloes must wait for the winter too, and some years they were on the blackthorn bushes so thick as ever they could stick. Really and truly until it was washed off by the rain they were sometimes blue with bloom—most beautiful. But they went to the gentry, mostly to make sloe gin. She had quite a private connection for the sloes, and the same people bought them year after year.

"Why, you must get quite rich," said I, "at this time of the year."

"I can knock along," she boasted, "wold as I be, an' put away a shillen, too. I've a-bin poor all my life. But I've a-bin happy an' picked up bread day by day. There is that in the open yields is more company to I, 'an a street o' volk I don't know. Zunshine or rain, an' all but the hard vrostes, I do enjoy life. I do. But the young mus' all run away now-a-days."

She paused to think. Then suddenly raised her arms above her head.

"God-A'mighty, master!" she cried. "What mus' it be to be poor in thik girt place?"

Appalled at the thought she turned away and bent over her apple-picking. Yet presently she stood up and was merry again.

I positively suspected that wrinkled old eyelid of a wink.

"I baint a-gwaine to be buried by the parish," she laughed, "not I."

But even poverty can keep a good heart under the hedgerows.

Walter Raymond.

THE VROUW GROBELAAR'S LEADING CASES.

BY PERCEVAL GIBBON.

UNTO THE THIRD GENERATION.

The Vrouw Grobelaar, you must know, is a lady of excellent standing, as much by reason of family connections (for she was a Viljoen of the older stock herself, and buried in her time three husbands of estimable parentage) as of her wealth. Her farms extended from the Ringkop on the one side to the Holgaatspruit on the other, which is more than a day's ride; and her stock appears to be of that ideal species which does not take rinderpest. Her Kaffirs were born on the place, and will surely die there, for though the old lady is firmly convinced that she rules them with a rod of iron, the truth is she spoils them atrociously; and were it not that there is an excellent headman to her kraals, the niggers would soon grow pot-bellied in idleness.

The Vrouw Grobelaar is a lady who commands respect. Her face is a portentous mask of solemnity, and her figure is spacious beyond the average of Dutch ladies, so that certain chairs are tacitly conceded her as a monopoly. The good Vrouw does not read or write, and having never found a need in herself for these arts, is the least thing impatient of those who practice them. The Psalms, however, she appears to know by heart; also other portions of the Bible; and is capable of spitting Scripture at you on the smallest provocation. Indeed she bubbles with morality, and a mention of "the accursed thing" (which would appear to be a genus and not a species, so many articles of human commerce does it embrace) will set her effervescing with mingled blame and exhortation. But if punishment should come in question, as when a Kaffir waylaid

and slew a chicken of hers, she displays so prolific an invention in excuses, so generous a partiality for mercy, that not the most irate *induna* that ever laid down a law of his own could find a pretext for using the stick.

She lives in her homestead with some half-dozen nieces, a nephew or two, and a litter of grandchildren, who know the old lady to the core, cozen and blarney her as they please, and love her with a perfect unanimity. I think she sometimes blames herself for her tyrannical usage of these innocents, who nevertheless thrive remarkably on it. You can hardly get off your horse at the door without maiming an infant, and you can't throw a stone in any direction without killing a marriageable damsel. They pervade the old place like an atmosphere; the kraals ring with their voices, and the Kaffirs spend lives of mingled misery and delight at their irresponsible hands.

I do not think I need particularize in the matter of these youngsters, save as regards Katje. Katje refuses to be ignored, and she was no more to be overlooked than a tin-tack in the sole of your foot. She was the only child of Vrouw Grobelaar's youngest brother, Barend Viljoen, who died while lion-hunting in the Fever Country. At the time I am thinking of Katje might have been eighteen. She was like a poppy among the stubble, so delicate in her bodily fabric, and yet so opulent in shape and coloring. She was the nicest child that ever gave a kiss for the asking (you could kiss her as soon as look at her), but she was also the very devil to deal with if she saw fit to take a distaste to you. I saw

her once smack a fathom of able-bodied youth on both sides of the head with a lusty vigor that constrained the sufferer to howl. And I have seen her come to meet a man—well, me—with the readiest lips and the friendliest hand in the world. Oh, Katje was like a blotch of color in one's life; something vivid, to throw the days into relief.

A stranger to the household might have put down Katje's behavior towards the *Vrouw Grobelaar* as damnable, no less; and in the early days of my acquaintance with the family I was somewhat tempted to this opinion myself. For she not only flouted the old lady to her face, but would upon occasion disregard her utterly, and do it all with what I can only call a swagger that seemed to demand a local application of drastic measures. But Katje knew her victim, if such a word can be applied to the *Vrouw Grobelaar*, and never prodded her save on her armor. For instance, to say the Kaffirs were over-driven and starved was nothing if not flattery—to say they were spoiled and coddled would have been mere brutality.

With it all, the *Vrouw Grobelaar* went her placid way, like an elephant over eggshells. Her household did her one service, at least, in return for their maintenance, and that was to provide the old lady with an audience. It was in no sense an unwilling service, for her imagination ran to the gruesome, and she never planted a precept but she drove it home with a case in point. As a result night was often shattered by a yell from some sleeper whose dreams had trespassed on devilish domains. The *Vrouw Grobelaar* believed most entirely in Kaffir magic, in witchcraft and second sight, in ghosts and infernal possession, in destiny, and in a very personal archfiend who presided over a material hell when not abroad in the world on the

war-path. Besides, she had stores of tales from the lives of neighbors and acquaintances: often horrible enough, for the Boers are a lonely folk and God's finger writes large in their lives.

I almost think I can see it now—the low Dutch kitchen with its plank ceiling, the old lady in her chair, with an illustrative forefinger uplifted to punctuate the periods of her tale, the embers, white and red, glowing on the hearth, and the intent, shadow-pitted faces of the hearers, agape for horrors.

There was a tale I heard her tell to Katje, when that damsel had seen fit to observe, apropos of disobedience in general, that her grandfather's character had nothing to do with hers. The tale was in plaintive Dutch, the language that makes or breaks a storyteller, for you must hang your point on the gutturals or you miss it altogether.

"Look at my husband's uncle," said the old lady. "A sinful man, for ever swearing and cursing, and drinking. His farm was the worst in the district; the very Kaffirs were ashamed of it when they went to visit the kraals. But Voss (that was the name of my husband's uncle) cared nothing so long as there was a horse to ride into the dorp on and some money to buy whiskey with. And he drank so much and carried on so wickedly that his wife died and his girls married poor men and never went to stay with their father. So at last he lived in the house, with only his son to help him from being all alone.

"This son was Barend Voss, a great hulking fellow, with the strength of a trek-ox, and never a word of good or bad to throw away on any one. But his face was the face of a violent man. He had blue eyes with no pleasantness about them, but a sort of glitter, as though there were live coals in his brain. He did not drink like his father; and these two would sit

together in the evenings, the one bleared and stupid with liquor, and the other watching him in silence across the table. They spoke seldom to one another; and it would often happen that the father would speak to the son and get not a word of answer—only that lowering ugly stare that had grown to be a way with the boy.

"I think those two men must have grown to hate each other in the evenings as they sat together; the younger one despising and loathing his father, and the father hating his son for so doing. I have often wondered how they never came to blows—before they did, that is.

"One morning old Voss rode off to the dorp, and Barend watched him from the door till he went out of sight in the kloof. All the day he was away, and when he came back again it was late in the night. Barend was sitting in his usual place at the table scowling over his folded arms.

"Old Voss had not ridden off his liquor; and he staggered into the house singing a dirty English song. He had a bottle in his hands, and banged it down on the table in front of his son.

"'Now, old sheep's head,' he shouted, 'have a drink and drop those airs of yours.'

"Barend sat where he was, and said not a word—just watched the other.

"'Come on,' shouted old Voss; 'I'm not going to drink alone. If you won't take it pleasantly I'll make you take it, and be damned to you!'

"Barend sat still, scowling always. I daresay a sober man would have seen something in his eyes and let be. But old Voss was blind to his danger, and shouted on.

"The younger man kept his horrid

silence, and never moved, till the father was goaded to a drunken rage.

"'If you won't drink,' he screamed, 'take that,' and he flung a full cupful of the spirit right in the young man's face.

"Then everything was in the fire. The two men fought in the room like beasts, oversetting table and lamp, and stamping into the fire on the hearth. Barend was mad with a passion of long nursing, and hewed with his great fists till the old man fell heavily to the ground, and lay moaning.

"Barend stood over him, glowing. 'Swine!' he said to his father; 'swine and brute! get you out of this house to the veld. You are no father of mine.'

"But the old man was much hurt, and lay where he had fallen, groaning as though he had not heard.

"'I will have you out of this,' said the son. 'If you are come to die, die on the road. I have wished you dead for years.'

"So he wound his hand, with the knuckles all over blood, in the old man's white hair, and tarew open the door with his other hand.

"'Out with you!' he shouted, and dragged him down the step and into the yard. Yes, he dragged him across the yard to the gate; and when he unfastened the gate the old man opened his eyes and spoke.

"'Leave me here,' he said, speaking slowly and painfully. 'Leave me here, my son. So far I dragged my father.'

The Vrouw Grobelaar, to point a weighty moral, turned her face upon Katje. But that young lady was sleeping soundly with her mouth open.

THE DREAM-FACE.

"I wish," said Katje, looking up from her book—"I wish a man would come and make me marry him."

The Vrouw Grobelaar wobbled where she sat with stupefaction.

"Yes," continued Katje, musingly

casting her eyes to the rafters, "I wish a man would just take me by the hand—so—and not listen to anything I said, nor let me go however I should struggle, and carry me off on the peak of his saddle and marry me. I think I would be willing to die for a man who could do that."

The Vrouw Grobelaar found her voice at last. "Katje," she said with deep-toned emphasis, "you are talking wickedness, just wickedness. Do you think I would let a man—any man, or perhaps an Englishman—carry you off like a strayed ewe?"

"The sort of man I'm thinking of," replied the maiden, "wouldn't ask you for permission. He'd simply pick me up, and away he'd go."

At times, and in certain matters, Vrouw Grobelaar would display a ready acumen. "Tell me, Katje," she said now, "who is this man?"

Then Katje dropped her book and, sitting upright with an unimpeachable surprise, stared at the old lady.

"I'm not thinking of any man," she remarked calmly. "I was just wishing there was a man who would have the pluck to do it."

The Vrouw Grobelaar shook her head. "Good Burghers don't carry girls away," she said. "They come and drink coffee, and sit with them, and talk about the sheep."

"And behave as if they had never worn boots before, and didn't know what to do with their hands," added the maiden. "Aunt, am I a girl to marry a man who upsets three cups of coffee in half an hour, and borrows a handkerchief to wipe his knees?"

Now there could be no shadow of doubt that this was an openbreasted cut at young Fanie von Tromp, whose affection for Katje was a matter of talk on the farms, and whose overtures that young lady had consistently sterilized with ridicule.

The Vrouw Grobelaar was void of delicacy. "Fanie is a good lad," she said, "and when his father dies he will have a very large property."

"It'll console him for not adding me to his live stock," retorted Katje.

"He is handsome, too," continued the old lady. "His beard is as black as —"

"A carrion-crow," added Katje promptly.

"Quite," agreed the Vrouw Grobelaar, with a perfect unconsciousness of the unsavoriness of the suggestion.

"And he walks like a duck with sore feet," went on Katje. "He is as graceful as a trek-ox, and his conversational talents are those of a donkey in long grass."

"All that is a young girl's nonsense," observed the old lady. "I was like that once myself. But when one grows a little older and fatter, and there is less about one to take a man's eye—a fickle thing, Katje, a fickle thing,—one looks for more in a husband than a light foot and a smart figure."

Katje was a trifle abashed, for all the daughters of her house, were they never so slender, grew tubby in their twenties.

"Besides," continued the worthy Vrouw, "your talk is chaff from a mill. It must come out to leave the meal clean. Perhaps, after all, Fanie is the man to carry you off. I think you would not take so much trouble to worry him if you thought nothing of him."

The Vrouw Grobelaar had never heard of Beatrice and her Benedick, but she had a notion of the principle.

"I hate him," cried Katje with singular violence.

"I think not," replied the old lady. "Sometimes the thing we want is at our elbows, and we cannot grasp it because we reach too far. Did I ever tell you how Stoffel Struben nearly went mad for love of his wife?"

"No," said Katje, unwillingly interested.

"He was something of a fool to begin with," commenced the Vrouw Grobelaar. "He chose his wife for a certain quality of gentleness she had, and though I will not deny she made him a good wife and a patient, still gentleness will not boil a pot. He was a fine fellow to look at; big and upstanding, with plenty of blood in him, and a grand mat of black hair on top. He moved like a buck; so ready on his feet and so lively in all his movements. *He* might have carried you off, Katje, and done you no good in the end.

"He was happy with his pretty wife for a while, and might have been happy all his life and died blessedly had he but been able to keep from conjuring up faces in his mind and falling in love with them. Greta, his wife, had hair like golden wheat, so smooth and rippled with light; and no sooner had he stroked his fill of it than he conceived nut-brown to be the most lovely color of woman's hair. Her eyes were blue, and for half a year he loved them; then hazel seemed to him a better sort. I said he was a fool, didn't I?

"So his marriage to Greta became a chain instead of a union, while the poor lass fretted her heart out over his dark looks and short answers. He was shallow, Katje, shallow; he had the mere capacity for love, but it was a short way to the bottom of it. You will see by-and-by that the men who deserve least always want most. Stoffel had no right to a woman at all; when he had one, and she a good girl, he let his eyes rove for others.

"So he went about his farm with his mind straying and his heart abroad. If you spoke to him, he paused awhile, and then looked at you with a start as though freshly waked. He saw nothing as he went, neither his wife with the questions in her eyes that she

shamed to say with her lips, nor the child that crowed at him from her arms. He was deaf and blind to the healthy world, to all save the silly dreams his poisoned soul fed on.

"Well, wicked or not, it is at least unsafe not to look where one is going. This was a thing Stoffel never did: since he overlooked his wife, it was not to be expected he would see a strand of fencing-wire on the ground. So he rode on to it, and down came his horse. Down came Stoffel too, and there was a stone handy on the place where his head lit to let some of the moonshine out of him. He saw a heavenfull of stars for a moment, and then saw nothing for a long time. Save—one strange thing!

"When life came back to him he was in his bed very sore and empty, and very mightily surprised to see himself alive, after all. He was exceedingly weak and somewhat misty as to how it all had happened. But one thing he seemed to remember—more than seemed, so strong, so plain, so deep was his memory of it. He thought he recalled pain and blindness, and a sudden light, in which he saw a face close to his, a girl's face, pitiful, tender, loving, and charged with more than all the sweetness of beauty that his sick heart could long for. The thing was like one of those dreams from which one wakes sad and thoughtful, as when one has overstepped the boundary mark of life and cast an eye on heaven.

"It was no face that he knew, and he turned on his pillow to think of it. He could not believe it was a dream. 'It was a soul,' he said to himself. 'I knew, I was sure, that somewhere there was such a face, but it only came to my eyes when I was on the borderland of death. If ever God gave a thing to a mortal man, he should have given me that woman.

"So with such blasphemous thoughts he idled through the days of his sick-

ness, very quiet, very weak, and kind to his wife beyond the ordinary. Of course she, poor woman, knew nothing of the silly tale, and when her husband gave her those little caresses one would not withhold from an affectionate dog, she blessed God that he was come to himself again. You see, Katje dear, that as a man demands more than he can claim with right, a woman must often make shift with less. It is well to learn this early.

"Stoffel grew well in time, and got about again. But the stone had made less of a dent in his skull than the face in his heart, and he was changed altogether. He served a false god, but served it faithfully. He was very gentle and patient with every one, almost like a saint, and he took infinite pains with the work of his farm. He would hurt no living thing—not even so much as lash a team of lazy oxen. You would have thought Kaffirs would have done as they pleased with him, but they obeyed his least word, and hung on his eyes for orders as though they worshipped him. Kaffirs and dogs will sometimes see farther than a Christian.

"Meanwhile Greta came to die. It was a chill, perhaps, with a trifle of fever on top of that, and it carried her off like a candle-flame when it is blown out. She died well—very well indeed. None of your whimpering and moaning and slinking out of the back-door of life when nobody is looking; nor that unconscious death that shuts out a chance of a few last words. No; Greta saw with her eyes and spoke with her mouth to the last, then folded her hands and died as handsomely as one would wish to see. She prayed a trifle, as she should; forgave her brother's wife for speaking ill of her, and hoped her tongue would not lure her to destruction. I have heard her brother's wife never forgave her for it.

"On the last day she sent everybody

out of the room save only Stoffel, and him she held by the hand as he sat beside the bed. She knew she was drawing to her end (the dying always know it) and feared nothing. But there was a matter she wanted to know.

"‘Stoffel,’ she said when they were alone, ‘won’t you tell me now who that woman is?’

"‘What woman?’ said Stoffel amazed, for of his dream in his sickness he had spoken to no living soul.

"She stroked his hand and shook her head at him. ‘Ah, Stoffel,’ she said, ‘it is long since I first made place for that woman, and if I grudged her you, I never grudged you her. I was content with what you gave me, Stoffel; I thought you right, whatever you did, and I go to God still thinking so. All our life, Stoffel, she prevailed against me, and I submitted; but *now*, at this last moment, I want to have the better of it. Tell me, who was it?’

"And Stoffel, looking on the floor, answered, ‘I swear to you there was no woman.’

"She replied, ‘And ere the cock crows thou shalt deny me thrice.’ She turned her head and looked at him with a pitiful drawn smile that would have dragged tears from a demon. ‘Was she dark, Stoffel? I am fair, you know; but my hair—look at it, Stoffel,—my hair is golden. Did you never notice it before? She was tall, I suppose? Well, I am something short, but, Stoffel, I am slender, too. Will you not so much as tell me her name, Stoffel? It is not as if I blamed you.’

"A truth, hardly won, is always set on a pile of lies. ‘How do you know there was a woman?’ asked Stoffel.

"‘How!’ she repeated. ‘How I know! Stoffel, you never had a thought I did not know; never a hope but I hoped it for you, nor a fear but I thought how to safeguard you. I never lived but in you, Stoffel.’

"Let us speak nothing but the truth now," she went on. "You and I have always been beyond the need for lies to another and as I wait here for you to tell me, I have one hand in yours and the other in Christ's. Let me not think hardly of her as I go."

"You would not curse her?" he said quickly.

"Not even that," she answered, smiling a little. "And if you will not tell me, I will die even content with that, since it is your wish."

"Listen," said Stoffel then. And forthwith, looking backwards and forwards in shame and sorrow, he told the tale. He told her how he saw a face, which laid hold on his life ever after, how it governed and compelled him with the mere memory, and hung in his mind like a deed done. And he also told how he hoped after death to see that face with the eyes of his soul, and dwell with it in heaven.

"When he had finished he cast a glance at his wife. She was lying on her back, holding his hand still, and smiling up to the ceiling with a pleasant face of contentment.

"Can you forgive me?" he cried, and would have gone on to protest and explain, but she pressed his hand and he was silent.

"Forgive you!" she said at last. "Forgive you! No; but I will bless you for all of it. So it seems I have won after all, but now I wish I had let be. It was no spirit you saw, Stoffel. There was a woman there, and while you lay white and lifeless she held you in her arms, and bent over you. And just for one moment you opened your eyes and saw her, while her face was close to yours. Then you died again, and remained so for a day and a night. Was there love in her eyes, Stoffel?"

"Love!" cried Stoffel, and fell silent.

"In a minute he spoke again. 'I am helpless,' he said, 'and you are strong.

But, curse and hate me as you will, you must tell me who this woman was.'

"A little time since it was I that asked," she said, 'and you would not tell me.'

"I beseech you," he said.

"You shall never ask twice," she answered gently. "I will tell you, but not this moment."

"So for a while they sat together, and the sun began to go down, and blazed on the window-panes and on the golden hair of the dying woman. She lay as if in a mist of glory, and smiled at Stoffel. He, looking at her, could not lack of being startled by the beauty that had come over her face, and the joy that weighed her eyelids.

"She stirred a little, and sighed. Stoffel cast an arm round her to hold her up, and his heart bounded woe-fully when he felt how light she was. Her head came to his shoulder, as to a place where it belonged, and their lips met.

"Shall I tell you now?" she said in a whisper.

"Stoffel did not answer, so she asked again. 'Will you know, Stoffel?'

"No," he answered, 'I'm cured.'

"I will tell you then," she cried.

"No," he repeated. 'Let it be.'

"So together they sat for a further while, and the time grew on for going. She was to die with the sun; she had said it. And as they sat both could see through the window the sun floating lower, with an edge in its grave already, and the rim of the earth black against it. The noises of the veld and the farm came in to them, and they drew closer together.

"Neither wept; they were too newly met for that. But Stoffel felt a dull pain of sorrow overmastering him, and soon he groaned aloud.

"My wife, my wife," he cried.

"She rested wholly on his arm, and shivered a little.

"Stoffel," she said in a voice that henceforth was to whisper for ever, "Stoffel, you love me?"

"As God sees me," he answered.

"Listen," she said, and fought with the tide that was fast drowning her words. *'That face—you-saw . . . was . . . mine!'*

"She smiled as his arm tightened on her, and died so smiling."

There was silence in the shadowy room as the tale finished, until it was broken by the Vrouw Grobelaar.

"You see?" she said.

"Yes," replied Katje, very quietly.

THE AVENGER OF BLOOD.

The Vrouw Grobelaar entered in haste, closed the door, and sat down panting.

"If my last husband were alive," she said—"if any of them were alive, that creature would be shot for looking at an honest woman with such eyes," and she cast an anxious glance over her shoulder.

"What is it?" demanded Katje.

"That old Hottentot hag," responded the old lady. "She looks like a witch, and I am sure she is a witch. I would make the Kaffirs throw her on to the veld, but you can't be too careful with witches. Why, as I came in just now, she was squatting by the door like a big toad, and her eyes made me go cold all through."

Katje made a remark.

"What! You say nonsense!" The old lady pricked herself into an ominous majesty. "Nonsense, indeed! Katje, beware of pride. Beware of puffing yourself up. Aren't they witches in the Bible, and weren't they horrible and wicked? Didn't King David see the dead corpses come up out of the ground when the witch crooked her finger, like dogs running to heel? Well, then!

"Oh, I know," continued the old lady, as Katje tossed a mutinous head. "They've taught you a lot in that school, but they didn't teach you belief. Nor manners. You're going to say there are no witches nowadays."

"I'm not," said Katje.

"Yes, you are," pursued the Vrouw Grobelaar. "I know you. But you're

wrong. You don't know anything. Young girls in these days are like young pigs, all squeak and fight, but no bacon. Didn't the brother of my half-brother's wife die of a witch's devilry?"

"I'm sure I don't know," returned hapless Katje.

"Well, he did. I'll tell you." The old lady settled herself comfortably and lapsed into history.

"His name was Fanie, and he was a Van der Merwe on his father's side, but his mother was only a Prinsloo, though her mother was a Coetzee, for the matter of that. He wasn't what I should call good—at least, not always; but he was very big and strong, and made a lot of noise, and folk liked him. The women used to make black white to prove that the things he did and said were proper things, although they'd have screamed all night if their own men-folk had done the same. They say, you know," said the Vrouw Grobelaar, quoting a very old and seldom-heard Dutch proverb, "that when women pray they think God is a handsome man."

"What I didn't like about him was his way with the Kaffirs. A Kaffir is more useful than a dog after all, and one shouldn't be always beating and kicking even a dog. And Fanie could never pass a Kaffir without kicking him or flicking his whip at him. I have seen all the Kaffirs run to their kraals when they saw him riding up the road.

"There was one old Kaffir we had,—

very old and weak, and no use at all. He used to sit by the gate all day, and mumble to himself, and seem to look at things that weren't there. His head was quite white with age, which is not a common thing with Kaffirs, as you know; and he was so foolish and helpless that his people used to feed him with a spiked stick, like a motherless chicken. And in case the fowls should go and sit on his back while he crouched in the sun, as I have seen them do, there was a little Kaffir picaninny, as black as a crow, that was sent to play about near him every day. Dear Lord! I have seen those two sitting there, looking at each other for an hour on end, without a word, as though both had been children or both old men. Nobody minded them: we used to throw sugar to the picaninny, and watch him fighting with the fowls for it, rolling about on his little black belly like a new-hatched duckling himself.

"Well, Fanie, . . . it was horrible. . . . I don't like to think of it to this day. He came over one day in a great hurry to tell us that August de Villiers, the father of the Predikant at Dopfontein, was choked with a peach-stone. He was riding very fast, and as he came near the house he rode off the road and jumped his horse at the wall. And as he came over, up rose the little picaninny right under his horse's hoofs. 'Twas a quick way to die, and without much pain, no doubt; but a most awful thing to see. The horse stumbled on to him, and I can remember now how his knee, the near knee, crushed the little Kaffir's chest in. The little black legs and arms fought for a moment, and then the horse struggled up, and he was dead.

"Fanie seemed sorry. He couldn't help killing the picaninny, of course, and perhaps we had grown rather foolish about him, having watched him and laughed at him so long. So Fanie

got off his horse and came in to tell us the news.

"When we went out the horse was standing at the door where Fanie had left it. But the old Kaffir was kneeling by the steps fingering its hoofs, which were all bloody, and as Fanie came forward he put out his hands and left a little spot of blood on Fanie's shoes.

"Fanie stood for a moment, and his face went white as paper over his black beard. He knew, you see. But in a flash he went red as fire, and lashed the old man across the face with his whip. The old man did not move at all; but my brothers held Fanie and called to the Kaffirs to come and fetch the old man away. Oh, but I promise you Fanie was angry, as men will be when they are obliged to be good by force.

"Well, that was all that happened that day. Fanie went away, and we all saw that he galloped the horse as fast as it could go. But down by the kraals the Kaffirs who were carrying the old man stopped and watched him as he went.

"Well, in a few days most of us forgot the ugly business, though the little picaninny used to walk through my dreams for a time. Still, blood-kin are blood-kin, and Kaffirs are Kaffirs, and one day Fanie came over to see us again and we gave him coffee. He told us a story about a rooinek that bought a sheep, and the man gave him a dog in a sack, and he paid for it and went away, and we all laughed at it. He was very funny that day, and said that when he married he would choose an old woman who would die quickly and leave him all her farms. So it was late and dark before he up-saddled to go away.

"Well, he was gone a quarter of an hour when we heard hoofs, galloping, galloping, hard and furious, coming up the road. And as we opened the door

a horse came over the wall and Fanle tumbled off it and came rushing in.

"We all screamed. He was white like ashes, and wet with sweat, and trembling, so that he could not stand.

"*'Fanle,'* cried my sister, *'what is it?'* and he groaned and put his face in his hands.

"By-and-by he spoke, and kept glancing about him and turning to look behind him, and would not let one of us move away.

"*'There was something behind me,'* he said.

"*'Something?'* we all asked.

"*'Yes,'* he said. *'Something . . . dead! It followed me up here, and I could not get away from it, spur as hard as I would. I think it is a death-call.'*

"Then we were all frightened, but we could not help wanting to hear more.

"*'No,'* said Fanle, *'I did not see it, nor hear it even, but I knew it was there.'*

"*'It was a sign,'* said my mother, a very wise old woman. *'Let us all thank God.'*

"So we thanked God on our knees, but I'm sure I don't know what for.

"Then Fanle told us all he knew, and that was just nothing. As he came to the kloof he was afraid of something in front of him. He said he felt like a man in grave-clothes. So he turned, and then the, . . . whatever it was, . . . seemed to come after him; so he galloped and galloped as hard as the horse could lay hoof to the earth, and prayed till his heart nearly burst. And then, not knowing where he was going, he jumped the wall and came among us. We were all silent when he had told us.

"Then Oom Jan spoke. He was very old, and seldom said anything.

"*'You have done murder!'* he said.

"*'If I talk till my mouth is stopped with dust I shall never be able to tell*

how cold I felt about the heart when I heard that. For the little picaninny came plain before my eyes, and oh! I was all full of pity for Fanle. I liked him well enough in those days.

"He stopped with us that night. He would not go away nor be alone, so he slept with my brothers, and held their hands and prayed half the night. In the morning they took him home on one of our horses, for his own was fit to die from the night's work.

"That was the last I ever saw of Fanle. It was as though he went from us to God. He kissed me on both cheeks when he went away; he kissed us all, but me first of all, and held both my hands. I think he must have liked me too,—don't you think so, Katje?"

"Yes," said Katje softly.

"He went down the road between my brothers with his head bent like an old man's, and I watched him out of sight, and I was very, very sorry for him. I don't think I cried, but I may have. He was a fine tall man.

"One night my brothers came in just as I was going to bed, and one stood in the door while the other whispered to my mother. She looked up and saw me standing there.

"*'Go to bed,'* she said.

"*'What is it?'* I asked.

"*'Go to bed,'* said my brother.

"*'No,'* I said. *'Tell me, is it Fanle?'*

"My brother looked at me and threw up his hand like a man who can do no more. *'Yes,'* he said.

"Then I knew, as though he had shouted it out, that Fanle was dead. I cannot say how, but I knew it.

"*'He is dead,'* I said. *'Bring him in here.'*

"So they went out and carried Fanle in with his clothes all draggled and his beard full of mud. They laid him on the table, and I saw his face . . . Dear God! . . . There was terror on that face, carven and set in dead flesh

that set my blood screaming in my body. Sometimes even now I wake in the night all shrinking with fear of the very memory of it.

"But there is one thing more. We went about to put everything in order and lay the poor corpse in decency, and when we started to pull off his veldschoen, as I hope to die in my bed, there was a *little drop of blood* still wet on the toe.

"I think God's right hand was on my head that night that I did not go mad.

"I heard the tale next morning. My
Blackwood's Magazine.

brothers, coming home, found him, . . . it, . . . in a spruit, already quite dead. There was no horse by, but his spoor led back a mile to where the horse lay dead and stiff. When it fell he must have run on, . . . screaming, perhaps, . . . till he fell in the spruit. I would like to think peace came to him at the last; but there was no peace in the dead face."

The Vrouw Grobelaar dropped her face on to her hands, and Katje came and passed an arm of sympathy and protection around her.

THE NEW JAPAN.*

It is fifty years since Japan was awakened from the dream of two centuries and a half, and her door turned slowly on its hinges, which creaked with the rust of these long weary years. How it chanced that a country which received its ancient art, literature, religion, and civilization from China through Korea, a country which until thirty-seven years ago had a mediæval form of feudalism for its social basis, a country which until then was only known for its harakiri and its two-sworded Samurai, should within such a short space of time become a seat of liberty and civilization in the Orient, the object of admiration and envy not only of the Asiatic countries, but also of some of the Western countries, is one of the most perplexing problems in the history of the world. But the fact is very clear. From time immemorial, though we strove hard to preserve the national character-

istics of our own race, we were always disposed to mingle with other races. The "Yamato Minyoku," as we proudly call our race, is an agglomeration of several tribes, or races, which came from the West and the South and the North. Moreover, our national character had always within itself the germs of liberalism, and therefore was never governed by a set of narrow national ideas, condemning the customs, laws, religion, and literature of other nations, which, if they were good, we soon adopted and assimilated with our own.

It may be asked, how was it, then, that we turned out the Portuguese missionaries and persecuted and massacred all the native Christians, and closed our door to Western intercourse for over two centuries? The answer to this question is very simple. Although the object of the pioneer of the mission, St. Francis Xavier, was to preach the gospel of Christ, that of those who fol-

* In 1881, some years after the restoration of the Mikado to power, the Ministers of two of the four leading clans—those of Tosa and Hizen—resigned their offices on the Korean question. From these dissatisfied elements

sprang two great political parties, the Liberal founded by Count Itagaki of Tosa and the Progressive, led by Count Okuma of the clan of Hizen, writer of this article.

lowed him was by no means to spread the doctrine of Christianity, but to absorb our country by a series of most treacherous intrigues. However well disposed we were towards them at first, however willing we were to listen to things consonant to nature and reason, we could not tolerate that foreign intriguers should appropriate even an inch of our territory, and hence the wholesale massacre and expulsion.

Nations who are not disposed to come into contact with other forms of civilization, like the Chinese and Koreans, can never become great and prosper. Our people, as I have mentioned before, being composed of several races and tribes, have no prejudice or antipathy against a civilization foreign to their own, but are always willing to import all those outside influences which are new and beneficial to them. When centuries ago the Koreans, whose guardians and protectors we now are, brought to us the religion, customs, laws, literature and arts of China we eagerly adopted them, and soon shaped them as would suit our national characteristics and aptitudes, both Buddhism and Confucianism especially being speedily assimilated with Shintoism. Thus, during the many centuries which have elapsed since the introduction of Buddhism and Confucianism there has never been a conflict between them and Shintoism. All of them have been interpreted and taught in such a way as would not be prejudicial to our past traditions and future prosperity. Had the Portuguese missionaries confined their energy to religious enterprises only Japan would easily have been transformed into a Christian country, with a sect of her own; for a few years' exertion by Xavier and his followers succeeded in making more than a million converts, including several of the feudal lords and their retainers—a most wonderful achievement when we take into consideration the population of the

country in those days. When we remember that in Europe, in mediæval ages, religious conflicts were of frequent occurrence, and often were the causes of great and destructive wars and dynastic struggles, the absolute freedom with which foreign religions were allowed to establish themselves in this country becomes more evident. When St. Francis Xavier came to the "Land of Sunrise," Buddhism was the prevailing religion, and had a very strong hold upon the people. But the pioneers of the Portuguese mission had not only absolute immunity from persecution or interference, but their religion was eagerly taken up by every class of the population. The best evidence of this is given by no less an authority than Xavier himself, in the following letter which he wrote to the Christian Society at Goa in the year 1550. "The nation," writes he, "with which we have to deal here surpasses in goodness any of the nations ever discovered. They are of a kindly disposition, wonderfully desirous of honor, which is placed above everything else. They listen with great avidity to discourse about God and divine things. In the native place of Paul (a Japanese convert named Anjiro) they received us very kindly, the governor, the chief citizens, and, indeed, the whole populace. Give thanks to God, therefore, that a very wide and promising field is opened to you for your well-roused piety to spend its energies in."

And this letter was written at a time when a great religious schism was taking place in Europe, and Christian England was persecuting in a most pitiless way a sect of her own religion.

A nation which had been entirely given over to the influences of Buddhism welcoming a Christian mission in such a hearty manner looks at first sight as wonderful and perplexing as our progress during the last thirty years. But it must be remembered that

from the earliest time, living in an island country, we had been free from that sort of foreign yoke and oppression which every nation has more or less to endure in turn. No foreign invaders had ever conquered or enslaved our land. True, centuries ago, our shores were occasionally menaced, and the island of Kiushiu, being exposed to piratical attacks, was made the object of pillage, and the frequent attacks of foreign adventurers finally led the Emperor Jingo (excuse the word, O reader, for the word simply means "Divine Success") to make an expedition to Korea and conquer the peninsula. Later the famous Chinese conqueror, Khablai Khan, with a magnificent fleet of galleys came to our shores, only to meet with the same fate as the Spanish Armada. Then again in 1592, the great warrior Hideyoshi tried to subdue Korea; but owing to his untimely death the great scheme had to be abandoned, and his conquering army was recalled. A nation which possesses a written history of 2500 years, and which has never had to endure any humiliation at the hands of foreign invaders, would naturally have no prejudice against other nations, and consequently our nationalism has no narrow selfish meaning.

Although the plots of the Portuguese missionaries had a sad effect upon the people for two centuries, when Commander Perry came to Uraga fifty years ago, and by his friendly action showed us that every nation was not like the Portuguese intriguers, and when we came to realize that in a state of isolation no civilized existence is possible, we at once opened our door

to the outside world and were admitted into the comity of nations.

The second opening of our land to foreign intercourse, instead of rousing a feeling of hostility towards other nations as in China, served to enhance the feeling of friendship. But at the same time, having lived in peace for over twenty-five centuries, it is natural we should wish that no aggressive nation should disturb the peace of the Far East, and threaten the existence of our country. The China-Japan war was the outcome of the feeling that Korea under the suzerainty of China was a constant menace to the future prosperity of our Empire. The same feeling is the cause of the present war, for Korea in the possession of Russia means the loss of our national independence. How patient we were during the protracted and tedious negotiations with Russia all the world knows. The war is not the result of any racial hatred, or of the spirit of revenge, or of aggressive designs. Having been forced upon us, not sought by us, it is purely defensive. When the war is concluded the whole world will be surprised to see, as after the war with China, that not a trace of enmity or any ill-feeling exists towards our temporary enemy. Not even towards the Russians shall we cease to possess the feeling of amity, which comes from confidence in our own strength, and from the fact that through 2500 years of our history we have never known a defeat; and as in the past, so in the future, it will be our sole guide in our efforts to attain a high stage of Western civilization.

Okuma.

The Monthly Review.

(Translated by COUNT SOYESHIMA.)

THE PHILANTHROPIST AND THE UNIT.

"Miss Spencer, sir."

"Miss Spencer! I don't know anything about Miss Spencer."

Graham Denzil turned in his chair, his brows drawn together impatiently; Prout, his butler, stood by the door, calmly expectant.

"What does she want?" inquired Denzil, after a pause.

"I don't know, sir. I told her I thought you was engaged, and she seemed very disappointed—very disappointed indeed, sir."

"If you told her I was engaged what is she waiting for?"

"She said if you knew that she had come so far, and that her case was so urgent, perhaps you would see her, sir."

"Well, let her come in," said the philanthropist, after a moment's frowning reflection. "I may as well see her and have done with it. Confound these charitable women," he muttered to himself as the servant withdrew, "they always will insist on beginning at the wrong end. They cannot realize that it is waste of time to come to me about individual cases. But I don't suppose I shall ever make this good creature understand."

He turned sharply towards the door as it was thrown open for the second time—a formidable looking man, and one whom it would take some courage to attack on a trifling matter. At forty-five Denzil had come to be recognized as a social power; but though he devoted energies, wealth, and time exclusively to the amelioration of a certain section of the human race, he was no milk-and-water philanthropist, easily moved, or imposed on with impunity.

The lines of his strong dark face were harsh enough as the new-comer advanced; he glanced at her keenly.

A little person—a very little person—came forward with faltering steps, and, instead of taking possession of the chair towards which Denzil, rising with a formal bow, had motioned her, walked right up to his table, and extended a small shaking hand, fixing him the while with her large terrified eyes. The girl—indeed, she looked scarcely more than a child—was evidently dizzy with fright; her pretty face was pale, her breath came in gasps, and she essayed in vain to speak.

Denzil insensibly relaxed as he shook the hand so unexpectedly stretched out to him; then he pointed to the chair a second time, and said very kindly:

"Sit down, and tell me what I can do for you."

She backed to the chair and sat down, still keeping her eyes on his face. Denzil reseated himself and pretended to be busy with his papers for a moment or two, in order to give her time to regain her self-possession; then he turned to her and said gently:

"How can I help you?"

"I want an appointment," blurted out the little creature abruptly.

Graham smiled.

"That is rather vague, isn't it? What kind of appointment?"

"Perhaps I ought to say situation," said Miss Spencer meekly.

She looked about eighteen, and had a round soft baby face, with big hazel eyes. Her hair, nut-brown in color, appeared to curl naturally; she was neatly, even prettily clad in deep mourning. The material of her dress, however, was too light for the season,

and the little boot which protruded from beneath her skirt was very, very muddy.

The dawning impatience of which Denzil had been conscious as she revealed her business died away at sight of the little muddy boot.

"Governess, I suppose?" he inquired, with a certain compassion.

"I don't mind at all," returned the girl, regaining courage all at once, and speaking fluently and confidentially. "Governess, or companion, or secretary, or amanuensis."

Denzil smiled again.

"I wonder," he said, looking at her with an unwonted twinkle in his eye; "I wonder what is the difference between a secretary and an amanuensis? Do you know. I am afraid you have come to the wrong person. My work lies in quite a different direction. If I should hear of an opening for you in any of the capacities you mention, I shall bear you in mind; but meanwhile hadn't you better try an agency?"

"I have tried several agencies," returned Miss Spencer, with a trembling lip, "but they all want money down."

"And there is not much of that going, I suppose?" hinted the philanthropist.

"I have hardly any left," faltered the little creature, opening her eyes very wide, and looking unconsciously piteous.

"Friends in London?" queried Denzil.

"No; I don't know anybody except Mr. —," naming a certain clergyman. "Mr. Morpeth gave me a letter of introduction to him, but he said he didn't think he could help me."

"And who is Mr. Morpeth?"

"Oh, he is our vicar down at Pengwynnock. He is almost the only friend I have in the world; it was he who told me to come to you."

"Indeed!" said Denzil somewhat drily, "I have not the pleasure of his ac-

quaintance, and don't quite know why he should have selected me for this honor."

He was beginning to feel irritated again; the girl sat there as though she intended to remain all the morning. He saw no possibility of helping her, yet both she and her reverend adviser appeared to think she might justly claim his assistance.

"He said—he said," pursued Miss Spencer in somewhat tremulous tones, "that he knew you by name as one associated with good works, and that if I—if I found myself in straits I was to go to you, and to tell you from an old man—meaning himself—that sometimes prevention is better than cure. I'm sure I don't know what he meant by that," she added.

Denzil leaned suddenly forward, gazing at her keenly, and she looked back at him with her big child's eyes. She had evidently spoken the truth. She knew nothing of the old man's meaning; but Denzil knew, and after a moment he threw himself back in his chair again and considered.

The old clergyman of this remote Cornish parish had touched the right chord. By those few words he had put forward his *protégée's* claim for protection and help in a manner not to be disregarded. Graham Denzil spent his life in endeavoring to succour distressed womanhood—womanhood of a very different type. It was his custom, moreover, to dispense charity to masses, not individuals; but he now felt himself unaccountably interested in this unit, belonging though she did to a class with which he had hitherto had no dealings. How many girls came to London with just the same equipment as this one—a pretty face, an empty pocket, groundless confidence, absolute ignorance of the world. Poor little helpless straws, by what fierce winds were they caught up, on what dark tides did they drift away!

If it was his duty to rescue, was not the duty more paramount when it was possible to preserve?

"Why did you come to London, child?" he asked abruptly.

"I had to do something," said Miss Spencer. "Poor mamma was ill for such a long time, and when she died there were only a few pounds left, and so I thought it was much better to be on the spot—there was no opening for me at Pengwynnock, and I was tired of advertising. Mr. Morpeth didn't want me to come, but I—well, I didn't know what else to do."

"You have come to the wrong person, as I told you; but I will see what I can do. Now, let us hear what are your qualifications. I suppose you have been well educated?"

"Oh, yes; I went to a very good school. Miss Winterberry's school, you know——"

"I suppose you are up in all the 'ologies," he remarked, as she paused.

"Well, I was first in geology," she cried, with sparkling eyes; "and I learnt the Greek roots."

"Very practical, indeed," said Denzil. "What about French?"

"Grammatical French," she said, "not conversational."

"People rather expect conversational French now, I'm afraid; so many French girls come over."

"Ah, but French girls are not reliable," said Miss Spencer, looking extremely wise. "Miss Winterberry said she would not have a French girl about the place for the world."

"Some people have a foolish prejudice in favor of learning French from a native on account of the accent," murmured Denzil. "I wonder what your accent is like."

"Miss Winterberry said I had a very good accent," returned the girl in rather a wounded tone.

"Doubtless. German? No German. Music?"

"I am not a performer," announced Miss Spencer in a perfectly satisfied tone, which signified that she could have been if she had chosen.

"H'm. Well, now with regard to a possible secretaryship; do you know anything of shorthand?"

"I could soon learn."

"Yes, like the man who was asked if he could play the violin. Can you use a typewriter?"

"I never had anything to do with such things," she responded, with dignity. "I never thought I should have to earn my living."

"I daresay you didn't, poor little soul!" cried he; then, with a kind of outburst of wondering wrath, "but what was everybody thinking about—what did they suppose was to become of you?"

"Papa was manager of the bank," returned the girl; "nobody ever thought he was going to die."

"Of course not. But people do occasionally die, don't they? And when a man makes no provision for his family the widow is likely to suffer; and when the principal on which she has been living is all gone, the orphan is thrown upon the world."

He got up and began to pace about the room impatiently. And this was but a poor unit—one of many—one of many!

Miss Spencer, resenting this digression from the subject under discussion, and being, moreover, disposed to think his strictures unwarrantable, brought him back to the point by announcing, with an offended air, "I write a very good hand."

"Come, that's something," cried he, wheeling round. "Let me see a sample of it. Write your name and address on that sheet of paper."

She pulled off her glove, revealing a chubby baby hand, rather red, as, in the opinion of Anatole France, it behooves the hands of young girls to

be, and with a chilblain on the little finger.

She wrote her name—"Miss Lucy Spencer"—in a firm, bold, clear hand, of the type exemplified in "Civil Service" copybooks. The address indicated a locality quite respectable, as Denzil noted with satisfaction, but also inconveniently remote. He remembered the muddy boots, and wondered if she had trudged all the way.

"Now I am going to give you a piece of advice," he said seriously. "Go back to Pengwynnock, at least for the present, until some employment is found for you. I will do the best I can; I will speak to two or three people who may perhaps be able to help you. But meanwhile it is perfectly insane for a child like you to be living alone in London—"

"I couldn't possibly go back," interrupted Lucy hotly. "Something is sure to turn up if I remain on the spot, but if I go away—and the journey is so expensive, too! It would take nearly all my money," she added, with a sudden change from wrath to piteousness.

"I will find the money," said Denzil kindly; "as a loan, I mean, of course," he added, seeing the girl flush to the roots of her hair.

"I couldn't possibly accept it," she returned quickly. "I have never borrowed money in my life; and I am certainly not going to begin by borrowing money from a stranger and a gentleman. Mamma always told me that it was only very low sort of girls who put themselves under obligations to gentlemen."

She held her head high, and spoke with so ridiculous an air of worldly wisdom that Graham did not know whether to be more amused or irritated.

"I see you have been taught how to take care of yourself," he remarked ironically.

"Of course, I have to, now that I am obliged to make my own way in the world."

"Quite right. Better be on your guard; it is not always easy to distinguish friends from foes. Now, as I am a very busy man, Miss Spencer, I am afraid I can't spare any more time. I will make a note of your address and bear your case in mind. If nothing *should* turn up, and you find yourself in any unpleasant predicament, you had better come to me again."

He spoke with a final air, walking towards the door as though to open it for her. Lucy felt herself dismissed, and rose, looking somewhat crestfallen. Her eyes wandered round the room, taking note of the books, the piles of paper, the open tin cases full of documents. A sudden inspiration came to her. "I suppose *you* don't want a secretary?" she said.

Now, it was part of Graham Denzil's scheme of life to perform most of his work with his own hand. When the press of business was very great he did occasionally call in the aid of a shorthand writer; but he had never employed any permanent amanuensis. He paused for a moment, gazing compassionately at the forlorn little figure; and then the message of the old Cornish parson recurred to him: Prevention is better than cure. Why not give the girl a chance—test her capabilities for a few weeks until something more practicable might, as she expressed it, "turn up"?

He made the suggestion in a few words; the manner in which she received his communication filling him with the same sense of mingled irritation and amusement as that of which he had before been conscious.

The meek little suppliant disappeared; it was now evidently Lucy's object to appear, above all things, practical—quite a woman of business, in fact.

Yes, she would be very glad to undertake the appointment, even though it was but a temporary one. When was she to enter on her duties? The terms—oh, yes, the terms were quite satisfactory. (Graham had, in fact, after a rapid mental calculation, named a sum which, as he reckoned, would amply suffice for her actual needs.)

The mite of a hand was again extended with a complacent air, and the little creature turned in the doorway to remark: "I am sure we shall get on very well."

"I hope we shall," said Denzil; and then he closed the door, and went back to his writing-table, and laughed—but somewhat ruefully.

On the next day, at eleven o'clock, the new secretary arrived. She was, as before, pale with nervousness, and the hand which she held out was icy cold.

"Don't be frightened," said Denzil encouragingly; "your duties will not be very arduous."

But Miss Spencer declared—albeit in quavering tones—that she was not in the least frightened, and was quite ready for her work; whereupon Graham did, for a moment, look really alarming.

Perhaps he felt that if she wasn't nervous she ought to be. He, on his part, was making a very great effort.

"Here are six notes," he said rather drily, as he pushed a little pile of papers towards her. "In answering the first three you will say, in each case, that I regret being unable to comply with the writer's request. In two of the others—but perhaps you had better dispose of these three first. You will find writing materials there."

Another table had been set forth, facing his own, and Miss Lucy Spencer took her seat, with a somewhat lugubrious air. She opened first one note and then another, frowned, meditated, looked appealingly towards her em-

ployer, but, receiving no response from that quarter, devoted herself with a sigh to her task. Denzil, feigning unconsciousness of these proceedings, continued to read the document with which he had been engaged when she entered.

Presently—"I've done these," came in a small voice from the other side of the room.

"You have been very quick. Bring them to me."

Elated at his commendation she crossed the room with an airy tread, and spread out the notes before him. On all three the same legend was set forth: "Mr. Denzil regrets that he cannot comply with the writer's request."

"I'm afraid that won't do," said he, suppressing a smile. "You don't give the name of the person you are writing to; and you must contrive to put it a little more civilly than that."

"But you didn't tell me to say the names," protested she, "and how am I to put it more civilly?"

Tears were evidently not far off; his heart smote him.

"I think you had better write some letters from dictation first," he said; "then you will get into the way of it. You have been accustomed to write from dictation?"

Oh, yes, Lucy said; she had often written from dictation at school.

She wrote very quickly, and everything went quite smoothly until, at the end of half-an-hour or so, Denzil inspected the result of her labors.

"My dear child!" he exclaimed involuntarily; and then came what seemed to Lucy a fearful pause. "How do you spell vicinity?" he went on.

"Aren't there two s's?" queried Lucy tremulously.

"And here, again, 'moreover,' 'advisable.' And what about the punctuation? You've run all the sentences into each other."

"You didn't tell me the stops," re-

turned Lucy, tearfully. "Miss Winterberry always gave out the stops."

She had turned as white as a sheet once more, and her eyes seemed ready to start from her head.

"Well, it's no great matter, after all," said Denzil soothingly. "I dare say it was as much my fault as yours. You see I am new to this business, too. I'll announce the stops in future, and when you come to any alarming big word you had better ask me how to spell it."

Miss Spencer trotted back meekly to her desk, and Denzil, walking up and down the room, recommenced his dictation. He was beginning to feel quite satisfied with this new mode of procedure, when a question from Lucy suddenly disconcerted him.

"How do you spell 'italicize'?" she inquired.

"Italicize?" he echoed, gazing at her blankly.

"Yes; you said, 'Italicise this.'"

"But you don't mean to say you've been writing— Just let me see that note, Miss Spencer."

Up got Lucy, with a mystified face, but nevertheless with a certain air of conscious rectitude.

Denzil burst into a fit of laughter as she placed the document in his hands.

"You really must excuse me," he said, endeavoring to regain his gravity; "it is too comical. I never could have imagined—"

"But what is wrong?" gasped the girl.

"I'll explain. You see this sentence here? '*Do you consider his course advisable query.*' And here, again: '*The Times*' of June 22 justly observes quotation marks.' And now: '*The great crus italis*'—you hadn't got any farther, on account of the spelling difficulty."

He laughed again; and then, seeing that she was crimson with mortification, and apparently quite at sea as to the nature of her error, he became

serious, and entered into a minute and painstaking explanation.

"Did you not yourself ask me to dictate the stops?" he said, in conclusion, noticing that she seemed more aggrieved than penitent.

"You do it quite differently to Miss Winterberry," she said. "Of course, if you gave them out like Miss Winterberry—"

"Well, I am willing to take an indirect lesson from Miss Winterberry," returned he, drawing the disputed note towards him and scribbling upon it.

"What do you call that, for instance?"

"Miss Winterberry always said 'Question mark.'"

"And these?"

"Miss Winterberry never said anything but 'Inverted commas.'"

"I see; I was wrong in dubbing them 'Quotation marks.' And now, when I wish to emphasize a word—like this—how am I to let you know my meaning?"

"You must say 'Underline,'" announced Lucy, with a superior air.

"I'll bear it in mind. Well, I think we have worked enough for to-day; to-morrow, no doubt, everything will go well. Now you had better go home—take the 'bus; there is no need for you to tire yourself to death. I hope soon to hear of something that may suit you. Meanwhile, remember all the good advice that anyone has ever given you. Be very prudent, don't make friends with strangers, don't go out after dark."

Lucy was very much offended at what she evidently considered superfluous counsel, and endeavored to show it by the stateliness with which she said "Good-bye," and walked across the room; but, as Denzil was occupied in tearing up and consigning to the wastepaper basket her epistolary efforts of the morning, it is possible that her attitude escaped him.

After many abortive attempts, much

forbearance and good will on Denzil's part, and somewhat fitful zeal on Lucy's, the pair got into the way of working tolerably well together.

Graham, keeping a wary eye fixed upon the little scribe and noting when she seemed to falter, immediately spelt the word which might be supposed to puzzle her; he also indicated the punctuation, after the manner prescribed by Miss Winterberry, and in a tone so absolutely unlike that which he employed for the mere wording of his sentences that there could be no possibility of Miss Spencer's making mistakes. Thus a full stop was enunciated in the deepest bass, while "inverted commas" were jerked out in an imperative falsetto.

Now and then, nevertheless, a difference of opinion arose between them. When Lucy, for instance, adorned the page with a number of neat but quite unnecessary commas, her plea that she considered it advisable to introduce one after every six or seven words appeared to him unsatisfactory. Again, that spelling question was one which caused much friction; Miss Spencer's assurances that no fault had hitherto been found with her orthography quite failing to convince Graham.

On one occasion, indeed, he lost patience. "*Loose* no time!" he ejaculated. "Cannot you even manage to spell a word of four letters?"

Miss Spencer looked up in astonishment.

"Do you not know that there are not two o's in *lose*? You have written *loose*."

"I thought there were two s's in *loose*," returned she, with dignity.

"There are not two s's in *loose* any more than there are in *goose*," retorted Denzil, adding with a good-humored laugh, as he met her surprised gaze, "but sometimes a little goose may have two very big i's. That was a joke," he remarked after a pause, during

which Lucy had stared at him in utter bewilderment—"I am alluding to *your* eyes."

Lucy walked back to her chair in silence, took another sheet of paper, and wrote the note over again. She was evidently much affronted, though whether by the jest itself or by the reprimand which had preceded it, Denzil could not discover.

"Has it ever occurred to you," he inquired presently, in a graver tone, "that you might try to use your brains a little?"

"I never knew I was so stupid," replied Lucy, with sulky stateliness.

"Not exactly stupid," he returned coolly, "but sometimes extremely silly, and very often careless. When, for instance, I have told you a thing, not once but several times, how is it that you can never remember it?"

"I suppose," answered Miss Spencer, in an aggrieved tone, "I suppose because I don't think."

"Precisely; but isn't it about time you should begin to think? Has it ever occurred to you that you might try to improve yourself? Education is seldom complete at eighteen, and yours has certainly been defective. Still, after all, you *have* got brains; you couldn't have been first in—what was it? Geology?—if you hadn't brains. Miss Winterberry was probably too much occupied in teaching you geology to pay attention to spelling; but I assure you good spelling is desirable—particularly in a secretary. I will give you a book which will help you, I fancy. It deals with orthography, punctuation, and all such matters; the rules are set forth very clearly, and altogether it should be of great use to you."

"Thank you," said Lucy distantly. "If you will give me the name of the book I will buy it for myself."

His lip tightened for a moment, but he made no remark. He wrote out the

title of the book in question and gave it to her; and work proceeded for the rest of the morning without any conversation except what was absolutely necessary.

It was evident that Miss Spencer considered herself ill-used. She had, in fact, received Denzil's little lecture in precisely the same spirit as that in which, no doubt, she had unwillingly hearkened to Miss Winterberry's scoldings in days gone by. To mark her displeasure further she did not shake hands with him on leaving, but passed him with a regal bow.

"Perverse little simpleton!" he ejaculated, as the door closed behind her; and then he wondered to himself why he did not wash his hands of her. He did not in the least require her services; in fact, she wasted a great deal of his time and gave him an infinity of trouble. The labor which it cost him, when communicating with his correspondents through her, so to convey his meaning that the recipient of the letter should understand, while she herself, poor little innocent, should remain in happy ignorance—was in itself considerable. She was, of course, unconscious of this. Nevertheless, it seemed curious that she should have no perception of his forbearance and generosity.

In what evil part she had taken his harmless little joke! and yet it had been a very good joke. Denzil dwelt on it with the complacency which a really clever man sometimes bestows on a jest which would make a person of average intellect blush.

"Two very big *i's*!" Would it have been better, he wondered, if he had said "*capital i's*"? And then he began to think of the eyes in question, and of the baby face, and the chubby hand so resolutely withheld from him to-day. After all, poor babe, he must not be too hard.

Next morning, however, when Miss

Spencer arrived, still in a state of dudgeon, his sense of exasperation returned. Miss Spencer's lapses were, in consequence, corrected with dry brevity; her wandering attention was recalled from time to time with a certain asperity, and the culminating point was reached when, on reading aloud at Denzil's request a letter which she had just written, she allowed herself to fall into an error of pronunciation which had already been frequently pointed out to her.

"How often must I tell you that '*safety*' is not a trisyllable? I must beg you to be more careful. This will really never do."

Thereupon Lucy threw down her pen and jumped up.

"Indeed it won't do!" she cried passionately; "I can see that for myself. Nothing is right. You are always finding fault with me. I can't stand it any more!"

She had picked up her gloves, and now, buttoning her jacket with trembling fingers, made for the door.

"Come back, Miss Spencer!" said Denzil. He did not raise his voice, but something in its tone arrested her. As she turned slowly she saw an expression in his face which had never been there before.

"Come back," he repeated; and then, as she came stumbling forward, "Sit down."

She sat down, very suddenly, and immediately hung out her little white signal of distress. But Denzil was not to be mollified; she deserved a lesson, and this time she should have it.

"I don't think you quite understand the position of affairs," he said; and in a few incisive words proceeded to lay it before her. She was weeping when he had finished, but he made no attempt to soften the severity of his reprimand.

"Since I am so—so ignorant, and so—so worthless," she sobbed, finding voice

at length, "I wonder you engaged me as your secretary."

"I wonder why I did," said he; and all at once his face relaxed. "What do you think?" he went on, in a tone now no longer stern, but friendly and colloquial; "what can have induced me to do it, do you suppose? Self-interest, perhaps? I may have thought it possible to turn your inexperience to my own profit?"

She was looking at him very hard, the great tears hanging on her eyelashes.

"No, I don't think that," she said, after a long pause. "I think—I think you did it out of kindness."

"Do you, indeed?" said he; and then he smiled, and Lucy gave a little gasp, and wiped her eyes.

"As a matter of fact," he went on, "I do feel kindly towards you, and I honestly wish for your good; I am glad that you realize it. Now, this being the case, don't you think you might try a little harder to please me? When your father was alive I daresay you often tried to please him. Well, I am old enough to be your father——"

"You don't look it," she interpolated, with a watery smile.

Her intention was evidently to convey a graceful tribute, and possibly to heap coals of fire upon his head. Graham bowed gravely, though he with difficulty restrained the exclamation which rose to his lips: "Oh, you impossible little being!"

He was, however, genuinely touched when, a moment or two later, she declared, looking earnestly in his face:

"I will really try to please you—I should like to please you."

His satisfaction at this promising attitude was, however, somewhat checked when, on the following day, Lucy arrived with a severe cold, and, on being questioned as to its cause, owned that it was probably due to the fact of her having sat up till one

o'clock on the previous night "studying."

"What, the spelling-book?" inquired Denzil.

"Yes," returned she in husky but triumphant tones; "I worked seven hours yesterday."

"And you were so much absorbed, I suppose," suggested he, "that you allowed the fire to go out?"

"Oh, I don't have any fire," explained Lucy, still triumphantly. "I have to be very economical, you see——"

"But surely," said Denzil, "you could afford yourself a fire. I intended your salary——"

"Oh, but I am saving up for a rainy day," she returned, with a bright little nod. She was evidently much pleased that he should realize her foresight and common sense. Graham, with a kind of painstaking exasperation, endeavored to make clear to her, first, that such economies were mistaken, her health being of paramount importance; secondly, that her zeal in the matter of the spelling-book was a little intemperate, and would probably lead to results less satisfactory than she anticipated.

Lucy, though evidently unconvinced, was submissive. She agreed to confine her orthographical labors to two hours daily, and capitulated as regarded the fire to a certain extent.

"While my cold lasts," she conceded; and with that Denzil was forced to be content.

She did honestly try very hard during the succeeding weeks; she was so extremely attentive to the smallest syllable that fell from his lips that her intent gaze made Denzil quite nervous whenever he paused for a word; she learned a variety of orthographical rules by heart, and if the wrong one was occasionally brought into play, Graham was not cruel enough to lay stress upon it.

Nevertheless, he noticed with con-

cern that she was growing thin and pale; and, one morning, observing the particularly pinched appearance of her little face, he startled her by inquiring abruptly:

"What did you have for breakfast, Miss Spencer?"

"Two biscuits and a banana," responded Miss Spencer promptly.

"Was that—excuse my seeming curiosity, it is not meant impertinently—was that from economy or choice?"

"Well, of course I like to be thrifty," returned Lucy, summoning up her most sensible air; "but, as a matter of fact, I haven't much appetite lately, and I thought I could eat that better than tea and bread-and-butter."

"Have you left off having fires?" he inquired, after a pause.

"Oh, yes; I don't want a fire now. I am quite well. A fire wouldn't give me an appetite," she added, with a sage look.

Denzil groaned inwardly. What was to be done with this child? She was no more fit to look after herself than a two-year-old baby. She would be ill upon his hands next. He had a momentary inclination to raise her salary, but refrained; on some points she was extremely sensitive, and would have at once guessed that the unmerited increase of pay was, in other words, an act of charity.

In spite of her most vallant efforts it became more and more evident that the secretaryship was a farce; and Denzil tried his best to find more suitable employment for her, but with signal ill-success.

It might have been that, in spite of his assurances of Miss Spencer's unblemished respectability, people were rather afraid of engaging a *protégée* of his, or it might have been owing to the fact that there was really so little to go upon. She was a nice girl, young and bright, and that was about all. No experience, no refer-

ences, extremely few accomplishments, and those far from perfect of their kind. It was scarcely any wonder that his friends shrugged their shoulders and advised him to send her back to Cornwall. He had begun to think that he would be obliged to make an effort in this direction (shrinking though he did from inflicting such a blow on the little creature, who had, in spite of a hundred weaknesses—or perhaps on account of them—managed to endear herself to him after a fashion) when an incident occurred which threw an unexpected light on Miss Spencer's circumstances.

One morning she approached him with an air of subdued excitement and mystery, and asked if he could possibly dispense with her services on the following day.

"It's something rather particular," she added. "Somebody's coming by train. I am to meet him at eleven. He's my cousin—I mean," correcting herself with an evident twinge of conscience—"a sort of cousin—a—a connection."

"One, I daresay, who aspires to be rather a near connection," suggested Denzil, with a smile. "In other words, you are engaged to him, Miss Spencer?"

Lucy flushed very prettily, and smiled and dimpled, and said: "Yes; she and Robert had been engaged for a very long time—nearly thirteen months."

"I am delighted to hear it!" exclaimed Denzil heartily. "But why—don't be angry with me for asking—why don't you marry Mr. Robert?"

"Mr. Burton," corrected Lucy. "Well, you see, though he has a very good appointment, he thinks it would not be quite prudent to marry yet. He is getting seventy pounds a year, but he says we ought to wait till he is earning a good deal more than that. But lots of people do marry who

haven't much more," she added, rather wistfully.

"I suppose they do," agreed Denzil.

He was pondering deeply, but felt at the same time an immense sense of relief.

"What is Mr. Burton's profession?" he asked.

"He's assistant master in a boys' school. He's very clever—*dreadfully* clever; he got two scholarships, and he was at Oxford."

"Come," cried Denzil delightedly, "this sounds very promising. I should like to see Mr. Burton. Let me see—at three o'clock to-morrow, after you and he have had time to say a good deal to each other, and after he has lunched and rested, and all that kind of thing, he might call upon me. Will you ask him to do this—will you tell him I shall expect him at three o'clock?"

Lucy, full of delight and importance, readily agreed, accepting Mr. Denzil's intimation as one more proof of the interest he took in her. Her attention wandered several times during the course of the morning, but Denzil felt no irritation: his spirits had gone up with a bound.

At the appointed hour on the following day Mr. Burton made his appearance; a tall young man, somewhat solemn as to manner, somewhat shabby as to dress, a little uncertain with regard to the disposal of his arms and legs, but with a good, clever, honest face.

Denzil surveyed him with satisfaction, but did not at once speak.

"I understood you wished to see me," remarked the visitor presently.

"Yes, I want to see you very particularly; I have something to say to you."

Denzil paused, and then went on, leaning forward with a smile: "I think you would suit me very well as secretary. Will you undertake the post?"

Robert Burton stared at him.

"I have never thought of undertaking any such position," he faltered. "Besides, I understood that my cousin—"

"Your cousin doesn't quite suit me," said Denzil. He stopped abruptly, finding it a little difficult to explain to the lover the various reasons why Miss Spencer was not quite satisfactory.

Burton's face fell. "She told me she was getting on so well," he murmured.

"The fact is, I would rather have to do with a man," resumed Denzil. "The work on which I am chiefly engaged is not such as a young girl should be associated with."

Robert said he realized that; but that, nevertheless, even if Miss Spencer was dispensed with, he himself did not feel inclined to fill her vacant place. He had, in fact, already chosen his career, and intended to adhere to it. Promotion was slow, yet he could not but feel he was more likely to be successful in a walk of life for which he had been trained than if he were to relinquish it for duties to which he was unaccustomed.

"The salary would be a hundred and fifty pounds a year," said Graham persuasively. "I would guarantee a hundred and fifty pounds a year; I would undertake to retain you in my employment until you found another engagement equally remunerative and perhaps more congenial to yourself."

Robert stared more than ever, asking himself if his interlocutor had taken leave of his senses.

"I have a special reason for this proposal," went on Denzil. "I want—well, to be quite plain—I want you to marry your cousin at once."

Robert rose to his feet, flushing hotly.

"That is a matter," he said stammeringly, "a—*a* very private matter—I don't think I could submit to any interference on such a point."

Denzil rose, too, and clapped him on the shoulders.

"Now, look here, my good chap," he said; "you had better listen to me. I haven't the least wish to be meddling, but I think you would make a very good secretary, and I'm quite certain that you ought to marry Miss Spencer without loss of time. Are you aware, my dear fellow," he went on, "that that child is living in an attic, chiefly on—on bananas? That she doesn't have a fire, because she wants to be economical; that she nearly dies of fright before she crosses a street? I watched her from my window, and observed that she generally stopped short almost under the horses' feet; that she—well, think of what she is, and ask yourself if she is fit to be alone in London?"

Robert turned pale, and looked extremely serious. Denzil respected the struggle which was evidently going on in his mind.

"I can only see this way out of the difficulty," he went on. "I have tried to find employment for her. I even thought that her engagement here, temporary though it is, might be a useful training for her, but—"

"I'm sorry you have found her so unsatisfactory," said the young man in a wounded tone.

Denzil took a turn about the room, paused, laughed, and finally said, with a humorous look: "Well, you know—as a matter of fact, she can't spell!"

"I know she can't," said the lover; and he, too, laughed somewhat ruefully, but with so kindly and tender a look in his eyes that Denzil's heart went out to him.

"You may trust me, Mr. Burton," he said earnestly. "I am not at all a Quixotic person, but I take a very great interest in Miss Spencer; and, honestly, I don't know what else is to be done. Now, I rather fancy that, were it not for certain honorable scruples, you would have no objection to marrying her out of hand?"

"No objection at all," said Robert, with a smile quite as tender as the former one, and not in the least rueful. "Quite the contrary. I—it seems like a dream."

Denzil looked at him half sadly.

Yes, no wonder the good fellow found it hard to realize that the beloved little bride, whom he hoped to make his own only after years of labor, was actually thrust into his arms. Graham extended his hand frankly:

"Come," he said, "you may trust me. Don't be afraid that the obligation will be too great. You have plenty of ability, and I shall make you very useful to me. In fact," he went on, "you will confer as great a benefit as you receive."

"I cannot admit that," said Robert; but he put his hand fearlessly into the philanthropist's. "I—I don't know how to thank you!"

Denzil shook his hand warmly, and looked at him with genuine approval. Not one man in a thousand, he said to himself, could reconcile gratitude with self-respect. This man had sufficient greatness of soul not only to accept a benefit but not to be ashamed of accepting it.

A few minutes later Robert went his way, walking upon air, in a state of rapture only equalled by his bewilderment; and Graham Denzil was left alone to congratulate himself on the success of his enterprise.

All his life long he had been considered an eminently wise and judicious person, one whose dealings with his fellow creatures, humane and generous though they might be, were nevertheless dictated by sound practical common sense. Yet to-day he had done what the world would call an extremely foolish thing: he had set his customary rules of conduct at defiance, and become, for the nonce, undeniably Quixotic. He had taken a perfectly

unknown young man out of the sphere in which he was contented and useful, and had thrown upon him responsibilities for which he might or might not be adapted; he had brought about what could not but be termed an improvident marriage, and had pledged himself to act thenceforth the part of Providence to these two young creatures.

And yet, as he meditated on these enormities, he chuckled. He was untroubled by any qualms of conscience; entirely unabashed. Not all the wise and important undertakings in which he had hitherto been engaged gave him so much satisfaction as the

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mental contemplation of the bliss of these two unimportant units.

Nevertheless, when his eyes fell upon the writing-table at which Lucy generally sat, the chair with the hassock in front of it, because those ridiculous little feet of hers were such a long way from the ground; the blotting-paper, ornamented with various scrawls by means of which his late secretary had made trial trips, as it were, when any particularly difficult word was in question; the pen-handle nibbled at the end—he heaved a little sigh.

"After all," he said, "I believe I shall miss her!"

M. E. Francis.

EMILE VERHAEREN AS A DRAMATIST.

Among the French-writing Belgian poets, Maeterlinck and Verhaeren stand first. The former earned success and fame in his first manner, and moreover, with "*The Life of the Bee*," and his most recent dramas, has given us proof of his power of development. It has been far more difficult for Verhaeren, whose talent in the main is purely lyrical, and appeals to fewer, and whose productions are untranslatable, to force his way to the front; however, he is now recognized as Belgium's chief French lyricist and as one of the best poets in the French-speaking world. But, should one wish to interest other countries in him, it is to his dramas that one must draw attention.

He was born in 1855 at the village of St. Amand, near Antwerp, and he passed his childhood in the country, on the banks of the Scheldt, among the fertile Flemish meadow lands, whence he absorbed the love of the country that permeates his poetry. His

first book of poems, "*Les Flamandes*," depicted exuberant, joyous and substantial Flanders, with her farmsteads, public-houses and fairs; the women have the same luxuriant health as Rubens and Jordaens impart to them. As a pendant to this Flanders, in "*Les Moines*" he depicts pious Flanders, the Flanders of the Blessed Virgin, whose praises are sung by those who have renounced the world, the life of the cell, monastic dreams, the quiet life by rule that is passed in prayer, divine service and ecclesiastical pageants; the Flanders that Memling recorded for posterity.

In his next books of poems, he gives free play to his imaginative power and perception; his mode of feeling brings him more and more under the spell of the tragical; his dream of happiness seems ended; even the visions that reveal themselves to him are often of the character of frightful phantoms. In one of these collections, "*Les apparus dans mes chemins*," the wide,

mournful plain is peopled, in poem after poem, with grim shapes,—the man of the horizon, who is afraid of himself and seeks his path afar; the weary man, who drags heavily the weight of the dead centuries and curses his lot; the man of science, whose keen eye has sought, and sought vainly; the man of the great nothingness, the king of decay, who proclaims with a mocking laugh the decay in which the universe will end;—until St. George, in shining armor, beneath a golden rainbow, descends from heaven on his foaming horse, and clears the place of the ugly visions. In another wholly symbolical collection of poems, "*Les Villages illusoires*," he draws, in tempest, rain and snow, none but figures he has known as a child in Flanders, transforming them, by dint of his powerful imagination, into great allegorical types. There is the ferryman who is fighting his way against the storm, to reach her who has called him. But the stream is dangerous; one oar snaps; the rudder snaps; the second oar snaps; and the voice is calling. In the churchyard the gravedigger has been digging graves; white coffins come down the avenues for him to lay in their graves, the white coffins of his agonies and memories; and red coffins are borne to him along the pathways, those wherein his heroic courage of bygone days, his shattered courage and his crimes, are buried. In the moonlight, by the riverside, the fishermen watch their black nets, sunk in the ooze: and they take no other haul than their misery, their many illnesses, and stranded remains thrown up in plenty of their wrecked hopes and disappointed expectations.

Though Verhaeren's verse, in his first books, still exhibits the strict regularity of rhythm and rhyme of earlier French poetry, he has by degrees thrown off every obligation of metre, frequently making use of similar sounds instead

of rhyme, and he is always satisfied to rhyme for the ear, irrespective of orthography. It is a fact that should be highly appreciated that he nevertheless obtains extraordinary effects of sound in his treatment of language, a powerful, virile euphony, always sonorous, occasionally harsh. His dramas are written in this verse, interspersed now and again with speeches in rhythmic prose.

In his drama, "*Le Cloître*" (1900), he reverts to his early theme, monastic life, but here it is interpreted in another spirit. The strongest and wildest passion finds expression in this piece, and the most varied types of monks are represented with masterly firmness and assurance. There is something grand about the theme. We perceive from the first, in the monastery into which we are introduced, only the, varied ambitious, piety, mutual ill-will and rivalry of the monks. We see the prudent and quite ecclesiastical prior singling out and designating as his successor a monk of noble birth, a quondam duke, Dom Balthazar; see the latter opposed by Thomas, who aspires to the dignity of prior himself, and beloved by young Dom Marc, a monk as angelically sweet as the monks in the paintings of Fiesole. We learn by degrees that Dom Balthazar has murdered his own father, not because he had injured him (for he was an upright man), but because one day he had censured his son for his wicked life. He had taken refuge in the monastery to escape punishment. But this does not dismay the prior in the least; he considers Dom Balthazar's repentance all the finer when his guilt has been so great, and thinks him the more worthy to adorn the position of prior after him because his conduct as a friar is so purely Christian and edifying.

Even when the impression of Balthazar's crime is deepened by our learning

that he has, in cold blood, allowed an innocent vagrant, who was suspected of the murder, to be executed, the prior does not modify his attitude towards the aristocratic monk, nor consider his monastic life less edifying. When another brother, in his horror, thinks of reporting Dom Balthazar to the temporal authorities, even Thomas, the criminal's opponent, shrinks from such a reprehensible action, which would give the outside world insight into the secrets of the cloister. But Balthazar's own peace of mind becomes shaken by degrees; he can bear his secret himself no longer, and one day, when the church is filled to overflowing, he proclaims his crime in all its enormity, in the most powerful expressions language is capable of, to the assembled congregation. The monks seek in vain to interrupt him, and when he has concluded his wild confession the prior condemns him and casts him out with a passion that, for the sake of the Church's honor, knows no pity. The young and pious Dom Marc, alone, still prays for the erring one who is to die upon the scaffold.

The concluding acts are followed up with a knowledge of the human heart and a vigor of style that leave nothing to be desired.

Between 1893 and 1898 Emile Verhaeren wrote a trilogy, the subject of which was one that touched him, a child of the country, closely, and that he had for a long time taken very much to heart, namely, the fatal absorption of the inhabitants of the country by the town, which, in his native land, had gradually caused the country to grow desolate and the villages deserted. The fact that he himself left the country for Brussels and of late years has resided in Paris, is a singular illustration of his theme.

The last link in his trilogy, the drama called "*The Dawn*" (*Les Aubes*), is perhaps the most remarkable and

important work that he has yet produced. (The subject bears some slight resemblance to Edvard Söderberg's "*A Riot*.")*

The scene of action is outside the domain of historical reality, as is always the case in Verhaeren's writings. There is a war; a hostile army approaches the huge town of Oppidomagne, driving the fugitives from the burning villages before it towards the capital. We make acquaintance with various sections of the population, the swarm of beggars and the fugitive, embittered peasants. We are prepared for the coming of a man whom everyone is thinking of and talking about, Jacques Hérénien, the great popular tribune, who wishes to bring the body of his father, an old peasant, to the cemetery in the town. He comes, and we get some impression of the enormous esteem in which he is held.

The suggestion for the piece is taken from the siege of Paris in 1870-1871. Inside the town itself, the proletariat have withdrawn to a high-lying churchyard, where they take up a threatening attitude towards the regency, a patrician government who have reduced them to the last extremities through their selfishness and harshness. Jacques Hérénien is the people's man and the coming man, and in writings that are read even in foreign lands has expressed ideas about the rights of the oppressed and the atrocity of war, which have attracted such attention that he has disciples even in the ranks of the hostile army.

We see the government vainly striving to win him over, see them cheat him, then again strive to make use of him with the crowd by making liberal promises which are intended to ward off the threatened danger; we see him surrounded by trust and envy and hate, and we observe how he rises to the height of his power, secures internal peace in the capital, and finally, the re-

sult of a venturesome deed, to which he is incited by his own genius, closes with an offer from the enemy. The hostile army is as tired of the war as the besieged town itself, and through one of the enemy's chiefs who has read Hérénien's books and feels that he is a disciple of his, an arrangement is entered into by which the war is terminated by a peaceful procession of the besieging army into the capital. The ideals of popular government and universal peace seem assured, when the great tribune is hit by the last bullets shot at him by the soldiers of the regency, under the orders of the spiteful men of the old régime. He dies, but his wife lifts up his little son over the people's heads, and they hail in him the dawn of a new era.

Years after reading this play for the first time, a recollection of something striking remains, but, singularly enough, you forget the particulars. You retain the memory of Hérénien's personality in indistinct outline, and without any definite impression of his characteristics. This may certainly be laid partially to Verhaeren's charge.

Everything here stands and falls with the personality of the tribune and the impression of greatness he is able to impart. Verhaeren found himself face to face with the problem ever present in poetry: How is the impression of greatness to be produced? It is done most simply and easily through the importance attributed by others to an individual, their respectful, enthusiastic and affectionate behavior towards him, or, on the other hand, their envy, hatred and malice; in the second place, through their blunt declarations of his worth. Then, finally—and this is of course the main thing—by his own words and actions. Now Hérénien

speaks in a manly and enthusiastic style; we perceive his power over other men's minds; everything he says has a lyrically rhetorical swing; but the stamp of greatness is undeniably somewhat effaced. Voltaire, who had disciples in the armies of France's enemies, was very much more simple. Frederick II. of Prussia, who had admirers in the armies of his enemies, was very much more blunt. Even Gambetta, whose influence was greatest as an orator, was not so serious all the time.

One feels in this drama that Verhaeren has fought for political, no less than for artistic, freedom; in 1892 he was working with Eekhoud and Vandervelde in Brussels for the development of the House of Representatives, he established an Art Department, and went in eagerly for the cause of popular education. For him, as for many another man of the day, the great man is he who can make the idea of peace an established fact. The difficulty of utilizing the hero of the peace drama dramatically, however, lies in the difficulty of individualizing that idea. There has only been one man in our own day who has shown genius and new tactics in this direction, Jean de Bloch the Pole, who attempted to combat war financially; but his originality was not of the sort adapted to the character of the popular tribune or a hero of tragedy. Nevertheless it was in the elaboration of the tribune's personality that Verhaeren should have fought his chief battle. But, being in his heart of hearts a lyricist, he did not take sufficient pains over it, and although "*Les Aubes*" is certainly one of the most remarkable dramatic works of our day, it has not become the redeeming word that a masterpiece is.

George Brandes.

The Contemporary Review.

A PEEP INTO A JAPANESE PRISON.

I was staying at the very comfortable Hotel Imperial at Tokio two years ago, and one evening overheard in the smoking-room there an animated conversation between an American and an English tourist, who, much as they differed from one another in their estimate of the charms of Japan, were unanimous in their admiration of the progress made by that country in the last twenty years. Praise was lavished without stint on its wonderful modern civilization, until the strain of panegyric was abruptly terminated by a passing reference to prisons, whereupon the American traveller said dogmatically—

"Prisons—they are all as vile as those in China and Morocco. I visited them when I was here some years ago, and I am told they are not one whit improved: the Japanese are as callous in their treatment of prisoners as were their ancestors under the Shoguns. A Japanese prison is as bad as or worse than was a prison in England under your Elizabeth—in the days of dungeons, 'little ease' racks and 'the Scavenger's Daughter.'"

The younger traveller assented, and the subject dropped. My curiosity was greatly aroused, and an opportunity having been given me a few days later to verify what I had heard, I determined to go and see for myself. There is no difficulty in obtaining an admission to view the principal prison of Tokio—the Wormwood Scrubbs of the capital of Japan—if one happens to be either a barrister, or an officer of the army or navy of England, and of other countries for all I know.

To reach the prison I drove in a rickshaw about two and a half miles out of the town in the direction of Shinjika—passing as we went along by villas

and gardens of the richer Japanese, and thence emerging into the country, along narrow lanes bordered by high banks just like those of Devonshire.

The prison stands isolated on a fine plateau overlooking the town, and is approached from the road by a long avenue of chestnuts and maples leading to a lodge built, in the Gothic style, of red brick. There is nothing forbidding in the general aspect from outside—a low wall, pierced by two lodges—beyond which at some distance in the enclosure stands a group of buildings that form the prison itself. These cover a large space of ground, and are surrounded by a well-kept park, and neat and orderly kitchen-gardens stretching from the outer walls to the prison itself.

On ringing at the bell of the lodge, the door was opened by a warder in neat uniform, to whom I gave my card. He ushered me into a small porter's room on the left, furnished in the European style. The walls, however, were not hung with manacles and handcuffs, as in an English prison. Leaving me there, he presently returned with two Japanese in uniform, one of whom proved to be an interpreter, and the other the Governor of the prison—the latter a young, smart, and, for a Japanese, very good-looking man.

He was extremely cordial, offered me cigarettes and tea, and asked many questions about England and English ways, and if I had seen any English prisons. I told him I had visited Portland and Strangeways gaol, and he was eager to hear all I could tell him of the system carried on in these establishments. After talking for half an hour, by means of the interpreter, he rang a bell, and asked to

see the Deputy-Governor, to whom he gave directions to show me round, with the injunction that I was to see everything I wished, and with the request that before leaving I would write, in a book kept for the purpose in the lodge, my impressions, with any suggestions that might occur to me.

The Deputy-Governor, an elderly man with charming manners and able to talk English, then took me through a gate that led into the park and gardens already mentioned, in which a number of prisoners were at work, sweeping and weeding. Thence we got a full view of the prison itself, a large and fine building of red brick, the centre crowned by a high clock tower, from which the other buildings radiate like a starfish. Entering the prison through three heavily-barred gates we found ourselves in a fine hall the walls of which, covered with white tiles, looked clean and cool. The spotless floor was of red brick, and from this spring skeleton galleries of iron on which the cells open. This English system of division was adopted, my guide told me, in preference to others when the place was built twelve years ago.

He was much amused by my telling him of the conversation I had heard at the Imperial Hotel, but confessed that within his own memory (he was a man of about fifty) the Japanese penal system had been of the most barbarous description; mutilation was inflicted for slight misdemeanors, as is now the case at Canton, and prisoners are left untried to starve, forgotten in fetid dens, as I have myself seen them recently at Tangiers and Tetuan in Morocco.

All this, as I presently saw for myself, is now changed. Capable experts have been sent to America, to England, and to Germany to study the various prison systems in those countries, and the result is an eclectic blend of the three.

Opening the door of one of the cells, the Deputy-Governor showed me a small room as clean as and more comfortable than the cell of an English prisoner. Here there is more light allowed, both natural and artificial, as well as more air, as the window is bigger than that in an English gaol. The gas jet, too, is better placed for reading, and the ceiling a good deal more lofty. Of course there is here no plank bed, only a rug and mat for each person, supplemented by the odd shaped wooden pillow—in shape much like a flat-iron—so beloved by the Japanese. Here, too, there is no solitary confinement save as a punishment; each cell contains two, three, or four prisoners as a rule, who do not work in the cells but in the workshops. The four occupants of the cell I visited were to be seen later in the carpenter's shop.

From this cell I was taken to the chapel of the prison, a small Buddhist temple, adorned with a large figure of Amida, joss-sticks, gongs and bronze storks—movable, all these to be replaced by another shrine when required for Shinto worship, as is the Catholic altar when the chapel of an English gaol is in use by the Protestants. Here were a number of juvenile prisoners—bright-looking boys—with oddly shaved heads like that of a Japanese doll. These were dressed in kimonos—loose dressing gowns—blue or deep maroon in color, and wadded like an elder down quilt. They sat in a row before the altar while a picturesque old priest in blue and yellow instructed them in the mysteries of their religion.

Hence we passed to a number of large, airy workshops, traversing *en route* the prison yard, here no hideous expanse of sand bounded by dreary walls, but a stretch of yellow gravel bordered by long beds of flowering beans and clumps of shrubs. The workshops hummed like hives as we

entered them—all the working prisoners chattering and laughing with apparently little restraint from the few warders placed among them, giving instructions, or speaking to a prisoner in a good-natured way. I was told that although there are no less than 2500 prisoners in the gaol, a comparatively very small number of warders is necessary to guard them.

In the workshops, in spite of the chatter, all the prisoners were working hard. The work done is of a very varied character. One workshop is devoted to the manufacture of government post bags—these of red color; in another I saw large blazing forges over which prisoners were beating out red hot bars that would have seemed dangerous to outsiders and warders alike, had not the prisoner blacksmiths looked so bright and amiable; further on is a large and well-arranged carpenter's shop stocked with every modern appliance for working in wood, and beyond this a long room full of looms in which rugs and carpets were being made.

The prisoners, my guide told me, work from 7 A.M. until 5 P.M., and are well paid; so that, after even a comparatively short time of imprisonment, a Japanese of the poorer classes (who can and do live as a rule in comfort on 2d. or less per head a day) is well provided for for some time on regaining his liberty. The prisoners—save those who were at work in the carpenter's or blacksmith's shops and had doffed their upper garments and wore only loose shirts and drawers of cotton, were dressed in the kimonos I have described, of padded and pleated wool; very comfortable these looked, and not hideous as is the English convict dress. The color, blue or maroon, distinguishes the class of the wearer. The juvenile prisoners work at the same occupation as the adults, but have their separate cells and work-

shops, and shorter hours of work, as well as time for study and instruction each day.

Close to the workshops are large baths, very clean and well arranged, and a great kitchen, where dinner was being prepared by smiling convict cooks, who invited me to taste the prison rations, which consist of rice, potatoes, and a little fish, and tasted excellent.

I asked the Deputy-Governor if there were any places set apart for punishment, and he conducted me to another part of the yard where were several small sheds like cricket pavilions, much of the style of the ordinary Shinto temple of Japan. In three of these there were shutters, half open like a shop window in an oriental bazaar, but barred, and peeping inside one saw in each a solitary figure working—picking oakum, I think. This is one of the minor punishments, and partly consists in depriving the convict of all recompense for his labor, enforcing at the same time solitude and a reduced amount of food per diem. This punishment is inflicted for repeated cases of idleness or small acts of insubordination. For graver offences the other sheds afford much harder punishment. In these are dark chambers in which a prisoner who has been guilty of grave insubordination is confined, but never for more than three days at a stretch. Here he is totally isolated from even the prison world, is in the dark, in a sort of rabbit hutch on a larger scale, within which no sound can reach him from outside, and from which no sound he makes can penetrate beyond the thickly padded walls.

Re-entering the prison my guide took me into a little room where I saw the lightest form of punishment being enforced. "Hard Idleness" it might be called. This is reserved for juvenile prisoners, idlers or insubordinates,

though in grave cases flogging is inflicted. The youthful culprits are obliged to sit in solemn lines on the floor doing nothing, and compelled to remain immovable, watched meanwhile by a warder. This to an active-brained and nervous-bodied young Japanese is the most irksome punishment conceivable. I saw the sufferers positively itching to move their heads and look round as we entered; and the expression of their eyes showed how their owners longed to jump up and run about.

The prison possesses a fine hospital for invalids—these very clean and orderly—with a large staff of doctors and nurses, as well as a well-stocked pharmacy. Adjoining this is a separate wing of the prison reserved for all prisoners suffering, even slightly, from diseases of the lungs. These are kept absolutely separated from the rest, and have distinct workshops, temple, school, baths, kitchen and of course cells.

We had now made a complete tour of the place, and I was conducted again to the porter's lodge, where I was able to write in the visitors' book a few lines of unstinted admiration of all I had seen.

There seems to me to be only one objection to the system carried on in the Japanese prisons: that, as the Deputy-Governor admitted, it in a measure creates a criminal class in the country—persons who become habitual prisoners, who return and return again

Temple Bar.

to this pleasant place of bondage. This, however, is a drawback that it is hoped will be removed in time by the increased education of the prisoners, and the inculcation of a deeper feeling of moral responsibility as members of the community.

It is impossible, I think, to exaggerate the adaptability of the modern Japanese people. There seems to be nothing in the way of European civilization they have not emulated, and one can say of this nation, and of the imitative results achieved by it, in the words of Dr. Johnson—"Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit!"

This prison seemed to me a microcosm of Japanese progress. Here are the latest modern improvements in light, in sanitation, in hospital management, and even in humanity. There is not even an execution-shed, as capital punishment has been abolished in the Land of the Chrysanthemum. The education of the individual is looked after as well as the health and industry of the community: a progress achieved by the Anglo-Saxons of the East in a period more than covered by the reign of the last sovereign of the Anglo-Saxons of the West, and separating what, though past, is yet so recent in Japan—the age of mutilation, insanitary conditions, and general brutality—from the present as widely as the conditions of life in England. In the reign of our Seventh Edward are separated from those existing in our country under Edward VI.

H. B. I.

AFRICA.

A sleepy people, without priests or kings,
 Dreamed here, men say, to drive us to the sea:
 O let us drive ourselves! For it is free
 And smells of honor and of English things.

The Novels of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

How came we brawling by these bitter springs,
 We of the North?—two kindly nations—we?
 Though the dice rattles and the clear coin rings,
 Here is no place for living men to be.
 Leave them the gold that worked and whined for it,
 Let them that have no nation anywhere
 Be native here, and fat and full of bread;
 But we, whose sins were human, we will quit
 The land of blood, and leave these vultures there,
 Noiselessly happy, feeding on the dead.

The Speaker.

G. K. Chesterton.

THE NOVELS OF SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.*

If this country's education were conducted on truly scientific principles, we ought to have statistics of the great Novel industry. It is not enough to know how many copies of popular novels are sold; on that point the publishers often give us ample information. From 80,000 to 150,000 copies of a novel that really reaches the heart of the English people are promptly disposed of; and, allowing only ten readers for each copy, the millions are plainly being influenced by our authors of genius. This is a grave thought for conscientious novelists; the making of the spiritual life of England is in their hands. They feel it, and are all but overborne by the too vast orb of their responsibilities. In their photographs, which accompany the reports of interviews with them, we mark with sympathy the ponderous brow, supported by the finger so deft on the type-writing machine; and, as we read the interview, we listen to the voice that has whispered so many thousands of words into the phonograph.

* "Collected Edition." Smith, Elder: London, 1903.

The popular novelists of England and of America are serious men; they occupy at least in their own opinion, a position which, since the days of the great Hebrew prophets, has been held by few sons of earth. Now and again they descend, as it were, from the mountain and wearily tell the world the story of their aims, their methods, and their early struggles, before they were discovered by enterprising publishers, before their books provided the text of many a sermon, just as did Mr. Richardson's "Pamela."

These men and women are our social, spiritual, religious, and political teachers. This is an important fact, for their readers take fiction seriously; their lives are being directed, their characters are being framed, by authors such as Mr. Hall Caine, Miss Marie Corelli, Mr. Anthony Hope, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Unluckily we have, for lack of statistics, no means of knowing the nature and limits of the moulding of character and direction of life exercised by these energetic authors. Can it be possible that they sometimes

neutralize each other's effects, and that the earnest reader of Mr. Wells finds the seeds of his doctrine blown away on the winds of the mighty message of Mr. Hall Caine? Does the inquirer who sets out to follow the star of Miss Marie Corelli become bewildered and "pixy-led," as they say in Devonshire, by the will-o'-the-wisps of Mr. Kipling?

The serious writers on "the Novel," in the Press, like the late Mr. Norris, author of "The Octopus," assure us that all is well, that the Novel is, or ought to be, everything; that the novelist is our inspired teacher in matters theological, social, political, and perhaps (when we think of Mr. H. G. Wells) scientific; not to mention that the historical novelist writes the only sort of history which should be, and which is, read by the world. But the pity of it is that novelists, like other teachers, differ vastly in doctrine among themselves; so that, if we read all the popular authors, we "come out," like Omar Khayyâm, "no wiser than we went," but rather perplexed in our intellects.

The owners of the stores in America which gave away a celebrated British novel as a bounty on soap, are said to have expressed themselves thus:—

Our hands were never half so clean,
Our customers agree;
And our beliefs have never been
So utterly at sea.

The beliefs of the public may, of course, be brought back to dry land by some more orthodox novelist, but the whole process is unsettling. Yet it may be that the populace, in various sections, cleaves to one teacher, neglecting others. Do the devotees of Miss Marie Corelli read the discourses of Mr. Hall Caine; and do the faithful of Mrs. Ward peruse either, or both, of the other two spiritual guides? Lacking the light of statistics we can only guess that they do not; that the

circles of these authors never intersect each other, but keep apart; just as a pious Mussulman does not study "Hymns Ancient and Modern," while a devotee of Mr. Swinburne seldom declines upon "The Christian Year." Meanwhile the mere critic fails to extract a concrete body of doctrine from the discourses of any of our teachers.

Concerning Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who is, we trust, nearly as popular as any teacher, it may be said with gratitude that he aims at entertaining rather than at instructing his generation. We venture to think that the contemplative and speculative elements in his nature are subordinate to the old-fashioned notion that a novelist should tell a plain tale. A handsome and uniform edition of his works lies before us, with manly, brief, and modest prefaces by the author. The volumes are fair to see; the type and paper are good, though the printing is not incapable of correction, and the spelling is sporadically American.

There are authors whom we like best in stately "library elitions," others whom we prefer in first editions—of such are Keats and Charles Lamb; and, handsome as is the *format* of Sir Arthur's collected works, there are a few of them which please us most "in the native pewter." Now the native pewter of Sherlock Holmes is a six-penny magazine, with plenty of clever illustrations; he takes better in these conditions than in a sumptuous text with only one or two pictures. Sir Arthur is an unaffected writer. His style is not "a separate ecstasy," as in the case of Mr. R. L. Stevenson's writings; his is a simple narrative manner. He does not pass hours in hunting for *le mot propre*; and a phrase is apparently none the worse in his eyes because it is an old favorite of the public, and familiar to the press and the platform. However, like Aucassin in the *cantefable*, "we love a plain tale

even better than none," and love anything better than the dull and tormented matter of the prigs who, having nothing that deserves to be said, say it in a style which standeth in an utterly false following of Mr. George Meredith. "The Author's Edition" is a delightful set for a smoking room in a club or in a country house.

By a laudable arrangement, Sir Arthur has confined his speculative and contemplative exercises to a pair of books, "The Stark Munro Letters" and "A Duet." In the former, a young man has his "first fight" (not at all in the style of the author's "Rodney Stone") "with the spiritual and material difficulties which confront him at the outset of life. There is no claim that his outlook is either profound or original." Indeed his outlook is not remarkable for subtlety or distinction. Sir Arthur is not a Pascal; and, if he were, his "Pensées," presented in a work of fiction, would fail to exhilarate. As he says, Tom Jones and Arthur Pendennis and Richard Feverel "do not indicate their relation to those eternal problems which are really the touchstone and centre of all character." Thank heaven they do not!

An eternal problem can hardly be "the centre of a character"; and, if it were, we do not always pine to read a novel about an eternal problem. A little of "Obermann" goes a long way. If a problem is eternal it has obviously never been solved; and what chance had Thomas Jones, a foundling, of solving eternal problems. As for Pen, he frankly abandoned the attempt. The narrator in the "Stark Munro Letters" ends his speculation by deciding that "something might be done by throwing all one's weight on the scale of breadth, tolerance, charity, temperance, peace, and kindness to man and beast." Having arrived at this acceptable solution, we do not care to follow the mental processes by which the

young thinker reaches the result. We have ever been of his mature opinion, which, moreover, has the sanction of the Church, and of the best heathen and Christian philosophers.

There is no speculation and no preaching of doctrines, no nonsense about a "message" or a "mission," in the rest of Sir Arthur's books, where the good people are plucky, kind, and honorable, while the bad people are usually foiled in their villainous machinations. The quality which recommends Sir Arthur's stories to his readers, and to ourselves, is a quality which cannot be taught or learned; which no research, or study, or industry can compass; which is born with a man; which can hold its own without the aid of an exquisite style; and which is essential. Sir Arthur can tell a story so that you read it with ease and pleasure. He does not shine as a creator of character. Perhaps Micah Clarke, an honest English Porthos, is the best of his quite serious creations; while Sherlock Holmes, not so seriously intended, has become a proverb, like Monsieur Lecoq. But Brigadier Gerard is Sir Arthur's masterpiece; we never weary of that brave, stupid, vain, chivalrous being, who hovers between General Marbot and Thackeray's Major Geoghegan, with all the merits of both, and with others of his own.

The ladies who pass through the novels play their parts, and are excellent young women in their rôles, but they are not to be very distinctly remembered, or very fondly adored. There is not a Sophia Western, an Amelia, a Diana Vernon, a Becky Sharpe, an Anne Elliot, a Beatrix Esmond, or a Barbara Grant, in their ranks; and indeed such characters are scarce in all fiction. The greatest masters but seldom succeed in creating immortal women; only Shakespeare has his quiver full of such children as

these. In short, we read Sir Arthur Conan Doyle for the story, and are very glad that we have such stories to read; rapid, varied, kindly, and honest narratives. As Mr. Arthur Pendennis remarked about his ancestral claret, "there is not a headache in a hogshead" of them.

We shall first glance at Sir Arthur's historical novels, "Micah Clarke," "The White Company," "The Refugees," and "Rodney Stone." The public is very far from sharing the opinion professed by James II in exile, that "history is much more instructive than novels, and quite as amusing." For ourselves we deem his Majesty's own historical work vastly more entertaining than any novel written during his lifetime; but, in the opinion of the public, history only exists as material for historical romances, just as the engineer said that rivers exist for the purpose of feeding navigable canals.

Sir Arthur's earlier historical novels are influenced, more than he probably suspects, by those of Sir Walter Scott. "Micah Clarke," like Mr. Blackmore's "Lorna Doone," is a tale of the last romantic rebellion with a base in England—the futile attempt of Monmouth. The big Porthos-like hero is, in some ways, akin to John Ridd; but he occupies, as regards politics and religion, the *juste milieu* that Sir Walter favored when he wrote history, and assigned to such romantic heroes of his own as Henry Morton, and even Roland Graeme. Though "a simple-hearted unlettered yeoman," Micah Clarke is really wise with the wisdom of the later Victorian time, and, in one remark, speaks as if he had read Mr. Herbert Spencer with approval, so far as the problems of religion are concerned. He takes a calm view of history, and is no fanatic of the Protestantism of his period—that of Titus Oates. "The mob's ideas of Papistry were mixed up with thumbscrews"

(not a Catholic implement, by the way) "and Fox's Martyrology." Micah is the son of a church-woman, and a Puritan, and himself has no particular bent, except in favor of freedom and fighting. "I believe that there was good in Papistry, Church, Dissent, but that not one was worth the spilling of human blood." King James was the rightful King, and Monmouth, black box and all, was a bastard, to Micah's mind; but, as fighting was toward, he fought for the son of Lucy Walters.

Decimus Saxon, the pedantic soldier of fortune, a most entertaining character, with his Latin and his professional skill, his indifference as to the cause for which he draws his sword, and his eye for "caduacs and casualties," is an English Dalgetty, and almost as amusing as the immortal laird of Drumthwacket, "that should be." He is a grandson, as it were, of Dugald's father, Sir James Turner, who was learned, but not pedantic, and a far better-hearted man than either Decimus or Dugald. Indeed Decimus "doth somewhat lean to cutpurse of quick hand." A more original character is the "Malignant" Monmouthite, the ruined, kind, dandified, and reckless Sir Gervas Gerome, so full of fight and foppery.

Rather to the surprise of the reader, at a given moment, while escorting a preacher and his rustic flock of "slashing communicants" to join Monmouth, Decimus suddenly ceases to be Dalgetty, and becomes John Balfour, called Burley. A cornet of the King's Horse approaches the psalm-singing conventicle with a flag of truce, and we quote what follows.

"Who is the leader of this conventicle?" he asked.

"Address your message to me, sir," said our leader from the top of the wagon, "but understand that your white flag will only protect you whilst you use such words as may come from

one courteous adversary to another. Say your say or retire."

"Courtesy and honor," said the officer with a sneer, "are not for rebels who are in arms against their lawful king. If you are the leader of this rabble, I warn you if they are not dispersed within five minutes by this watch"—he pulled out an elegant gold time-piece—"we shall ride down upon them and cut them to pieces."

"The Lord can protect His own," Saxon answered, amid a fierce hum of approval from the crowd. "Is this all thy message?"

"It is all, and you will find it enough, you Presbyterian traitor," cried the dragoon cornet. "Listen to me, you fools," he continued, standing up upon his stirrups and speaking to the peasants at the other side of the wagon. "What chance have ye with your whittles and cheese-scrapers? Ye may yet save your skins if ye will but give up your leaders, throw down what ye are pleased to call your arms, and trust to the King's mercy."

"This exceeds the limits of your privileges," said Saxon, drawing a pistol from his belt and cocking it. "If you say another word to draw these people from their allegiance, I fire."

"Hope not to help Monmouth," cried the young officer, disregarding the threat, and still addressing his words to the peasants. "The whole royal army is drawing round him and—"

"Have a care!" shouted our leader, in a deep, harsh voice.

"His head within a month shall roll upon the scaffold."

"But you shall never live to see it," said Saxon, and stooping over he fired straight at the cornet's head. At the flash of the pistol the trumpeter wheeled round and rode for his life, while the roan horse turned and followed with its master still seated firmly in the saddle.

Here we have Drumclog, and Cornet Graham, and Burley's slaying of him under a flag of truce, with his excuse for so doing, all over again; whereof the author must have been as unconscious as Sir Walter himself when he annexed a verse by the poetical valet

of his friend Rose. The Shirra justly said that, like Captain Bobadil, he "had taught many gentlemen to write almost or altogether as well as himself. This English Drumclog ends like the other, after a pretty fight; and the adventurers reach Taunton, where the condition of that unhappy and pious town, and of Monmouth's scythemen and other rude levies, is depicted with much fire and energy. The hero, with great self-sacrifice, hands over the love-making business to a humorous friend named Reuben, and is free to devote himself to manly adventure. At this point comes the news of the failure of Argyll; and Sir Patrick Hume of Polwarth and Sir John Cochrane (whom Claverhouse had prophetically damned) receive from Decimus the same critical hard measure as Macaulay gives them. "The expedition was doomed from the first with such men at its head," says Decimus—with truth; for Argyll, if alone, would have been safe, though the Lowland leaders, in any case, being odious to the Remnant, could have raised no stir in Scotland.

Monmouth himself appears to us to be very well designed, though he was more fair to outward view than he seemed in the eyes of Micah Clarke. Though his Stuart blood was doubted by all but Charles II, his weakness, waywardness, and loss of nerve when Sedgemoor fight went against him, were quite in the vein of the Chevalier de St. George at Montrose, of Queen Mary at Langside, and of Charles Edward in the first hours after Culloden. Each one of that forlorn four had shown courage enough on other fields, but as leaders of a lost hope the terror of betrayal overmastered him. Unlike the rest, Monmouth was a sentimentalist of the most modern fashion. A worse commander could not have been found for a very bad cause.

Robert Ferguson is described as al-

most a maniac from sheer vanity; but the unique character of the Plotter cannot be unriddled in a novel, if it can be unriddled at all. Still, we do not recognize him when he speaks to Monmouth in the wildest manner of the Remnant. "Why was Argyll cutten off? Because he hadna due faith in the workings o' the Almighty, and must needs reject the help o' the children o' light in favor o' the bare-legged children o' Prelacy, wha are half Pagan, half Popish." The terms do not apply to the Campbells; and Ferguson had humor enough if Dalrymple says truly that he tided over a day's lack of supplies by inducing Monmouth to proclaim a solemn fast for the success of his arms. Probably Sir Arthur bases his account of Ferguson's demeanor on a passage of Burnet: "Ferguson ran among the people with all the fury of an enraged man that affected to pass for an enthusiast, though all his performances that way were forced and dry." He would not perform in this forced way before Monmouth.

Micah's personal adventures are excellent romantic reading, especially his captivity in a mysterious dungeon whence the most experienced reader, though he knows that the hero must escape, cannot imagine how he is to do it. Through "The Onfall at Sedgemoor" the author, like Scott at Flodden, "never stoops his wing," for Sir Arthur is a master in the rare skill of describing a battle with lucidity and picturesque vigor. There is no better account of Waterloo, from the private soldier's point of view, than that given in his brief novel, "The Great Shadow"; and Sedgemoor also is excellent.

The picture of Judge Jeffreys may be cited: probably it is quite accurate; yet Dryden admired this man!

Last of all, drawn by six long-tailed Flemish mares, came a great open coach, thickly crusted with gold, in which, reclining amidst velvet cushions, sat the infamous Judge, wrapped in a cloak of crimson plush with a heavy white periwig upon his head, which was so long that it dropped down over his shoulders. They say that he wore scarlet in order to strike terror into the hearts of the people, and that his courts were for the same reason draped in the color of blood. As for himself, it hath ever been the custom, since his wickedness hath come to be known to all men, to picture him as a man whose expression and features were as monstrous and as hideous as was the mind behind them. This is by no means the case. On the contrary, he was a man who, in his younger days, must have been remarkable for his extreme beauty.¹ He was not, it is true, very old, as years go, when I saw him, but debauchery and low living had left their traces upon his countenance, without, however, entirely destroying the regularity and the beauty of his features. He was dark, more like a Spaniard than an Englishman, with black eyes and olive complexion. His expression was lofty and noble, but his temper was so easily aflame that the slightest cross or annoyance would set him raving like a madman, with blazing eyes and foaming mouth. I have seen him myself with the froth upon his lips and his whole face twitching with passion, like one who hath the falling sickness. Yet his other emotions were under as little control, for I have heard say that a very little would cause him to sob and to weep, more especially when he had himself been slighted by those who were above him.

"Micah Clarke" is a long novel of five hundred and seventy pages; but nobody, when he has finished it, remembers that it is long—which is praise enough for any romance.

In the preface to "Micah Clarke" the author says:—

¹ "The painting of Jeffreys in the National Portrait Gallery more than bears out Micah

Clarke's remarks. He is the handsomest man in the collection." (Author's note.)

To me it always seems that the actual condition of a country at any time, a true sight of it with its beauties and brutalities, its life as it really was, its wayside hazards and its odd possibilities, are (*sic*) of greater interest than the small aims and petty love story of any human being. The lists, the woodlands, and the outlaws are more to me than Rebecca and Rowena.

passee pour Rowena, but surely Diana Vernon or Beatrix Esmond is not of inferior interest to Locksley, Friar Tuck, and the lists of Ashby de la Zouche? "To others the story of one human heart may be more than all the glamor of an age, and to these I feel that I have little to offer."

This is very true, and marks one of Sir Arthur's limitations. He does not interest us in love affairs, or in his women. Fielding could not only give us life "with its wayside hazards," but also bring us acquainted with Amelia and Sophia, whom to have known is great part of a liberal education, in the famous old phrase. In "The White Company" we have lists, indeed, and a scene reminiscent of that immortal passage in "Ivanhoe," where the Disinherited Knight smites, with the point, the shield of the Templar. Sir Arthur's romance of Froissart's age in some ways resembles "The Cloister and the Hearth"; its main interest lies in its "wayside hazards," whether in England, or with the wandering White Company in southern France. The hero, leaving the monastery where he has been educated with that useful old favorite a gigantic, hard-hitting lay-brother, John of Hordle, marches to join a very good knight of fantastic chivalry, Sir Nigel Loring, and fights under his standard, south of the Pyrenees. It is a tale of swords and bows, and we cannot refrain from quoting "The Song of the Bow," which provokes the very unusual wish that the author had written more verse.

What of the bow?

The bow was made in England:
Of true wood, of yew wood
The wood of English bows;
So men who are free
Love the old yew-tree
And the land where the yew-tree grows.

What of the cord?

The cord was made in England:
A rough cord, a tough cord,
A cord that bowmen love;
And so we will sing
Of the hempen string
And the land where the cord was wove.

What of the shaft?

The shaft was cut in England:
A long shaft, a strong shaft,
Barbed and trim and true;
So we'll drink all together
To the gray goose feather
And the land where the gray goose
flew.

What of the mark?

Ah, seek it not in England:
A bold mark, our old mark
Is waiting oversea
When the strings harp in chorus
And the lion flag is o'er us
It is there that our mark shall be.

What of the men?

The men were bred in England:
The bowmen—the yeomen—
The lads of dale and fell.
Here's to you—and to you!
To the hearts that are true
And the land where the true hearts
dwell.

The roadside adventures, especially that of the man who has taken sanctuary, and of the pursuing avenger of blood, are brilliant studies of life in Chaucer's time; and, though they are many, they are not too many. The little fighting Sir Nigel, the soul of chivalry, is a very tall man of his hands—almost too excellent a swordsmen for his weight and his inches—while the very plain middle-aged wife whose favor he wears, proclaiming her *la plus belle du monde*, is a figure as

original as her lord. He is an expert in heraldry, and, his sole object being "advancement" in the way of honor, he holds his own in single combat with du Guesclin, though the natural odds are those of Tom Sayers against Heenan. Like the hero of the old song who

Met the devil and Dundee
On the braes of Killiecrankie,

Sir Nigel "fought by land and fought by sea"; and the adventure of the "Yellow Cog" with the rover galleys is one of the best fights in a book full of fighting. Even after "Ivanhoe" the tournament at Bordeaux and the adventure of the unknown knight seem fresh and stirring; and the unknown knight, du Guesclin, is quite equal to his reputation, when we reach the Jacquerie, which was a predestined incident. The siege of a house is always a lively affair, though the artist does not represent the bald and unhelmeted Sir Nigel as a very dangerous opponent; his attitude of self-defence rather resembles that of Mr. Pickwick, which was "paralytic"; indeed he is offering a tame and unheard-of kind of lunge, or rather poke, from the shoulder at an almost naked adversary, who "takes it very unconcernedly." When an archer shoots six hundred and thirty paces, we must presume that the author has warrant for such a prodigious deed with the long bow; to be sure the bowman makes use of his feet, "turning himself into a crossbow." Sir Arthur relies on "one chronicler," criticized by Mr. C. J. Longman in the Badminton "Book of Archery"; and that chronicler, Giraldus Cambrensis, does not stand the test of modern experiment.

As Sir Arthur adds historical notes, he might as well name his "old chroniclers," with their dates; otherwise their evidence is of no great value. The novel reader, who is ter-

ribly afraid of coming to know anything accurately, is not likely to look at the notes, and be frightened away by a name and a date. "The White Company" is a lively romance, and very good reading for boys and friends of old times and tall knights. There is a love story; but, by separating hero and heroine early in the tale, the author ingeniously avoids a subject in which he does not pretend to shine. The mystic Lady Tiphaine, wife of du Guesclin, with her limited clairvoyance, is not a success; and the author has never distinguished himself in dealing with the supernatural. In consulting with seeresses, "physical contact" is very properly "barred," so as to avoid "muscle-reading"; but Lady Tiphaine (who has a view of the future glories of the British Empire) "would fain lay hands upon someone" when she practices her clairvoyant art. After her success with the vision of the Union Jack, or the English banner, at all events,

"It is over," said du Guesclin, moodily. . . . "Wine for the lady, squire. The blessed hour of sight hath passed!"

Here the author is more patriotic than imaginative, though du Guesclin was naturally vexed, being a good Frenchman, at hearing of our superior colonial expansion.

"The Refugees," a tale of the court of Louis XIV, about the time of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, ends in the Iroquois country, whither the Huguenot characters have fled. The story, though full of life and action, deals with a theme which does not "set the genius" of the author. He has not the finesse for a romance of the court of France; and his foll to all its artificialities, Amos Green, a young English colonial trapper, is of incredible simplicity. He certainly would not have been allowed to shoot at casual birds

In the streets of such rising American townships as Boston and New York, and he could not have expected such sporting privileges in Paris. Yet he is amazed and annoyed when he is not permitted to go about gunning in the midst of the French capital. He is, of course, very shrewd, much too shrewd to be so innocently simple, and he is our old friend the useful Porthos of the novel, like John of Hordle in "The White Company." It is well to have a character who can open any door without a key, and fight more than the three enemies at once, whom Major Bellenden, in "Old Mortality," found too many for any champion except Corporal Raddlebanes. As to the Iroquois, we know their fiendish cruelties even too well from the "Lettres Edifiantes" of the Jesuit missionaries, and we do not care to make closer acquaintance with them in a novel. The following passage shows the courtiers waiting for the king to get out of bed.

Here, close by the king, was the harsh but energetic Louvois, all-powerful now since the death of his rival Colbert, discussing a question of military organization with two officers, the one a tall and stately soldier, the other a strange little figure, undersized and misshapen, but bearing the insignia of a marshal of France, and owning a name which was of evil omen over the Dutch frontier, for Luxembourg was looked upon already as the successor of Condé, even as his companion Vauban was of Turenne. . . . Beside them, a small, white-haired clerical with a kindly face, Père la Chaise, confessor to the king, was whispering his views upon Jansenism to the portly Bossuet, the eloquent Bishop of Meaux, and to the tall, thin, young Abbé de Fénelon, who listened with a clouded brow, for it was suspected that his own opinions were tainted with the heresy in question. There, too, was Le Brun, the painter, discussing art in a small circle which contained his fellow-workers Verrio

and Laguerre, the architects Blondel and Le Nôtre, and sculptors Girardon, Puget, Desjardins, and Coysevoix, whose works have done so much to beautify the new palace of the king. Close to the door, Racine, with his handsome face wreathed in smiles, was chatting with the poet Boileau and the architect Mansard, the three laughing and jesting with the freedom which was natural to the favorite servants of the king, the only subjects who might walk unannounced and without ceremony into and out of his chamber.

"What is amiss with him this morning?" asked Boileau in a whisper, nodding his head in the direction of the royal group. "I fear that his sleep has not improved his temper."

"He becomes harder and harder to amuse," said Racine, shaking his head. "I am to be at Madame de Maintenon's room at three to see whether a page or two of the 'Phédre' may not work a change."

This passage cannot but remind us of the scene with the wits at Button's in "George de Barnwell," and also of an imaginative reporter's account of people at a private view, or some such function. At the period indicated, we need not be told, as we are, that people were not talking about "the last comedy of Molière" or of "the insolence of Pascal." Molière was dead; Pascal was dead; and Paris did not talk for ever about the "Lettres Provinciales." The rivalries of Madame de Montespan and Madame de Maintenon, the night ride of Amos—as adventurous, for a short distance, as that of the musketeers to Calais—remind us of Dumas, and do not bear the comparison. Montespan's attempt to have his wife beheaded is much less convincing than the decapitation of Milady. Here it is.

And thus it was that Amory de Catinat and Amos Green saw from their dungeon window the midnight carriage which discharged its prisoner before their eyes. Hence, too, came that ominous planking and that strange procession in the early morning. And

thus it also happened that they found themselves looking down upon Françoise de Montespan as she was led to her death, and that they heard that last piteous cry for aid at the instant when the heavy hand of the ruffian with the axe fell upon her shoulder, and she was forced down upon her knees beside the block. She shrank screaming from the dreadful red-stained, greasy billet of wood; but the butcher heaved up his weapon, and the seigneur had taken a step forward with hand outstretched to seize the long auburn hair and to drag the dainty head down with it when suddenly he was struck motionless with astonishment, and stood with his foot advanced and his hand still out, his mouth half open, and his eyes fixed in front of him.

We think of the terrific scene when Barbazure's head was struck from his cruel shoulders as he was directing the execution of his innocent and injured spouse, for,

Quick as a flash de Catinat had caught up the axe, and faced de Montespan with the heavy weapon slung over his shoulder, and a challenge in his eyes. "Now!" said he.

The seigneur had for the instant been too astounded to speak. Now he understood at least that these strangers had come between him and his prey.

However, Montespan stabs "his bearded seneschal through the brown beard and deep into the throat"—strange doings in the golden prime of Louis XIV. The Iroquois adventures are more plausible, and very exciting; while for villain, we have a Franciscan, more fierce and tenacious than any Dominican, who pursues a French heretic into the heart of the Iroquois country, where he gets his end more easily than the brave Père Brébeuf.

A more interesting novel, despite the wild improbabilities of the plot, is "Rodney Stone," where the author is on English soil, among the bloods of the Regency and the heroic bruisers of

an heroic age. The prize-fighters and country folk may be more truly drawn than the dandies; but every one who, like the Quaker lady known to George Borrow, adores "the bruisers of England" will find this a book to his heart's desire. From the old champion, Harrison, to that Sir Nigel Loring of the fancy, young Belcher, and the strange old Buckhorse with his bell-like cry, all Sir Arthur's fighting men are painted in a rich and juicy manner, with a full brush; and his hard-driving Corinthian blackguards are worthy of them, while the Prince Regent is more successful, as an historical portrait, than Louis XIV. There are plenty of "spirited rallies" and "rattling sets-to" in Sir Arthur's short stories; but "The Smith's Last Battle" is his masterpiece, and the chivalrous honesty of that excellent man would have made him justly dear to Borrow's Quakeress.

The best of the author's tales of times past, we have little doubt, are collected in the volume of "The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard." This gallant, honest, chivalrous, and gay soldier represents a winning class of Frenchmen of the sword, with a considerable element of sympathetic caricature. The vanity of the Brigadier and his extreme simplicity are a little exaggerated; perhaps the author did not know at first how dear Gerard was to grow to himself and to his readers. In Napier's famous "History of the Peninsular War" we meet many young French officers doing things as desperate as Gerard does, and doing them, like the great Montrose, with an air, with a flourish, with a joyous acceptance of a dramatic opportunity. The English officer who captures Gerard, and plays a game of *écarté* with him for his liberty, was just such another as himself; but "Milor the Hon. Sir Russell, Bart" could never have told his own story. Like Thackeray's

General Webb, and like General Marbot, the Brigadier "is not only brave, but he knows it," and is not at all diffident in making his hearers aware of his prowess. His fight with the Bristol Bustler is not the least audacious of his combats, though, being ignorant of the rules of the fancy, the Brigadier kicked his man. "You strike me on the head, I kick you on the knee"; he thinks that this is perfectly legitimate. "What a glutton he'd have made for the middle-weights," exclaims the Bustler's admiring trainer, after observing, "it's something to say all your life, that you've been handled by the finest light-weight in England." The Bible, as Izaak Walton observes, "always takes angling in the best sense"; and Sir Arthur takes boxing in the same liberal way. Keats would have sympathized with him deeply, for the poet was a man of his hands, and is said to have polished off a truculent butcher. But the Brigadier, of course, shines most with the sword, and mounted; and there is not a tale in the collection which we cannot read with pleasure more than once; indeed they are so equally good that it is hard to select a favorite. Perhaps "How Gerard Won his Medal" and "The Brothers of Ajaccio" come back most pleasantly to the memory, with the Brigadier's remarkable feat in saving the Emperor at Waterloo.

To prefer this book among Sir Arthur's is as much as to say that we deem him better at a *conte* than in the composition of a novel of the conventional length. This is natural, as adventure and description, rather than character and analysis and love stories, are his forte. He has omitted "The Firm of Girdlestone" from this collection, though we prefer it to "A Duet," where the story is one of young married affection, and there are neither swords in the sun nor wigs on the green. Ladies may write love letters about

merinos and alpacas, and "a little white trimming at neck and wrists, and the prettiest pearl trimming. Then the hat *en suite*, pale gray *lisse*, white feather, and brilliant buckle." These things may be written, but the wooer would be as much bored as Bothwell probably was by Queen Mary's sonnets, if she really defied "the laws of God, and man, and metre" (especially metre) in the poems attributed to her by her enemies.

Not here, oh Apollo,
Are haunts meet for thee.

We cannot pretend to be interested in Frank and Maude, and "the exact position of the wife of the assistant accountant of the Co-operative Insurance Company"—certainly no lofty position for a bride whose father, we learn, had a billiard-room of his own, and everything handsome about him, at "The Laurels, St. Albans." Francis writes "critical papers in the monthlies," and here is an example of his discourse when, with his bride, he visits Westminster Abbey:—

What an assembly it would be if
at some supreme day each man might
stand forth from the portals of his
tomb. Tennyson, the last and almost
the greatest of that illustrious line, lay
under the white slab upon the floor.
Maude and Frank stood reverently be-
side it.

Sunset and evening star
And one clear call for me,

Frank quoted, "What lines for a very old man to write! I should put him second only to Shakespeare had I the marshalling of them."

"I have read so little," said Maude.

"We will read it all together after next week. But it makes your reading so much more real and intimate when you have stood at the grave of the man who wrote. That's Chaucer, the big tomb there. He is the father of British poetry. Here is Browning

beside Tennyson—united in life and in death. He was the more profound thinker, but music and form are essential also." . . .

"Who is that standing figure?"

"It is Dryden. What a clever face, and what a modern type. Here is Walter Scott beside the door. How kindly and humorous his expression was! And see how high his head was from the ear to the crown. It was a great brain. There is Burns, the other famous Scot. Don't you think there is a resemblance between the faces? And here are Dickens, and Thackeray, and Macaulay. I wonder whether, when Macaulay was writing his essays, he had a premonition that he would be buried in Westminster Abbey. He is continually alluding to the Abbey and its graves. I always think that we have a vague intuition as to what will occur to us in life."

"We can guess what is probable."

To find a likeness in the faces of Burns and Scott is certainly original criticism. These young married people certainly "do not overstimulate," whether they moralize in Mr. Carlyle's house or in the Abbey.

It may be a vulgar taste, but we decidedly prefer the adventures of Dr. Watson with Mr. Sherlock Holmes. Watson is indeed a creation; his loyalty to his great friend, his extreme simplicity of character, his tranquil endurance of taunt and insult, make him a rival of James Boswell, Esq., of Auchinleck. Dazzled by the brilliance of Sherlock, who doses himself with cocaine and is amateur champion of the middle-weights, or very nearly (what would the Bustler's trainer say to this?), the public overlooks the monumental qualities of Dr. Watson. He, too, had his love affair in "The Sign of Four"; but Mrs. Watson, probably, was felt to be rather in the way when heroic adventures were afoot. After Sherlock returned to life—for he certainly died, if the artist has correctly represented his struggle with Professor

Moriarty—Mrs. Watson faded from this mortal scene.

The idea of Sherlock is the idea of Zadig in Voltaire's *conte*, and of d'Artagnan exploring the duel in "Le Vicomte de Bragelonne," and of Poe's Dupin, and of Monsieur Lecoq; but Sir Arthur handles the theme with ingenuity always fresh and fertile; we may constantly count on him to mystify and amuse us. In we forget what state trial of the eighteenth century, probably the affair of Elizabeth Canning, a witness gave evidence that some one had come from the country. He was asked how he knew, and said that there was country mud on the man's clothes, not London mud, which is black. That witness possessed the secret of Sherlock; he observed, and remembered, and drew inferences, yet he was not a professional thief-taker.

The feats of Sherlock Holmes do not lend themselves as inspiring topics to criticism. If we are puzzled and amused we get as much as we want, and, unless our culture is very precious, we are puzzled and amused. The *roman policier* is not the roof and crown of the art of fiction, and we do not rate Sherlock Holmes among the masterpieces of the human intelligence; but many persons of note, like Bismarck and Moltke, are known to have been fond of Gaboriau's tales. In these, to be sure, there really is a good deal of character of a sort; and there are some entertaining scoundrels and pleasant irony in the detective novels of Xavier de Montépin and Fortuné du Boisgobey, sonorous names that might have been borne by crusaders! But the adventures of Sherlock are too brief to permit much study of character. The thing becomes a formula, and we can imagine little variation, unless Sherlock falls in love, or Watson detects him in blackmailing a bishop. This moral error might plausibly be set down to that over-

indulgence in cocaine which never interferes with Sherlock's physical training or intellectual acuteness. Sir Arthur writes in one of his prefaces:—

I can well imagine that some of my critics may express surprise that, in an edition of my works from which I have rigorously excluded all that my literary conscience rejects, I should retain stories which are cast in this primitive and conventional form. My own feeling upon the subject is that all forms of literature, however humble, are legitimate if the writer is satisfied that he has done them to the highest of his power. To take an analogy from a kindred art, the composer may range from the ofatorio to the comic song and be ashamed of neither so long as his work in each is as honest as he can make it. It is insincere work, scamped work, work which is consciously imitative, which a man should voluntarily suppress before time saves him the trouble. As to work which is unconsciously imitative, it is not to be expected that a man's style and mode of treatment should spring fully formed from his own brain. The most that he can hope is that as he advances the outside influences should decrease and his own point of view become clearer and more distinctive.

Edgar Allen Poe, who, in his carelessly prodigal fashion, threw out the seeds from which so many of our present forms of literature have sprung, was the father of the detective tale, and covered its limits so completely that I fail to see how his followers can find any fresh ground which they can confidently call their own. For the secret of the thinness and also of the intensity of the detective story is that the writer is left with only one quality, that of intellectual acuteness, with which to endow his hero. Everything else is outside the picture and weakens the effect. The problem and its solution must form the theme, and the character-drawing be limited and subordinate. On this narrow path the writer must walk, and he sees the foot marks of Poe always in front of him. He is happy if he ever finds the means

of breaking away and striking out on some little side-track of his own.

Not much more is left to be said by the most captious reviewer. A novelist writes to please; and if his work pleases, as it undeniably does, a great number and variety of his fellow-citizens, why should his literary conscience reject it? If Poe had written more stories about Dupin—his Sherlock Holmes—and not so many about corpses and people buried alive, he would be a more agreeable author. It is a fact that the great majority of Sherlock's admirers probably never heard of Poe; do not know that detective stories date from Dupin, and stories of ciphers and treasure from "The Golden Bug," or beetle, as the insect is usually styled in English. Of Sir Arthur's debt to Poe there is no more to say than he has said. Perhaps he has not himself observed that his tale of "The Man with the Twisted Lip" is a variant of the adventure of Mr. Altamont in the "Memoirs of James Fitzjames de la Pluche." The "mistry" of that hero's "buth," by the way, seems to have revealed in his Christian names, which, like the motto of Clan Alpine, murmur, "My race is royal." Readers who remember the case of Mr. Altamont are not puzzled by the disappearance of Mr. Neville St. Clair.

Possibly the homicidal ape in "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" suggested the homicidal Andaman islander in "The Sign of Four." This purely fictitious little monster enables us to detect the great detective and expose the superficial character of his knowledge and methods. The Andamanese are cruelly libelled, and have neither the malignant qualities, nor the heads like mops, nor the weapons, nor the customs, with which they are credited by Sherlock. He has detected the wrong savage, and injured the character of an

amiable people. The *bo:jig-ngijji* is really a religious, kindly creature, has a Deluge and a Creation myth, and shaves his head, not possessing scissors. Sherlock confessedly took his knowledge of the *bo:jig-ngijji* from "a gazetteer," which is full of nonsense. "The average height is below four feet!" The average height is four feet ten inches and a half. The gazetteer says that "massacres are invariably concluded by a cannibal feast." Mr. E. H. Man, who knows the people thoroughly, says "no lengthened investigation was needed to disprove this long-credited fiction, for not a trace could be discovered of the existence of such a practice in their midst, even in far-off times."

In short, if Mr. Sherlock Holmes, instead of turning up a common work of reference, had merely glanced at the photographs of Andamanese, trim, elegant, closely-shaven men, and at a few pages in Mr. Man's account of them in "The Journal of the Anthropological Institute" for 1881, he would have sought elsewhere for his little savage villain with the blow-pipe. A Fuegian who had lived a good deal on the Amazon might have served his turn.

A man like Sherlock, who wrote a monograph on over a hundred varieties of tobacco-ash, ought not to have been gulled by a gazetteer. Sherlock's Andamanese fights with a blow-pipe and poisoned arrows. Neither poisoned arrows nor blow-pipes are used by the islanders, according to Mr. Man. These melancholy facts demonstrate that Mr. Holmes was not the paragon of Dr. Watson's fond imagination, but a very superficial fellow, who knew no more of the Mincopies (a mere nickname derived from their words for "come here") than did Mr. Herbert Spencer.

The Quarterly Review.

Sherlock is also as ignorant as Dickens was of a very simple matter, the ordinary British system of titles. He has a client, and he looks for that client in another "book of reference," not the light-hearted gazetteer which he consults with the pious confidence that Mrs. Gallup bestows on the "Encyclopædia Britannica." He discovers that the client's name is "Lord Robert Walsingham de Vere St. Simon, second son of the Duke of Balmoral"—not a plausible title at best. Yet, knowing this, and finding, in the "Morning Post," the client's real name, both Sherlock and the egregious Watson speak of Lord Robert St. Simon throughout as "Lord St. Simon"! The unhappy "nobleman," with equal ignorance of his place in life, signs himself, "Yours faithfully, St. Simon."

Of course we expect that so clumsy a pretender to be the second son of a duke will be instantly exposed by the astute Sherlock. Not so; Sherlock "thinks it all very capital." Now would Sherlock have called the late Lord Randolph Churchill "Lord Churchill," or would he have been surprised to hear that Lord Randolph did not sign himself "Churchill"? Anthropology we do not expect from Sherlock, but he really ought to have known matters of everyday usage. The very "page boy" announces "Lord Robert St. Simon"; but Sherlock salutes the visitor as "Lord St. Simon," and the pretended nobleman calls his wife "Lady St. Simon." But do not let us be severe on the great detective for knowing no more of anthropology than of other things! Rather let us wish him "good hunting," and prepare to accompany Dr. Watson and him, when next they load their revolvers, and go forth to the achieving of great adventures.

BOY'S HOME-TRAINING.

It is impossible to shut one's eyes to the fact that every succeeding year, in addition to the normal crop of anxieties, in addition, too, to the serious growth of ordinary and extraordinary taxation, presents to the limited-income parent fresh difficulties not only in paying for the proper education of his sons, but in starting them in the world even after they have received what is called "a liberal education."

"How if a-will not stand?" inquired the watch of wise old Dogberry.

How then, if a-be not educated?

Why, then a-must teach himself to dig, or a-must 'list, or go out as cabin-boy or errand-boy, or find some equally unintellectual occupation. There is no reason why I should discuss his future. Let us rather bid him God-speed on his journey through life, and so take our leave of him.

We will so far follow Dogberry's advice as to take no note of him and let him go; but in the place of thanking God that we are rid of a knave, we will condole with him on his being the son of most neglectful and improvident parents.

It is an accepted theory, may it be said, that Boy, if he ever hopes when he has arrived at man's estate to make his way in the world, must, unless indeed he be either an exceptional genius or a "freak," have a sound education, and that the greater the present self-sacrifice on the parents' part in the way of providing that education, the less probably will be the drain on their purse in the days to come. For in these days of strong competition education may, in part at all events, supply the deficiency of capital wherewith to start the world. But in the face of increasing difficulties and increasing

competition it is found that parents of the limited-income class are making greater efforts to ensure Boy's ultimate success than their own parents did for them? 'Up to a certain extent, perhaps, an affirmative answer may be given. For the modern parent, if we strike an average, probably packs off Boy to a dame's school or a preparatory school at an earlier age than he went himself. There seems, on the contrary, to be a falling off in the matter of the home preparation for school-life, and Boy too commonly in these days arrives at Dotheboys Hall totally unequipped with any power whatever of concentrating his thoughts, and in a state of ignorance which Government refuses to countenance in the future tiller of the soil. It is surely an anomalous state of affairs that our rulers should exact a certain amount of knowledge, even though it may prove to be a mechanical and parrot-like knowledge, from our little hobbledehoy, but prefer to close their eyes to the fact that a good many children in the upper and middle classes know absolutely nothing at all.

"Here's virgin soil for you," says Paterfamilias, as he introduces his nine-year-old boy to the preparatory schoolmaster, "make the best you can of him," or, in other words, "I have absolutely neglected my own obvious duty, but do you do yours."

If things go smoothly with Boy, which may possibly be the case if the so-called virgin soil be indeed virgin, and void of ill-weeds, well and good.

"Smart youngster that boy of mine!" pronounces Paterfamilias.

But if things go contrariwise—why, then:—

"Never taught him a word at that

school, so take my advice and don't send your boy there," is the verdict.

It is not required that a man who has either done a hard day's work on his own account or has a hard day's work in front of him, should rise up early or go to bed late in order that he may be able to devote some hours to teaching Boy the alphabet or grinding him through the pages of the Latin Grammar. On the contrary, I am inclined to think the father who personally undertakes the daily instruction of his little son is embarking upon a very hazardous experiment. When the small Rugbeian registered his opinion that "all the masters are beasts," he was merely giving voice to that feeling of antagonism which naturally exists in the heart of nineteen out of twenty young animals, compelled to do things which they dislike doing, towards the compelling power. When I make my puppy sit up and hold a piece of biscuit on his nose, I do not imagine that he entirely enjoys the performance, and I am prepared to believe that he considers me a "beast" for requiring it of him. For puppy, however, the immediate prospect of receiving the biscuit tones down the asperity of the situation, and shortly he learns to love not the lesson *qua* lesson, but the lesson plus biscuit to follow. Boy's real biscuit, the solid advantages of education, is so very much in the dim distance during those preliminary stages that the teacher will remain more or less a beast for several years to come. It is true that Cornelia now and again will tell her friends that "Bobbie is very fond of his lessons." But then the dear good lady is either drawing upon her imagination or—worse still—is the mother of a prig. Boy's natural inclination is to play, and it is only in maturer life that he will find in congenial work the best of all forms of amusement.

There is yet another most excellent

reason why a father is ill-advised in attempting to play the schoolmaster. The power of imparting knowledge is by no means a necessary accompaniment of the possession of knowledge, nor does it at all follow that an able man is *ipso facto* an able teacher. In the initial stages teaching is a laborious and apparently unrewarding occupation, and he who essays to practice the art will shortly discover that it calls for an unusual amount of patience and self-control. In the mind of the most easy-tempered individual the sense of failure is apt to engender some sense of exasperation, and when Boy and teacher come to loggerheads, the failure, no matter which of the pair is primarily responsible, is generally visited upon the shoulders of the former. We can afford on the golf-course to laugh at the short-tempered player who smashes his putter when his ball lips the hole, or hurls his driver into the sea when he has fozzled a tee-shot, but the man who loses his temper with the child he is trying to instruct is something far worse than ridiculous. A neophyte in the art of shaving is courting disaster if he tries his 'prentice hand upon a highly delicate skin, and it will be found that even the wisest and the keenest schoolmaster will decline to test his skill upon his own progeny, on the ground that their mutual good understanding might be impaired.

Who, then, is to prepare Boy for the plunge into school-life? In the earliest stage of all Paterfamilias has commonly very little to say in the matter. For Boy—and perhaps it is quite as well—is left under feminine surveillance in order that he may receive from the gentler sex that preliminary training in various details of the etiquette and *convenience* of social life which are among things to be learnt before he appears in public. It will be for his future advantage if the

nurse who presides over his destiny at this period be a person with not too soft a heart nor yet too hard a slipper, a person with distinct ideas of refinement, or in any case free from pronounced vulgarity, whether of manner or idiom, and—a point of no small importance—innocent of marked provincial dialect. For Boy is essentially an imitative animal, more so, I believe, than any other creature except perhaps Parrot; and when Mr. Kipling, in his picture of Mowgli, the wolf-boy, assigns to him so many characteristics of his foster-mother and foster-brothers, he is simply exemplifying the rule that the young human animal will so far as possible imitate the habits, manners, and language of its earliest educators. Many a boy has been seriously handicapped in the earlier days of his school career by reason of his inability to speak his own mother tongue in a way “to be understood of the people,” and although a few months’ herding with other boys—unsparing critics ever of their own species—will in most cases correct this failing, a common or vulgar intonation, originally picked up from a nurse or nursery-maid, has before now stamped a man to the bitter end. The Scot, Paddy, Taffy, or even the Yankee, may pass muster in Piccadilly; but he whose speech smacks of life’s highways and byways starts, as it were, with a bad mark against his name. “*Delicta majorum immeritus luit.*”

To the nurse in due course will succeed the nursery governess, a trained teacher it is to be hoped, but in no sense of the word to be regarded as an either infallible or an irresponsible agent. In a large business house a confidential clerk may be empowered to sign cheques, but the senior partner will periodically inspect the firm’s pass-book; in a limited liability company the managing director regulates the expenditure, but an outside firm of ac-

countants either will or ought to audit the accounts. The advent of the governess is a signal for the father to play his part in Boy’s intellectual life,—not the part of teacher, which may lead to disagreeable complications, but that of an occasional superintendent of the teaching, a school inspector who once in the course of six months may pay a visit of surprise to the schoolroom, an auditor of Boy’s mental account, whose duty it is to see that this most important business is being worked upon sound principles. In the nursery days Boy is a “jolly little chap,” a thing to play or to be played with, but from the day that he enters the schoolroom he establishes his claim to be treated as a rational and intellectual companion instead of as an amusing toy. There is no necessity to expose him to the ordeal of a formal test examination,—that will be better left to the school-master later on; but any man with his wits about him should be able to tell in the course of occasional conversations with a child whether the latter is learning anything or not, and most certainly no man who has not got his wits about him has any right to be the father of a family. Excellent woman as the governess may be and so often is, it is merely tempting Providence to take it for granted that Boy is being properly taught. Time even in these early years is a precious commodity, and bad teaching in the initial stages may cause infinite trouble later on. And the production of faultless exercises or high-sounding little themes as evidence of Boy’s intellectual progress is about as valuable as the balance-sheet of the London and Globe Corporation. What reader of Thackeray will not recall Master George Osborne’s wise remarks on the subject of selfishness, or Princess Angelica’s pictures of a warrior in “The Rose and the Ring”? Not only will no teacher, whether man or woman, if he or she be worth their

salt, resent occasional outside inspection of a pupil's work, but most of them are ready to admit that apart from extraneous inspection it is practically impossible to ascertain what progress is being made or where the weak points lie, and that an examination conducted by the person who has been teaching a child is valueless as compared with the work of an independent examiner.

It will not always follow that Boy's failure, or comparative failure, argues incompetence or carelessness on the teacher's part. As that humorous individual, the Claimant in the great Tichborne trial, is reported to have said, "Some people have no brains, but plenty of money." The best governess in the world cannot supply brains, or even an efficient substitute,—she can only foster and develop that brain-power which nature has bestowed upon Boy. But when no intellectual progress is discernible, it may be that a change of system is required, and if *Paterfamilias* is not prepared to ship Boy off to Hanwell, the alternative is to change his instructress, not perhaps for an essentially more able teacher, but on the good old cricket principle, that in extreme cases a bad change of bowling is better than no change at all. As in other sciences, observation and experiment are the two principal factors of success in elementary education; and when by the employment of the one or the other process Boy's weakness is exposed, a reform, if not a revolution, is required in the system of his mental training.

Not, then, in teaching Boy the rudiments lies your province, oh most excellent *Cornelius*, and you will be well advised in leaving that to kind old *Dominie Sampson*, or to prim and starch *Miss Blimber*, or, better still, to some one who comes halfway between the two. But you are storing up a woeful amount of mortification for

yourself in the future if you are content to take it for granted that he is being taught, merely because you are paying some one so much a-year to teach him. Unless from time to time you take the trouble personally to test his knowledge, there will always be the danger that he will enter school-life with nothing to show in return for the money you have spent on his preliminary education. And though it may then be some satisfaction to yourself to pour forth strong denunciations against that long-suffering animal the preparatory schoolmaster, neither he nor you will be able entirely to make up to Boy the days of the years which he has lost.

As, however, you have been spared the truly awful and temper-trying grind of dragging that precious infant through the rudiments and of teaching him to concentrate his attention, is it not only fair that you should do a little further work upon your own account in the way of developing his intelligence? For there are many paths of knowledge and ignorance which the art of the governess—even the most conscientious governess—may never explore, for the simple reason that they lie outside the doors of the school-room, and are perhaps beyond her ken.

It will serve, for instance, to make Boy's life at once happier and more interesting to others as well as to himself if he is taught a little in this early stage to use his powers of observation out of doors, and encouraged to learn to distinguish the notes and the plumage of the various birds, to know a little of their habits and peculiarities, and to recognize the different trees, not by their fruits only, but by their stems and foliage. A country walk—and there must come days when a country walk will supersede the ordinary school game—is a dull affair for Boy, if it simply means a solid and monotonous tramp along a muddy road; but if he

has learnt to use his eyes, and take an intelligent interest in the natural objects of country life, every lane and every hedgerow will have some attraction for him. In a generation when there was less artificial amusement provided for the young, and Boy was more dependent on his resources of enjoyment, he probably had far more personal knowledge of Nature than have the young game-players of the present era; and men of my own standing, who have had little leisure in adult life to devote to the study of natural history, may number the few ordinary facts that we do know among things which "our fathers have taught us." The Class-book of Zoology or the Natural History Primer—for text-books of this kind may be found in the up-to-date preparatory school—useful enough in a preparation for a formal and circumscribed examination, is a very poor substitute for the knowledge gained by observation. Such works may enable Prig minor to startle his elders by giving a learned definition of a Mammal or Marsupial; but the same learned young doctor will be found to be hopelessly at sea if he is shown a collection of ordinary live birds and asked to assign a name to each species. Possibly Boy of to-day, by virtue of his text-books, is a better theorist than his predecessor. But the pleasure of theory is not so rewarding as that of practice. So at least I found to my cost when I rashly intrusted the manipulation of a sensitive tooth to a lady who was deeply versed in the theory of dentistry, and the most highly theoretical gardener I ever employed could not grow a decent crop of potatoes to save his life. The "Beetle-Bug-hunter," as we called the young naturalist at school, may not be a more attractive person to meet than the athlete; but he promises, in those days to come, when "the grinders are few and the doors are shut in the streets,"

to have a more abiding interest in life than the man whose active boyhood has been wholly absorbed by the transitory pleasures of the playing-field.

Over and above this little training of Boy's eye and the awakening of his interest in those common things seen in the course of the walks which, it is to be hoped, he occasionally takes with his father, some slight instruction, if you please, Cornelius, in that commonly neglected subject, the History of our own times. Justin M'Carthy, of course? Nothing of the sort, nothing either one-half or one-hundredth part so learned or so elaborate. Those tough old volumes may be relegated to the years to come, when the mental digestion will have become strong enough to assimilate their contents. All that is required in Boy's school-room is an occasional chat with his father, who shall be presumed to be a person of ordinary intelligence, and to take some pride and some interest in the fact that he is a citizen of the greatest empire under the sun. Absolute ignorance of the things that are going on in his own time, whether in his own or other countries, may be Boy's lot until he arrives at years of discretion, if he does not learn a little about them while at home. For in the intermediate period of his life it is seldom that he will find any one who will be at pains to teach him. History, both Ancient and so-called Modern, may be required of him, but contemporary History seldom or never. The champion historian of a preparatory school, if ready to gabble off at a moment's notice not only the names and dates of all the kings and queens of England, but furthermore the principal clauses of wellnigh every charter signed in the Dark Ages, commonly lives in a state of blissful ignorance of the historical events or the social movements in or round about his own

lifetime, and when called upon to give a definition of a trades-union is quite likely to announce that it is a new species of potato. Better informed than some was an urchin of ten who, on being informed that only a Radical wore his top hat on the back of his head, then and there abjured that evil habit; but I fear that even his ideas of what a Radical really is were vague in the extreme. "Something that my father is not," might have been his definition.

With the social subjects of the day young hobbledohoy, who in part is self-educated by that simple system which bore such good fruit in Mr. Samuel Weller's case, is probably more *au fait* than his better-dressed compeer. His occasional attempts to utilize the information thus acquired are not always attended by comforting or comfortable results.

"Why ain't you brought no money home along 'you to-day Jim?" inquired a sea-faring man of his ragged little son, the cheekiest of many cheeky little caddies on a well-known south coast golf-course.

"'Cos we're all out on the strike."

"Ah," quoth the father grimly, "you're on the strike, are you? Then so am I," and the following day my little friend enlisted as a "blackleg."

In the matter of contemporary history there is little to choose between the knowledge of the preparatory school and the board school disciple, unless the former happens to have come from home with a little stock-in-trade. For it is an open secret that what may be called "contemporaneous" knowledge is entirely outside that magic circle which Mr. Squeers delights to call his curriculum, and that the ordinary conversation between small boy and small boy, or even small boy and master, has for its subject the sayings and doings of men of mark in the athletic world.

But does not Boy read the newspapers? Well, yes, sometimes. A youth of no mean capacity not so very long ago, *i.e.*, when the Boer War was at its height, formulated a request to his schoolmaster that he and two other searchers after knowledge might be allowed to see more than they had heretofore seen of the daily paper.

"What paper particularly, my boy?"

"The 'Daily Mail,' if you please."

The paper was at once provided, and by the end of the week the whole trio could say off by heart the order of the counties in the First Class Cricket Championship, knew the names of every regular member of each separate team, and could have passed a severe test examination in various great men's averages, decimal points and all. One of them had also mastered the fact that the present Commander-in-Chief of our Indian Army is commonly spoken of as "K."

Another ingenious youth who took a lively interest in the Boat-Race was invited to give his ideas on the subject of the rival Universities. After some deliberation he announced that Oxford and Cambridge were places, and on being further invited to say anything more that he knew about them, his answer was that light-haired people lived at Cambridge, and dark-haired at Oxford.

Stories might be multiplied to prove that Boy is dependent on his father for much desirable, if not necessary, knowledge, which his life in the early days at school commonly fails to supply.

A few words more on the invaluable assistance in other matters which he may claim to expect from the father, who has himself gone through the mill of a school career. It is not too much to say that a schoolmaster, who really cares for his work, is more or less able to find out in a fortnight how far Boy has been trained by womankind only,

or when Paterfamilias be found to have taken his due share in the good work, what manner of man he is, and what manner of school he was educated at.

While it is impossible to overestimate the value of the influence which the careful training of a wise mother may have in forming the higher sides of Boy's character, there are certain less vital, but, so far as happiness at school is concerned, very desirable characteristics whereof the inspiration, whether by heredity, precept, or imitation, is pretty well sure to come from the father.

A little stoicism, to begin with, Boy will require; not the stoicism of sulky or stolid indifference, but the stoicism which will enable him to appreciate the petty ups and downs of school-life at their proper value. He has to learn that things which Girl may do are tabooed for himself as being unmanly. We allow certain forms of manifestation of joy or grief to the weaker sex, because they are the weaker sex, following the example of the handicapper on the Turf, who makes the colt concede some allowance to the filly, even though, no matter her color, she is apt to prove herself the better horse of the pair. Girl, then, when she giggles, we write down as silly. Boy, afflicted by the same disease, is a nuisance to society, and requires instant suppression. Girl—this is yet another privilege of her sex—may cry for the moon; but to Boy tears, if they be not tears of genuine grief or repentance, are unseemly, and his tendency to weep over trifles must be nipped in the bud, while he is yet under home discipline. Nothing at a later stage of his existence affords so much bewilderment and disconcertment to that unsympathetic "beast" the schoolmaster, as the boy who weeps "buckets" on every possible, and, to other boys, impossible, occasion. Tears, then, which are essentially private property. Boy should be

taught to regard as precious commodities not intended for everyday use, but to be kept to himself, and only exhibited under stress of dire necessity.

But if he is left too much in the company of creatures that seek comfort for every little woe in tear-shedding—nurses, that is, maid-servants, sisters, a weak-minded governess, or hysterical mother—the force of example will coerce him into being a crying boy. "Dell's in the man!" exclaimed Dandie Dinmont, "he's garred me do that I hanna done since my auld mither dee'd."

It appertains to the father to impress upon Boy that his tears, like honest Dandie's, must be reserved for great and solemn occasions. It was only in the youth of the world that the patriarchs and Greek heroes lifted up their voices and wept: the fashion of mankind has changed since then, and Boy, like Man, must go with the fashion. I knew a Boy in the flesh not so very long ago who caused his teachers no small embarrassment by weeping like a Niobe on the slightest, or even without the slightest, provocation. He was very tender-hearted, they argued to themselves, his feelings were very highly wrought, and allowances must be made for him. But, lo and behold! there came a time when a particularly light-hearted little cherub, a boy who never opened a book except under dire compulsion, was asked how he and two or three of his boon companions had whiled away the hours of a dismally wet half-holiday.

"Oh, we did this, and we did that," he explained, "and then we had some most awful fun—we got old Billy to blub for quite an hour!"

"You horrid little brutes! What did you do that for?"

"Oh! but Billy likes blubbing; he says that he would just as soon blub as do anything else, and he does make such ripping faces."

A little stoicism, again, in the matter of his own health. Here and there it is a matter of vital importance that Boy should keep certain definite rules of hygiene, but "fussiness" and "nerves" are most unnecessary, and very modern traits in his character. I am not alluding to the small malingerer, common, I suppose, to every age and every school, who is afflicted with chronic Greek headaches, or geography toothaches, but to the little *malade imaginaire*, whose joy in life is to pose as a constitutional invalid, and who takes melancholy pleasure in being profoundly sorry for himself. The clinical thermometer, invaluable in skilled hands and in cases of real illness, had better like Horace's ship have never been thought of, if Boy himself is to know anything of its working. Forty years ago schoolboys were innocent of "temperature," and as a class, I think, compared favorably with the delicately nurtured youth of the present day. Far be it from me to advocate the extreme measures adopted by a rebellious urchin who, when the matron tried to enforce her edict that he should stop in bed on a wintry day by removing his boots and socks, padded down barefoot to the boot-room, borrowed some socks, played his game of football, and is alive to tell the tale. But at any rate Boy should be trained to believe that robust health is his normal and natural condition, and that nerves, delicacy, and fussiness are the exclusive property of womankind. Let him borrow, if he likes, some of the fortitude of the other sex when the real illness comes, but not cry out before the event, after the manner of the Red Queen.

A little self-help, and a little power of resource, Boy, if he has the occasional benefit of his father's society, will probably learn, and no qualities will stand him in better stead, when that tremendous plunge into the un-

known depths of school-life is taken. It is almost lamentable to see the helplessness of the home-bred urchin who has dealt with womankind only till the day he came to school. The master of the house, if he be a wise master, issues his orders to Boy and exacts obedience, without troubling himself to suggest ways and means.

"If they can't leap over briars they must scramble through them," says Lord Castleton in the "Caxtons"; or, in other words, "They have got to come and go when I tell them, somehow!"

The lady of the house, if she, too, be a wise lady, may exact the obedience, but out of sheer tenderness of heart is too much given to suggesting the ways and means, leaving to Boy no scope for originality of method; if she be not very wise, she not only suggests means, but probably ends by doing half the task herself. And the result is, that Boy comes to school a helpless little mortal, armed with two stock phrases to cover all sins of omission and commission.

"Why didn't you change your boots, Jones minor?"

"I didn't know I had to"

"Why did you go out in your slippers?"

"I didn't know I mightn't."

I could instance, among my own acquaintance, a little fellow of nine, who found his own way, and a still smaller brother's way, to a far corner of Ireland, armed with nothing but sufficient journey-money and his own wits; and yet another boy of thirteen, who required the services of a commissionaire to escort him from one platform to another in the same station.

"Is it," as Hecuba plaintively inquired, "that their parents were of different mould, or the manner of their bringing up?"

Or is so-called originality, like imaginative power, really innate? If so, for Boy, both the one and the other, duly

sustained by sympathetic outside influence, are invaluable gifts: left to run riot, originality may lead to what Percival Keene's schoolmaster called a "blow up," and the same imaginative power, by virtue of which one boy becomes a first-class verse-writer, may make of another a second Munchausen.

Last of all, Cornelius, it is your bounden duty to see that Boy is neither a habitual loafer nor a peripatetic nuisance to his neighbors, but that he goes to school forearmed with some ideas of sensibly occupying his spare time. Let him be a reader, if you will, but if not a reader, then a draughts-

Blackwood's Magazine.

man, a net-maker, a modeller, or even a collector. It is commonly reported that in that eminently practical country Germany even princelings are brought up to follow some trade, but it is a rare thing in our upper and middle classes to find a boy who can even drive in a nail properly.

If you have no pity on your fellow-creature the schoolmaster, have some, at least, upon that being who is reputed to provide work for idle hands and idle minds, and impress upon Boy in his early days that time unemployed is a snare, a delusion, and a dangerous deceit.

ART AND LETTERS.

In that dim and distant aeon
Known as Ante-Mycenaean,
When the proud Pelasgian still
Bounded on his native hill,
And the shy Iberian dwelt
Undisturbed by conquering Celt,
Ere from out their Aryan home
Came the lords of Greece and Rome,
Somewhere in those ancient spots
Lived a man who painted Pots—
Painted with an art defective,
Quite devoid of all perspective,
Very crude, and causing doubt
When you tried to make them out,
Men (at least they looked like that),
Beasts that might be dog or cat,
Pictures blue and pictures red,
All that came into his head:
Not that any tale he meant
On the Pots to represent:
Simply 'twas to make them smart,
Simply Decorative Art.
So the seasons onward hied,
And the Painter-person died—
But the Pot whereon he drew
Still survived as good as new:
Painters come and painters go,
Art remains *in statu quo*.

When a thousand years (perhaps)
Had proceeded to elapse,
Out of Time's primeval mist
Came an Aetiologist:
He by shrewd and subtle guess
Wrote Descriptive Letterpress,
Setting forth the various causes
For the drawings on the vases,
All the motives, all the plots
Of the painter of the pots,
Entertained the nations with
Fable, Saga, Solar Myth,
Based upon ingenious shots
At the Purpose of the Pots,
Showing ages subsequent
What the painter really meant
(Which, of course, the painter hadn't;
He'd have been extremely saddened
Had he seen his meanings missed
By the Aetiologist).

Next arrives the Prone to Err
Very ancient Chronicler,
All that mythologic lore
Swallowing whole and wanting more,
Crediting what wholly lacked
All similitude of Fact,
Building on this wondrous basis
All we know of early races;
So the Past as seen by him
Furnished from its chambers dim
Hypothetical foundations
Whence succeeding generations
Built, as on a basis sure,
Branches three of Literature,
Social Systems four (or five),
Two Religions Primitive;
So that one may truly say
(Speaking in a general way)
All the facts and all the knowledge
Taught in School and taught in College,
All the books the printer prints—
Everything that's happened since—
Feels the influence of what
Once was drawn upon that Pot,
Plus the curious mental twist
Of that Aetiologist!
But the Pot that caused the trouble
Lay entombed in earth and rubble,
Left about in various places,

Art and Letters.

In the way that early races—
 Hittites, Greeks, or Hottentots—
 Used to leave important Pots;
 Till at length, to close the list,
 Came an Archæologist,
 Came and dug with care and pain,
 Came and found the Pot again:
 Dug and delved with spade and shovel,
 Made a version wholly novel
 Of the Potman's old design
 (Others none were genuine).
 Pots were in a special sense
Echt-Historisch Documents:
 All who Error hope to stem
 Must begin by studying them;
 So the Public (which, he said,
 Had been grievously misled)
 Must in all things freshly start
 From his views of Ancient Art.
 All (the learned man proceeded)
 Otherwise who thought than he did,
 Showed a stupid, base, untrue,
 Obscurantist point of view;
 Men like these (the sage would say)
 Should be wholly swept away;
 They, and eke the faults prodigious
 Which beset their creeds religious,
 Render totally impure
 All their so-called Literature,
 Vitiate lastly in particular
 Pedagogues' effete curricula,—
 Just because they've quite forgot
 What was meant and what was not,
 By the Painter of the Pot!

.
 Pots are long and life is fleeting;
 Artists, when their subjects treating,
 Should be very, very far
 Carefuller than now they are.

OF THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL
 INSTITUTE OF GREAT BRITAIN
 AND IRELAND
 AND OF THE SOCIETY OF
 ANTIQUARIES OF LONDON
 AND OF THE SOCIETY OF
 ANTIQUARIES OF DUBLIN
 AND OF THE SOCIETY OF
 ANTIQUARIES OF GLoucester

THE SHEPHERD IN WINTER.

The brief light wanes, and the wind rises cold,
The chill, gray mist comes circling high and higher;
In the still shelter of the mountain-fold
The lonely shepherd lights his evening fire.

But though he hears not human speech or cry,
And though no welcome hand the door unbars,
He sits in old and loved society—
Silence and sleep and the kind host of stars.

Emily Taylor.

CARDINAL NEWMAN AND THE NEW GENERATION.

Many a time as I have sat in my library, facing the thirty-six volumes in which Cardinal Newman collected such of his writings as he specially wished preserved, I have asked myself what will be his place eventually as a thinker and a teacher. Two books¹ recently published may perhaps help towards an answer. One is from the pen of Lady Blennerhassett, unquestionably the most considerable exponent just now of the culture of Catholic Germany. The other we owe to Dr. William Barry, a master in theology and in philosophy, in history and in romantic fiction, who, as unquestionably, is the foremost representative of Catholic intellect in this country. I shall proceed to give a brief account of each.

Lady Blennerhassett's work, as its title-page states, is "a contribution to the history of the religious development of the present day." It is, she tells us in its introductory pages, a study of Newman designed to present the outlines of his life and teaching to

German readers. She does not write merely for Catholics. She remarks, quite truly, that unswerving as was Newman's allegiance to the Church in which he found the true home of his religious convictions, his sympathies were not confined to that fold; and notes how, after outliving the inevitable reaction of feeling against him, following upon his submission to Rome, he had the consolation of finding his way back to souls dear to him (*den Weg zu den ihm theueren Seelen zurück zu finden*) and how he gradually won the affection and reverence of his countrymen at large. It is to German readers in general that she wishes to make Newman better known: and I cannot doubt that her work, skilfully planned and admirably executed, will be received with the appreciative favor always shown in her own country to this accomplished writer.

It would be beside my present purpose, and would take me far beyond my present limits, to give a detailed account of Newman's life and teaching. I have, however, written a few lines on his life and teaching in my book, *Newman*, Berlin, 1904. "Newman," by William Barry, London, 1904.

¹ "John Henry Cardinal Newman, ein Beitrag zur religiösen Entwicklungsgeschichte der Gegenwart," von Charlotte Lady Blennerhassett. Berlin, 1904. "Newman," by William Barry, London, 1904.

count of Lady Blennerhassett's book. I wish rather to indicate the judgment which she has been led to form of Newman as a thinker and a teacher. "If it be asked," she writes, "what spiritual influence has been mightiest and most enduring on the religious culture of the Anglo-Saxon world, from the middle to the end of the last century, the answer is not doubtful. The generation whose cradle-song Byron and Shelley sang, for which Coleridge philosophized, and Sir Walter Scott discovered a vanished world, and Carlyle and Macaulay wrote history, the generation to which John Stuart Mill exhibited the Utilitarian teaching, and Darwin introduced a new view of nature, names the name of John Henry Newman as that of the man who most deeply influenced the feelings, most strongly stirred the souls of men. To the last day of a life of ninety years, this influence was exclusively religious; but it was exercised by one who held the foremost rank, both in the intellectual province and in literature." Such is the judgment of this highly gifted woman upon Newman. And, as she points out, it is now being accepted far beyond the limits of the English-speaking peoples. For the last twenty years, she observes, the more thoughtful minds of French divines have increasingly appreciated the true way of treating the explication of religious doctrine unfolded in the *Essay on Development* and the *Grammar of Assent*; and the present theological progress in France, she considers, is due, if not in its results, yet in its method, to Newman.

Dr. Barry's book is modelled upon a very different plan from Lady Blennerhassett's. He writes for a public well acquainted with, at all events, the outlines of Newman's career, and not altogether ignorant of his works. The number of careful and conscientious students of his writings among us is

perhaps not very large; such students are always rare. But probably there are few cultivated Englishmen and Englishwomen who have not read the *Apologia pro Vita Sua*; and some of his verses are among the most popular of our religious poems. Dr. Barry is concerned with his intellectual life, and with the external accidents of his career, the texture of his beliefs, and the moments at which they were acquired, only as illustrating and illuminating his literary development. He deals with Newman as a great English classic, regarding him, however, not from a merely English but from a European point of view. But with Newman literature was not an end in itself; it was a great means to a greater end. A deeply, one may say, a naturally religious mind, he from the first discerned that his vocation was prophetic. This comes out strikingly in some verses addressed by him to his brother Frank in the year 1826:

Dear Frank, we both are summoned
now

As champions of the Lord:
Enrolled am I; and shortly thou
Must buckle on the sword:
A high employ, not lightly given,
To serve as messenger from heaven.

"To serve as messenger from heaven."
What, then, according to Dr. Barry,
was Newman's message?

Dr. Barry's answer to that question may be read at large in his brilliant pages, and especially in the two chapters entitled *The Logic of Belief* and *Newman's Place in History*. All I can do here is to give, in a very compressed form, some outlines of it:—

Newman realized, as others did not, that Christianity was fading away from the public order; that Christians would be called upon more and more to exercise their individual judgment, to mix in a society no longer Catholic or Protestant, but free-thinking as was the later Roman Empire, sceptical yet

superstitious, corrupt yet polished; and he began to provide against the evil day. His policy would have gone upon lines, novel as regarded the immediate past, now irrecoverable, but identical with those by which Clement, Origen, Basil, and the early Fathers had guided their course under heathen rule. It was a programme for to-morrow which implied great and permanent losses, not pleasant to think of, a reliance on energy instead of routine, and what many took to be a change of front. By this time Darwin had published his "Origin of Species"; the Bible criticism familiar to Germany since Lessing, had put out feelers in "Essays and Reviews"; Colenso was applying his arithmetic to the Pentateuch; Hegel had been heard of in Oxford. Newman was alive to the signs of the times; he read and gave them a meaning. Events have shown that he was not deceived.

So much, in general, as to Newman's attitude of mind. And now let us look, more closely, at a portion of his teaching. All his life long, as he said in his address at the Palazzo della Pigna, on receiving the Cardinal's hat, he had opposed what he called Liberalism in religion, meaning by Liberalism, as Dean Church happily puts it, "the tendency of modern thought to destroy the basis of revealed religion, and, ultimately, of all that can be called religion at all." The question, then, which he asked himself was this: "What must be the face-to-face antagonist by which to withstand and baffle the fierce energy of passion and the all-corroding, all-dissolving scepticism of the intellect in religious inquiries?" To answer that question he falls back on personality as "the key to truth."

"He takes himself," writes Dr. Barry, "for granted, his nature, faculties, instincts, and all that they imply. Metaphysicians have commonly started

from the universal to arrive at the particular; but he, who is not of their sect, reverses the process. . . . 'Let concretes come first,' he exclaimed, 'and so-called universals second.' He went back to the days of childhood, when he was 'alone with the Alone'; and on this adamant basis of reality he set up his religion. . . . The inevitable, though commonly unrecognized, premiss of all reasoning is each man's individual nature, so that if a multitude agree, still it is because every one finds in himself a motive for assenting to the view taken by all. Whether the motive be weak or valid we do not now inquire. But what of the process? In many books it is described as an art—the art of logic—and rules have been given for its proper exercise. Newman, as we might expect, denies this old position, at least in its accepted form. 'Reasoning,' he says, 'is a living spontaneous energy within us, not an art.' . . . Revelation is an accommodation to our weakness, an 'economy,' in its nature unequalled to that which it bodies forth. And as is the object, so is the evidence. 'Almost all reasons formally adduced in moral inquiries are rather specimens and symbols of the real grounds, than those grounds themselves.' They are 'hints towards the true reasoning, and demand an active, ready, candid, and docile mind, which can throw itself into what is said, neglect verbal difficulties, and pursue and carry out principles.' Defenders of Christianity, however, are tempted to 'select as reasons for belief, not the highest, the truest, the most sacred, the most intimately persuasive, but such as best admit of being exhibited in argument, and these are commonly not the real reasons in the case of religious men.'

"It would be difficult to name a controversial divine who had ever made these admissions before Newman; to the unphilosophical, of whom Froude or Kingsley was a type, they would seem to border on scepticism, to conceal infinite reserve, and to furnish bigotry with weapons of offence. New-

* It has been profoundly observed by Dr. Barry that Newman's view of personality is

essentially Carlyle's doctrine of heroes "wearing its academic robes."

man was engaged upon two inquiries, for which the shallow enlightenment of an age when Bentham was a prophet and Macaulay a preacher could not be prepared. He was grappling with the idea of Evolution and the fact of the Unconscious. So have they been termed since; in his language we must call the one 'development,' the other 'implicit reason.' His claim to be original in philosophy rests on discoveries to which zeal for theology impelled him. . . . Newman held that 'it is the mind which reasons, and not a sheet of paper'; but he went a step beyond this judgment upon artificial logic when he brought in as auxiliaries emotion, instinct, and the will to believe. This was escaping from literature to life, subordinating science to action, or rather testing presumptive knowledge by its behavior in contact with realities; the world was now the school, whereas religious apologists had taken their narrow little classroom for the world. In this truly Aristotelian spirit Newman, after some thirty years of meditation, set about writing, with infinite pains, his *Grammar of Assent*.

"Ten times he went over some of its chapters, we are told; over the last, perhaps twenty times. It bears the marks of revision in a certain weariness which broods upon its pages, and will scarcely compare with the great Oxford Sermons where he handles the same topics. But its wisdom, depth, significance, and pathos make of it a work such as St. Augustine might have offered to a century like our own. It is philosophy teaching by experience. How man ought to arrive at certitude has been the subject of many an ambitious treatise. How, in concrete matters, he does arrive at it, was Newman's concern."

In reading over these extracts, I have a sort of guilty feeling, as though I had mutilated the admirable pages (114-191) whence they are taken. Still they will, I think, convey to my readers the main outlines of Dr. Barry's argument, and I trust will lead many of them to study it at length in his own volume. I add to my citations

a few lines in which he sums up his estimate of Newman's work:—

Newman was to be the Christian prophet and philosopher of the coming century. "By the solitary force of his own mind," to quote J. A. Froude, he has not only restored Catholicism in the English-speaking world to a place and power which it might seem hopelessly to have lost; he has also reacted on the mental habits of those whom he joined by teaching them a language they could not have gained without him, modelling afresh their methods of apologetics, making known to the Roman schools a temper of philosophy and style of argument which promise a common ground, a forum or an agora, between North and South where, at least, they may discuss with understanding, and by drawing their eyes to the abyss of the unknowable which must ever lie beneath our most certain affirmations.

The fragments of Dr. Barry's work which I have just cited will suffice to indicate both its philosophical depth and its literary excellence. I shall now go on to set down a few thoughts which it suggests to me concerning Newman's place as a thinker and a teacher.

Let me put it in this way. We live in an age when all first principles once generally held in the Western world are called in question; when what is designated "the right of private judgment" is freely exercised, not only by the wise and learned, but by the foolish and ignorant; when the man in the street, who, according to Carlyle's contemptuous estimate, is really capable to judge of little save the merits of the coarser kinds of stimulants, confidently gives sentence on all things in heaven and earth. Authority once deemed conclusive is discredited and impotent. "Dost thou not think that thou art bound to believe and to do?" the *Church Catechism* asks of the neophyte. *Bound to believe and to do?* The smallest

Board School boy would resent the suggestion as an outrage upon the Nonconformist conscience to be met with passive resistance. The obligation now generally recognized is not to believe and to do, but to examine—hopelessly incompetent as the vast majority of people are for the task. It is true, however, that in this province, as in all others of human life, men are gregarious. They follow a few leaders—there is no help for it. They take their beliefs, their principles of action, on trust, while fondly imagining that the notions which have drifted into their heads originated there. The trend of thought is determined by a few thinkers. The number of Germans capable of intelligently appreciating the Kantian philosophy has ever, probably, been extremely small. And yet it is not too much to say that Kant wrought the moral regeneration of his country.³ Now, Newman, as it appears to me, is doing as great a work for England as Kant did for Germany.

It would probably be difficult to bring together two names representing minds more differently constituted: Newman, "an Alexandrian who wrote in English, if ever there was one," as Dr. Barry happily remarks, a literary artist whose prose is unmetrical poetry, a mystic, a saint; and Kant, a Teutonized Scotchman, dry, hard, unemotional, unspiritual—a critic whose judgments are delivered in what is probably the most repelling diction ever achieved by man. The contrast is very like that between the Platonic demurgus and an analytical chemist. And yet the analogies between their teachings are most curious and significant.⁴ To draw out

this in detail would be impossible here. I can only touch in passing upon a few instances. How striking, then, is the identity of their testimony regarding Theism and Immortality. "Belief in God and in another world," writes Kant, "is so interwoven with my moral nature that the former can no more vanish than the latter can be torn from me." The words of Newman seem to come as an echo of this deep saying: "The existence of a God of Judgment is as certain to me as my own existence; it is the great truth of which my whole being is full." "We have a direct and conscious knowledge of our Maker." Both Kant and Newman offer the most strenuous opposition to those schools of thought which teach that there is no knowledge *a priori*, and there are no truths cognizable by the mind's inward light and grounded on intuitive evidence, that sensation and the mind's consciousness of its own acts are not only the exclusive sources but the sole materials of our knowledge. One signal merit of Kant's philosophy, as it seems to me, consists in the abundant light which he has thrown upon personality, enabling us to see clearly its fundamental characteristic—a self-consciousness involving self-determination and the power of making our desires an object of our will. This cardinal fact of personality, as we saw just now, is the very foundation upon which Newman builds. Kant conceives of the moral law—not, according to a widely popular misconception of his teaching, as a higher self, but—as an independent reality which entering into a man evokes the higher self within him. And

³ This will perhaps appear to some of my readers a great deal too much to say. I may be permitted to refer such to pp. 167–172 of my volume, "Essays and Speeches," for that vindication of it which my space does not allow me to enter upon here.

⁴ Newman, who knew no German, was quite unacquainted with Kant, at all events up to

1834. "I have never read a word of Kant," he wrote to me in that year. I am told by a common friend that subsequently he perused translations of the "Critiques of the Pure" and the "Practical Reason," pen in hand—that was his usual way—and made some notes on them.

this conception underlies Newman's teaching, though he carries morality to the height of sanctity and passes through ethics to holiness. "The Divine Law," he writes, "the rule of ethical truth, the standard of right and wrong, a sovereign, universal, absolute authority in the presence of men and angels, is the Divine Reason, or Will of God, and this law as apprehended in the minds of individual men is called conscience." Newman and Kant, whatever the dissimilarity of their intellectual constitutions, the difference of their phraseology, the divergence of their beliefs, were apostles of the moral law. And that is what I meant when I said just now that Newman is doing for this day a work similar to Kant's a century before.

Yes; this is the main line of Newman's teaching, to which all segments of it must be referred. Man was for him a *person*, that is, an ethical being, marked off by that unique and supreme distinction from

the beast that takes
His licence in the field of time,
Unfettered by the sense of crime,
To whom a conscience never wakes.

Man, alone, of all animals "born under the law of virtue," is endowed with conscience, a Deity within him, as Menander sang centuries ago, in words where we seem to hear "the Spirit of the years to come yearning to mix himself with life." For the old Hellenic moralists conceived of goodness rather than rightness as the rule of duty. They busied themselves in inquiries about the *summum bonum*. The word "ought" did not mean for them what it means for us. Even in Aristotle the faculty of conscience, though implied, receives no explicit recognition; he gives no adequate account of its categorical imperative, of the ethical *dei*. It was the ascetic element in Stoicism which led men more sharp-

ly to distinguish the good from the pleasurable, and to discern the absolute character of the moral law. But Christianity, which has been truly said to have in some sort unveiled human nature to itself, has revealed the full import of the word. Its significance for us represents the ethical advance of the modern world over the Hellenic. When Newman began to preach and to teach, the school of Bentham was high in popular favor; a school the outcome of whose doctrines was the cancellation of that advance. Denying that good and evil are of the will, resolving morality into a long-sighted selfishness, it sought—and that in the name of progress!—to undo the work of the noblest of ancient philosophies and of the most august of all religions. The Physicists, who came later, went further than the Utilitarians. They declared by the mouth of Darwin that "the imperious word ought" implies merely the existence of persistent instincts; that a man ought to speak the truth in the sense in which a pointer ought to point, a retriever to retrieve, a hound to hunt. Doctrines such as these stirred the spirit of Newman within him. It was his life-work to combat them.

"All through my day," he writes, "there has been a resolute warfare, I had almost said conspiracy, against the rights of conscience. Literature and science have been embodied in great institutions in order to put it down. Noble buildings have been reared as fortresses against that spiritual, invisible influence which is too subtle for science and too profound for literature. Chairs in Universities have been made the seats of an antagonist tradition. Public writers, day after day, have indoctrinated the minds of innumerable readers with theories subversive of its claims. As in Roman times, and in the middle age, its supremacy was assailed by the arm of physical force, so now the intellect is put in operation to sap the foundations of a power which the

sword could not destroy. We are told that conscience is but a twist in primitive and untutored man; that its dictate is an imagination; that the very notion of guiltiness, which that dictate enforces, is simply irrational, for how can there possibly be freedom of will, how can there be consequent responsibility, in that infinite eternal network of cause and effect, in which we helplessly lie? And what retribution have we to fear, when we have had no real choice to do good or evil?

"So much for philosophers; now let us see what is the notion of conscience in this day in the popular mind. There, no more than in the intellectual world, does 'conscience' retain the old, true Catholic meaning of the word. There too the idea, the presence, of a Moral Governor is far away from the use of it, frequent and emphatic as that use of it is. When men advocate the rights of conscience, they in no sense mean the rights of the Creator, nor the duty to Him, in thought and deed, of the creature; but the right of thinking, speaking, writing, and acting according to their judgment or their humor, without any thought of God at all. They do not even pretend to go by any moral rule, but they demand, what they think is an Englishman's prerogative, for each to be his own master in all things, and to profess what he pleases, asking no one's leave, and accounting priest or preacher, speaker or writer, unutterably impertinent, who dares to say a word against his going to perdition, if he like it, in his own way. Conscience has rights because it has duties; but in this age, with a large portion of the public, it is the very right and freedom of conscience to dispense with conscience, to ignore a Lawgiver and Judge, to be independent of unseen

obligations. . . . Conscience is a stern monitor, but in this century it has been superseded by a counterfeit, which the eighteen centuries prior to it never heard of, and could not have mistaken for it if they had."

To these doctrines Newman opposed the august teaching that conscience, a constituent element of the mind, is a Divine Voice speaking in the nature and heart of man; the internal witness both of the existence and the law of God; a prophet in its informations, a monarch in its peremptoriness, a priest in its blessings and anathemas: to every individual man the rule and measure of duty. But the individual is not in truth the *individuum vagum* of Rousseau's abstraction; he is organically connected with other men in a polity civil or ecclesiastical; he is found not in solitude—*unus homo nullus homo*—but in society. And society lives by law which, rightly conceived of, is an expression of the same reason that speaks through the voice within. I need hardly observe that the principle of authority enters everywhere; into every field of human thought and of human action. And it is as necessary as it is universal; necessary as an aid to the individual conscience. Conscience, Newman points out, in a striking passage of the *Grammar of Assent*, is like a clock—"It may be said to strike the hours; but it will strike them wrongly unless it be regulated." It is a guide fully furnished for its office; but it cannot exercise that office without external assistances. One of these assistances is furnished by authority.^a And here

^a As a matter of fact, Newman's view of conscience is not precisely that of the Catholic schoolmen. He goes beyond them in regarding it as a distinct faculty, which is also the teaching of Butler and of Kant.

^b It may interest some readers to know that Mr. Gladstone did not think "a religion of authority incompatible with freedom of thought," as appears from the subjoined letter addressed by him to me on the 29th of January, 1882. In acknowledging it, I expressed

regret at having misunderstood him, gave references to passages in his Vatican pamphlets to which the misunderstanding was due, and asked if I should publish the correspondence. He replied that just then—at that time he was Prime Minister—he had "no desire to appear in the field of even friendly controversy," but left it to me to deal later as I might think fit with his letter—which, I am sorry to say, I forgot all about until I came upon it, casually, a few days ago. It is as

arise practical difficulties in the religious as in all other provinces, the solution of which is by no means always easy. The question of authority *versus* conscience was for years—indeed, I may say, during his whole life—before Newman, and it seems to me difficult to imagine anything wiser than his treatment of it. A recent writer has called Origen “the very type of the true combination of reverence of authority with the active spirit of inquiry and courageous facing of difficulties.” Surely these words of Professor Stanton most aptly characterize Cardinal Newman.

A religion, Newman has observed, in his *Grammar of Assent*, “is not a proposition, but a system: It is a rite, a creed, a philosophy, a rule of duty, all at once.” Yes, it is all these; but, as he insisted long before he was a Catholic, “it has ever been an assertion of what we are to believe”; and it is this first of all. “Bound to believe” is the very preamble of its message. And, to quote the words of *Loss and Gain*, it was because he found in Rome, and in Rome only, a competent authority to tell him what to believe, that he submitted to the Catholic Church. This is the burden of his book on Development. “There can be no combination on the basis of truth without an organ of truth,” “a supreme authority ruling and reconciling individual judgments by a divine right.” If conscience is the subjective organ of religion, the

Church is its objective organ. But what if the two come in conflict? What if ecclesiastical authority requires us to accept statements which go against our conscience; statements which, after the best and most careful exercise of our judging faculty, appear to us erroneous? Well, I cannot deny—how can I, with history before me?—that cases may arise in which boldly to speak the truth, in opposition to ecclesiastical authority, and if necessary to suffer for it, is a bounden duty: *tempus est loquendi*. “There are,” to quote the words of Burke, “times and circumstances in which not to speak is at least to connive.” But they are rare. If there is a time to speak, there is also a time to keep silence: *tempus est tacendi*. We must be always intellectually loyal to what we believe to be the truth—that is certain. But obedience is a virtue as well as veracity. It is never safe to go against conscience. It is always dangerous to defy that consentient judgment which theologians call the *sensus fidelium*. In practice there are two questions to be considered. Is the view of which we think ourselves so assured really a certitude, or is it merely a more or less probable opinion? And if it is really a certitude, does there lie upon us the obligation to publish it *hic et nunc*? Lord Acton, in one of his recently published *Letters*¹ speaks of “the deadly taint of a conscience perverted by authority.” Such perversion is, of course, possible. His

follows:—“Your interesting article in the ‘Contemporary Review,’ for February has a passage, marked by courtesy and evident sincerity, in which you have, I am sure unwittingly, fallen into error concerning an opinion of mine to which you do me the honor to refer. I have never laid it down, or believed, that a religion of authority is incompatible with freedom of thought. Forty-three years ago I was severely criticised by Lord Macaulay, in the ‘Edinburgh Review,’ for having maintained the exact contrary, which I have at all times held, and have variously endeavored to set forth, as, for example, within the last few years, in articles published in the

‘Nineteenth Century’ respecting Sir George Lewis’s work on the influence of authority in matters of opinion.”

¹ My regard and reverence for my deceased friend compel me to express my deep sense of the wrong done to his memory by the publication of these documents, many of which, written in his haste, or, as the Vulgate has it, in his excess (“*Dixi in excessu meo*”), by no means represent his calm and deliberate judgment upon the subjects with which they deal, as I have reason to know, and convey a quite false impression of one of the truest and most loyal of men.

tory unquestionably exhibits instances of it. History exhibits far more numerous instances of a conscience perverted by vanity and self-will. Cardinal Newman held that ordinarily the rule is patience, and in quietness and confidence to leave the issue to time:—

Time, which solves all doubt,
By bringing Truth, his glorious daughter, out.

They were very favorite lines with him. One lesson he found writ large on ecclesiastical annals, namely, this:—"The initial error of what afterwards became heresy was the urging forward of some truth, against the prohibition of authority, at an unseasonable time." And once, being asked in conversation what was the main fault of heresiarchs, he replied, "Their impatience." But here, in order to present more fully his mind on this matter, I will give an extract from the very striking Introduction prefixed to the treatises republished by him under the title of the *Via Meia*. It will probably be new to most of my readers:—

Much is said in this day by men of science about the duty of honesty in what is called the pursuit of truth—by "pursuing truth" being meant the pursuit of facts. It is just now reckoned a great moral virtue to be fearless and thorough in inquiry into facts; and, when science crosses and breaks the received path of Revelation, it is reckoned a serious imputation upon the ethical character of religious men, whenever they show hesitation to shift at a minute's warning their position, and to accept as truths shadowy views at variance with what they have ever been taught and have held. But the contrast between the cases is plain. The love and pursuit of truth in the subject-matter of religion, if it be genuine, must always be accompanied by the fear of error, of error which may be sin. An inquirer in the province of religion is under a responsibility for his reasons and for their issue. But what-

ever be the real merits, nay, virtues, of inquirers into physical or historical facts, whatever their skill, their acquired caution, their experience, their dispassionateness and fairness of mind, they do not avail themselves of these excellent instruments of inquiry as a matter of conscience, but because it is expedient, or honest, or beseeching, or praiseworthy, to use them; nor, if in the event they were found to be wrong as to their supposed discoveries, would they, or need they, feel aught of the remorse and self-reproach of a Catholic, on whom it breaks that he has been violently handling the text of Scripture, misinterpreting it, or superseding it, on an hypothesis which he took to be true, but which turns out to be untenable.

We will suppose in his defence that he was challenged either to admit or to refute what was asserted, and to do so without delay; still it would have been far better could he have waited awhile, as the event has shown—nay, far better, even though the assertion has proved true. Galileo might be right in his conclusion that the earth moves; to consider him a heretic might have been wrong; but there was nothing wrong in censuring abrupt, startling, unsettling, unverified disclosures, if such they were—disclosures at once uncalled for and inopportune, at a time when the limits of revealed truth had not as yet been ascertained. . . . Galileo's truth is said to have shocked and scared the Italy of his day. It revolutionized the received system of belief as regards heaven, purgatory, and hell, to say that the earth went round the sun, and it forcibly imposed upon categorical statements of Scripture, a figurative interpretation. Heaven was no longer above, and earth below; the heavens no longer literally opened and shut; purgatory and hell were not for certain under the earth. The catalogue of theological truths was seriously curtailed. Whither did our Lord go on His ascension? If there is to be a plurality of worlds, what is the special importance of this one? and is the whole visible universe, with its infinite spaces, one day to pass away? We are used to these questions now, and reconciled to them; and on that ac-

count are no fit judges of the disorder and dismay which the Galilean hypothesis would cause to good Catholics as far as they became cognizant of it, and how necessary it was in charity to delay the formal reception of a new interpretation of Scripture till their imagination should gradually get accustomed to it.

I have well-nigh reached the limits which I proposed to myself when I began to write; but there are still a few remarks which I should like to set down. I will do so as briefly as possible.

For seventeen years I enjoyed the high privilege of much intercourse, both personal and epistolary, with Cardinal Newman; and I do not think Dr. Barry exaggerates in describing him as "the loftiest and deepest intellect of the age." If I were asked which of his high and noble characteristics struck me most, I think I should say his largeness of mind.

It has been objected to him that his view of religion was simply ecclesiastical. In a sense, this is true. The religious sentiment, so strongly recommended as a substitute for dogma, appeared to him quite inadequate to supply the needs of human nature. I remember on one occasion asking him, "Is not this religious sentiment merely the ghost of religion?" He laughed assent, and said, "A little holy water would lay it, perhaps." Religion was for him a matter of persons and things, of definite teaching and prescribed rites, embodied in institutions. On the other hand, he knew—this has been well brought out by Dr. Barry—that words are symbols of something too deep to be adequately expressed in them. "The best in their kind are but shadows." The inscription on his tomb, "Ex umbris et imaginibus in veritatem," is a true revelation of him.

The same note is on his philosophy. It is sometimes said, indeed, that

he had no philosophy. That he was no metaphysician is, of course, true. But who can deny to him a philosophy of his own, in the wider sense which Plato claims for the word, of real knowledge as opposed to mere opinion? The *Grammar of Assent*, in which it is most systematically expounded, is not metaphysics and does not pretend to be. It abounds in profound and most valuable suggestions, in a subtle psychology, and in refined observation of the difference between various orders of mind. But its language is altogether remote from the schools. Its standpoint is personal, not scientific; and therein lies its real value. It has been objected to him by one of his critics that "his imagination dominated his reason." But with Newman imagination was that "high reason" of the poet, whereof Milton speaks, as—to quote Dr. Barry again—it was "with Carlyle, Wordsworth, Goethe, and Shakespeare: not the bare mechanical process that grinds out conclusions from the letters of the alphabet in what is, at best, a luminous void, but the swift, sudden grasp of an explorer making his way from crag to crag, under him the raging sea, above, sure ground and deliverance." Yes, Newman had a philosophy of his own, living and permeating as life itself.

Equally large-minded was his way of dealing with theological questions. I suppose his greatest achievement in that department is his book on the development of religious doctrine, in which he has done so much to bridge together past and present. His teaching, indeed, on this topic is not new: the Catholic tradition has always maintained it. Newman adds not a syllable, so far as the *principle* goes, to what is laid down in well-known passages and even treatises of the early Fathers. He does not innovate; he merely emphasizes, illustrates, illumines, and re-

sets. He may be said to have made an end of the old unhistorical view of Christian dogma which he found in possession. No well-instructed scholar would now maintain that thesis of the immutability of Catholic doctrine which Bossuet held. When Newman wrote, few Catholics, I suppose, questioned it. I may note here his winning tolerance towards those who differed from him in opinion; his abiding readiness to meet them as far as possible, and to attenuate difficulties by what he called "a wise and gentle minimism." He had nothing of the angry zealot about him. His hardest words were for those who wounded conscience by "tyrannous ipse dixits," and used their private judgment to anathematize the private judgment of others. I do not know that he ever expressed himself more clearly on this subject than in a letter to me—it is dated May 13th, 1883. "My maxim," he writes, "has ever been that it is better to make mistakes than to make nothing; and that nothing that man can do is without mistakes. . . . Unless our authorities have faith in their laity, unless they give writers elbow room, they will succeed in no able refutations of infidelity, or rather, I should say, in no sufficient. Men won't fight well under the lash. Such smaller mistakes as Catholics may make may be set right, while what is good and serviceable will remain."

During the early 'eighties I had many conversations with Cardinal Newman regarding the effect of modern criticism upon the traditional thesis hitherto commonly accepted by Catholics concerning the inspiration of the Sacred Books* of Christianity. At that time the subject greatly occupied the minds of many thoughtful and devout persons, among them being the late Dr. Clifford, Bishop of Clifton. Writing to me on the 2nd of May, 1883, that

learned prelate expressed himself as follows:—"Many Catholics entertain notions [on the subject of Biblical inspiration] similar to those attributed to them by M. Renan; and, by doing so, do a great deal of mischief. As these questions become every day more popular, the evil is on the increase. All other theological difficulties are rapidly sinking into insignificance in comparison with that of the reconciliation of the Bible with modern science. The question must be met openly and fairly, and the sooner the better." The Cardinal, to whom I showed this letter, pondered it for a long time, and then said: "Yes, the question must be met openly and fairly—openly and fairly" (he laid much emphasis on the adverbs)—"so much is certain; but 'the sooner the better'? I don't know: is it as yet ripe?" It comes to my memory, as I write, that once, in conversation with him about some point of Bible exegesis, I quoted—perhaps somewhat impatiently—a dictum of one of the Hindu Sacred Books: "A fact is not altered by a hundred texts." He answered, a greater than usual gentleness of tone velling the implied rebuke, "True; but the texts are a fact too." His own feeling unquestionably was that much of the traditional thesis is untenable and will have to be abandoned, although he resented "the rude manner," as he expressed it, in which too many critics permitted themselves to deal with literature so sacred and, as he was fond of saying, sacramental. He was chary of expressing himself on a subject which he had not specially made his own, and which he felt to be of much difficulty and delicacy. But in his article on *The Inspiration of Scripture*, published in 1884, he lays down the principle: if it "be assured to us" that a canonical book is "inspired in respect of faith and morals . . . all

*That is the true translation of "Biblia Sacra;" it is noteworthy that in the Middle

Ages the plural "Biblia" was turned into a singular—books into book.

other questions are irrelevant and unnecessary"; a pregnant principle in deed, which appears to be ever more widely commending itself to competent and candid judgments as eminently reasonable and eminently religious.

I have, however, exhausted not indeed my subject, but my space, and must end this paper. I cannot end it

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better than with a prescient sentence of Dr. Barry's, to which I entirely assent:—"Should the Catholic Church extend its conquests in the world where Shakespeare is king, [Newman's conversion is] not less likely to have enduring results than had St. Augustine's on the intellect of the Middle Ages which he formed."

W. S. Lilly.

GIFTS.

Of the many foolish institutions which prevail in modern social life few are productive of more genuine discomfort than the custom of making unnecessary presents, *i.e.* giving, not to supply other people's wants, but merely because the donor is animated by friendly feelings—or at all events wishes to look as if he were. The custom is one of great antiquity, for we read in Tacitus that our early German ancestors delighted in gifts; though it is with a slight feeling of shame that we read his next sentence, "but they neither reckon up what they give nor consider themselves under an obligation for what they take," for the average Englishman of to-day is certainly not unmindful of his own generosity, and is as punctilious in repaying a gift as he is in returning a blow. Surely it is time a protest was made against this giving for the sake of giving—which is about as reasonable a practice as talking for the sake of talking—for under the cloak of kindness there has crept into the world one of the most irritating of social pests; arbitrary in its choice, for it does not let you give to whom you will; mercantile in its essence, for each man is bound both in his own eyes and those of the donor to make a fitting return, and maddening in the drain it makes on the intellect of the purchaser, who

is not merely harassed by his ignorance of the other person's tastes, but is genuinely anxious to get the best show for his money.

Doubtless in theory it is a beautiful thing to give, and when one is quite young it is a joy to receive, but the system of anniversary gifts in vogue nowadays is the very antithesis of "the quality of Mercy," it blesses neither him that gives nor him that takes; certainly not the donor, for whom, if he does the thing handsomely, a due observance of birthdays, weddings, and other occasions to which the idle fancy of man has attached the custom of giving, makes up a formidable item in his yearly expenditure, as well as an untold amount of suffering in the selection of an appropriate offering; neither can the receiver be congratulated on finding himself in possession of one more useless article, which is generally quite different from what he would himself have chosen, and yet leaves him the debtor of the donor till it is repaid.

For, to be honest, we must admit that we have got down to a system of barter; the man who makes no presents receives none; if his soul craves after them, he has but to cast his bread on his neighbor's waters and it is sure to come back to him before many days. The cost of his offering, too, will be

duly taken into account, as may be learnt from the remarks of any wife to any husband over the breakfast table—"Why, dear old Harry is going to be married! We must send him something really good, John; remember those charming teaspoons he sent us." Whereas had "dear old Harry" sent them an earthenware teapot they would perhaps have loved him none the less, but certainly would not have felt an equal necessity to give him "something really good."

From an ethical point of view the real objection to making presents is that every gift constitutes an infringement of the liberty of the subject. If the world really believed that it was more blessed to give than to receive, the man who took presents without making any would be looked on as a public benefactor; the fact that he is regarded as a curmudgeon proves that the world looks on a gift as an obligation. And yet, despite the ever-increasing difficulty of maintaining one's freedom amid the responsibilities of daily life, we wantonly add to our brother's burden by binding gifts upon his back. Ere the hapless infant can repudiate its responsibilities in articulate speech, godparents and friends of the family take advantage of its helplessness to thrust upon it christening mugs, spoons and forks, and nest-eggs for the savings bank. Thus started on his downward career the child grows up to look on presents as his natural right, and to feel a strong sense of injustice if the expected tip is not forthcoming. It is not till later on that a truer morality begins to assert itself, and he feels uncomfortable at the idea of receiving presents, so that often, while his lips are framed to grateful words, his inner spirit is murmuring, "Might have been sold for two hundred pence and given to the poor"; not that this reflection will at all prevent his trying to rid himself of his obliga-

tions by transferring them, in the shape of fresh presents, to the rising generation. However, his friends, perceiving his attitude, grow more considerate, and forbear to remind him by birthday gifts of his dwindling span, though they take an ample vengeance, when he has passed beyond all power of protest, by piling his bier with wreaths and crosses.

I once knew a man who had rendered a service to a lady not remarkable for the sweetness of her disposition; full of gratitude, and knowing his tastes to be peculiar, she begged him to tell her what present she might make him as an acknowledgment of his kindness. With early Roman simplicity he told her that he had already more books than he could read, more clocks than he cared to wind, that knick-knacks and ornaments were an abomination to him, and for return—if any were needed—he asked for only such kindly thoughts as she could spare from time to time.

"How very annoying!" quoth she. Being a businesslike woman she preferred ready-money payments, and would infinitely rather have spent ten pounds in cancelling her debt than feel bound, as she did, for she was an honorable woman, to try and think well of her creditor for the future. However, as he would none of her gifts, she diligently ruled both her thoughts and her tongue, so far as he was concerned, for a whole six months—a period unprecedented—at the end of which time the man, to her great relief, gave her some ground for offence, so that she felt herself entitled to resume her normal attitude towards him. But the man, being one of those who believe that thoughts are the only real things in the world, felt that for six months, at all events, both he and she had been better for his refusal to take her present.

For this is the pity of it, that gifts

which should be the accompaniment of kindness are too often made the substitute for it. What is the readiest way in which a "self-respecting" husband can atone for some act of injustice or neglect done to his wife? Lacking courage to own himself in the wrong, fearful of losing his dignity by any act of self-abasement, any acknowledgment of her even temporary superiority, my lord struts into a shop and buys her a ring or a trinket on his way home, feeling with a complaisant smile that, whatever his own shortcomings, he has retrieved the situation. And so the pretty patch is laid over the wound, both sides have maintained their dignity and there has been no scene—and yet, does the better kind of woman quite forget that the wound is there all the same?

Of course, in giving, as in all else under Heaven, it is not the custom, but the abuse of the custom, that is pernicious. Few things are more delightful than to give to a friend what he has long wanted, but been too busy or too poor to get for himself, especially if the gift be something which our own hands have made, for this, as Emerson says, is to give a part of ourselves. And herein lies not the least blessing of poverty. The rich man gives by putting his hand in his pocket; in a glow of after-lunch benevolence he strolls down Bond Street and looks in a shop window for something pretty; the gift will cost him nothing but the trouble of selecting it, for he has all he wants and a balance to be got rid of somehow—and so he gives. But the poor man can only give by depriving himself of something; every sovereign spent in one way means retrenchment in another—a fact so obvious that most decent people feel uncomfortable when they get presents from those poorer than themselves—and so, often enough, the only gift the poor man can offer is his

service or the work of his hands; and blessed is he if he have skill enough to make anything which will please.

For presents, alas! whether bought or made, do not always give pleasure. People are very variously gifted in the matter of taste, as a comparison of the interiors of any six consecutive houses will prove, and the gift which the donor in his secret soul deems charming may appear to the recipient an atrocity to be thrust into the farthest corner of the back drawing-room till the happy day when the clumsily plied broom or duster shall shatter it out of existence. So fully conscious are the benevolent of their own deficiencies of taste that they have foisted upon the world a proverb of their own manufacture, forbidding one to look a gift horse in the mouth; under cover of which venerable absurdity they feel secure from the resentment which their presents are too often calculated to inspire. What house in the land has not its sad list of such votive offerings? Costly for the most part—for money and taste are often in inverse ratio—but too often blatant, glaring, hideous, an offence to the eye, an oppression to the spirit. For, alack! people will not give things of which they know the merits. When a tinker gives kettles or a tailor clothes we are at least justified in assuming that the kettles and the clothes are good of their kind, but when the ordinary man tries, without special knowledge, to add to your collection of prints or blue china, how thankful you feel afterwards that he was not present when his gift arrived.

If the making of presents really were what its devotees assert it to be—viz. a tangible proof of goodwill, no one ought to be anything but pleased at receiving one; and yet were I, in an outburst of benevolence, to send presents to all the people who live in my street, they would probably think

I had nefarious designs on their persons or property, or, taking a more charitable view of the case, would entertain grave doubts of my sanity. For they would recognize that giving, like kissing, is perhaps a mark of goodwill, but is undoubtedly and always a liberty, and that liberties may not be taken with strangers, nor even always with one's intimates. Each man can generally divide his world into two classes: those who are so near and dear to him that there is no need for him to give them presents, since all that he has is theirs for the asking, and those whom he knows so little that a gift from him would arouse surprise or possibly resentment. There are few people who do not fall naturally into one of these two classes, unless, of course, one has allowed oneself to drift into a profligate habit of indiscriminate benevolence.

With regard to the things themselves, too, it is well to bear in mind the maxim, "Let the buyer beware"; for only a very limited number of articles are looked on as appropriate offerings. In the matter of food, for instance, any birds, beasts, or fishes which I have slain with my own hand will be accepted by my neighbor as a proof of goodwill; but a leg of mutton or a sweetbread left at his house with my card will almost certainly be taken as an insult. Chocolates and sweetmeats are, of course, permissible, and even cakes and biscuits of the more frivolous kind; but it would be regarded as a gross breach of decorum to offer a friend anything which could appease his hunger or sustain his life. At Christmas time, if one may judge from the shop windows, there is an extra licence in this respect, the national conscience having probably gone so completely off its balance from continual reading of the *Christmas Carol*, that to assail one's friends with cheeses and turkeys is looked on as

part of the orthodox Saturnalia. But, with a few trifling exceptions, the rule holds good that a gift to be wholly complimentary must be wholly useless, and that only a person entirely devoid of decency will so far insult his friends as to offer them any of the necessities of life.

As a nation of shopkeepers we no doubt console ourselves for this rather remarkable state of things by the reflection that, though the system may tell hardly on giver and receiver, though legions of haggard women may return home faint from an afternoon of Christmas shopping, while husbands and fathers growl as they dive into their depleted pockets, still, it is all "good for trade"; for what would become of all those shops which exist solely for the sale of the superfluous if the present pestilential practice came to an end? Yet, despite fiscal controversies, there are still some old-fashioned people left who look on trade as made for man and not man for trade; who believe that to enslave the human race to one of its own creations—be it tight-lacing, trial by jury, matrimony, democratic government, or what not—is hardly the way to promote its welfare. These people would suggest that this same argument, "good for trade," would equally justify the manufacture of loaded dice, fraudulent weights and measures, burglars' outfits, and many another undesirable product of civilization.

But of all foolish conventions, the silliest is that which forbids the giving of money. Granted that I know you well enough, I may give you anything up to a grand piano or a motor-car, and as a result most people find themselves in possession of a small herd of white elephants. But if, to save adding to this undesirable menagerie, I give you the money direct, all the Englishman mantles in your cheek, and, in a voice tremulous with passion, you ask

whether I wish to insult you. "Would you pauperize me?" you indignantly exclaim, honest soul; not seeing that there is no practical difference between sending you, say, the *Encyclopædia Britannica* and writing you a cheque for— But it is not my business to advertise that truly great work.

It was a good rule that, laid down by the Master of old, "Give to him that asketh of thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not away." To know that one's friend wants a thing constitutes a claim in itself, and if his need is so urgent that he stoops to ask, the claim becomes imperative. But to mark seasons of the year and anniversaries of birthdays or weddings by going into a fancy shop and selecting from the thousand and one useless articles there displayed something to thrust into the expectant maw of one's kinsfolk or acquaintance, who do not want anything in particular, but merely look for a present—surely this is a poor way of showing one's goodwill! But it is thus that the rubbish piles up and the housemaid groans as she dusts it, while the owner finds himself wondering at times why there should be so heavy a penalty for arson.

Are my friends so bankrupt of ideas that they have no other means of showing their goodwill than buying me something at a shop! Is not a kind word or even a cheery smile worth all the burdensome knicknacks with which they can load me? Periodically, too! as if love came in rhythmic spurts like a steam-pump. Nothing for eleven months and then some horrid costly trinket at Christmas! Why? Do you love me more on the 25th of December than the 25th of June or any other month? "What nonsense! Of course I don't; but it is Christmas!" Then, my dear lady, if your gift be due to Christmas rather than to me, prithee give it to Santa Claus, or, better still, to Dr. Barnardo, and don't make me the

safety-valve for your chronic outbursts of benevolence.

The rising generation has a bad lookout in this connection. Every nursery is glutted with a perfect shopful of toys—dolls waxen, wooden, china, rag; monkeys, pigs, camels, drums, bricks, trains, soldiers, musical boxes—there is no end of the rubbish. And in the middle of it all sits the jaded two-year-old, like Koheleth in the midst of his splendor, and, with eye roaming discontentedly over the piled-up floor, murmurs out the infantile equivalent for *Vanitas vanitatum*. I once knew a small boy who had ten tin soldiers, which made him entirely happy, till an unwise old lady multiplied his stock twentyfold. After two days of riotous enjoyment he began to see that his happiness had been increased by the multiplication of his possessions, and from that moment peace was at an end; like the daughter of the horse-leech, his cry was always "Give, give," and but for the fact that in a hasty removal the whole of his cherished army was left behind, he would have grown up a very discontented infant. As it was he began all over again with bits of sticks and reels of cotton, and that wonderful faculty of "make-believe," which is at the bottom of all childish enjoyment, and for which the modern toy, complete in every detail, affords no scope. The natural child would rather have a shawl with two strings tied round it for a neck and a waist than the most artistic, best-dressed doll in the world—as all who have anything to do with children know quite well; yet, so fretted are they by the senseless custom of giving, that they continue to deluge each other's offspring with more toys than an infant school could grapple with.

With such an example at home it is little wonder that the schoolboy has adopted the evil custom of disturbing the normal relations with his master

by means of a testimonial at the end of term. It is usually the worst boy in the form who originates the idea, probably more with the design of mollifying the tyrant for the future than with a lively sense of gratitude for his past attentions; no one likes to refuse—moral courage is not a strong point with the average schoolboy—and so their little pocket moneys go to swell Orbilius' stock of superfluous inkstands, and divers small minds are profoundly impressed with a sense of injustice when later on in the day there comes the usual penalty for not knowing the eccentricities of the Irregular Verbs.

There is no need to refer to public subscriptions and testimonials, for such things can hardly be said to come under the head of gifts at all—any more than the benevolences of the Tudor sovereigns—being rather the purchase-money paid by each man for the entrance of his name on the subscription roll, since nine men out of ten will honestly admit that their main anxiety is not to be outdone by their neighbors and see their own names followed by a smaller figure—as though the donation represented the sum at which a man valued himself—wherefore they invariably want to know

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what their friends have given before putting down their own sum. What a fine thing it would be for the Empire if a like spirit of emulation could be roused over payment of the King's taxes!

If, then, as appears to be the case, giving is either an act of self-indulgence or a tax imposed by convention on those who are not strongminded enough to resist, is it not time for the formation of an Anti-gift League, the members of which shall bind themselves to neither give nor take unnecessary presents? Doubtless it would require some moral courage to join at first, for the world has so long confounded gifts with goodwill that one who tries to dissociate the two will almost certainly be termed niggardly by those who do not understand his point of view; but when it becomes apparent that the members of the League have at least their full share of that Will to Help the World, which is the prime factor in progress, that they are not less but more ready to give all that they have—their time, their money, their services—to those who really need help, probably it will begin to dawn on even the most mercantile that there are better things in life than the giving of gifts.

C. B. Wheeler.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

It is proposed to found a Lectureship in Literature in Cambridge University in memory of the late Leslie Stephen.

Mr. Henry James's visit to the United States,—the first glimpse of his native land he has had in twenty years—is partly for the purpose of gathering new impressions of America for a volume which the Harpers will publish.

The Macmillan Company will publish Miss Elizabeth McCracken's sympathetic and interesting studies of "The Women of America" which have attracted a good deal of attention in the course of their newspaper publication.

Spain is preparing to celebrate the tercentenary of "Don Quixote" next

year with great ceremony, and a number of new editions of *Don Quixote* may be anticipated in connection with the event. Already one is announced in London—Motteux's translation, revised, with Lockhart's life and notes.

Messrs. Methuen have arranged to publish, under the editorship of Professor Oman, a new *History of England* in six volumes, which will be written by the Editor, Mr. G. M. Trevelyan—the author of that brilliant study, "*England in the Age of Wycliffe*"—Mr. H. W. C. Davis, Mr. Owen Edwards, Mr. Arthur D. Innes and Mr. C. Grant Robertson.

Hon. Emily Lawless, author of the new life of Maria Edgeworth in *The English Men of Letters Series*, is herself an Irishwoman, the eldest daughter of the third Baron Cloncurry, and the author of various novels, poems and books relating to Ireland. As long ago as 1886 she published a historical sketch entitled "*The Story of Ireland*," and in 1901 she fell in with the fashion for garden literature with "*A Garden Diary*." Her home is Hazelhatch in Surrey.

Mr. Stanley Weyman, who in his story "*The Long Night*" made use of incidents in the history of Geneva, has received a gratifying present from several prominent citizens of that city in the shape of an address and a bronze statuette of Calvin. Here is one paragraph from the address:

The statuette of Calvin is no unbecoming ornament for the writing table of one whose works, like yours, are founded on that vast Anglo-Saxon influence which has in every part of the world cherished the religious and political views of the Reformer, views of faith and liberty which have become for you the foundation and the inspiration of your art.

Herbert Spencer's trustees have already made good progress in arranging for the continuation of the "*Descriptive Sociology*," for which Mr. Spencer fully provided in his will, Prof. Mahaffy and Prof. W. A. Golligher, of Trinity College, Dublin, have undertaken to prepare volumes on the Hellenic and Hellenistic Greeks; Prof. A. Wiedemann, of Bonn, the well-known Egyptologist, will deal with the ancient Egyptians; and the trustees hope to be able to begin in the autumn the printing of a Chinese volume, on which Mr. E. T. C. Werner, of H.M.'s Consular service in China, has been occupied for many years. Mr. H. R. Tedder, secretary and librarian of the Athenæum Club, is the editor of the series.

The Committee, under the presidency of Miss Margaret Benson, which arranged last year a brief vacation term of Biblical study for women at Cambridge, has just brought to a successful conclusion a similar experiment at Oxford. The object of the courses has been educational rather than doctrinal, and the method followed by the lecturers generally has been historical and critical with cautiously progressive results. Short courses of lectures were given on important departments of Old and New Testament study, and one course on religious philosophy. Single lectures were given on special subjects, including one by Dr. Grenfell on the recently discovered "*Logia*," one by Dr. Charles on "*The Testaments of the Twelve Patriarchs*," one by Dr. Kenyon on "*The Documentary History of the New Testament*," and one by Prof. Percy Gardner on "*Greek Religions at the Rise of Christianity*." The students, many of whom found accommodation in the halls for women students, numbered over two hundred.

